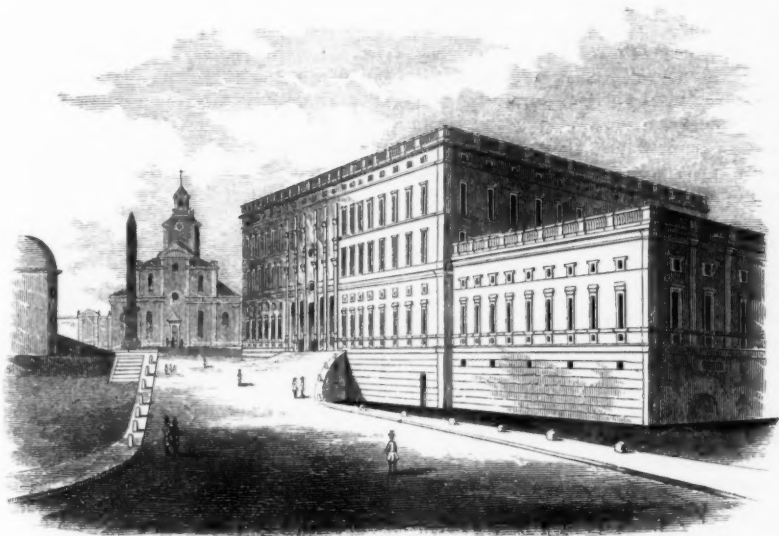


THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1856.



THE ROYAL PALACE.

SCANDINAVIAN SKETCHES.—N^o V.

BY CHARLES U. C. BURTON.

THE palace, that immense structure lifting its gigantic proportions so boldly against the sky, reminds one, when contrasted with the other edifices of the Swedish capital, in vastness of extent, though not in outline, of the Coliseum of the "seven-hilled city." It is the first object which arrests the attention of the traveler on his approach, and the last one which lingers upon his vision on his departure. View the city from whatever direction you may, it is still the same all-absorbing feature. This magnificent structure was designed by Count Tessin, an architect, to whom Sweden owes all of her finest architect-

tural monuments. It was completed about the middle of the last century; and, for massive grandeur, as well as chasteness and simplicity of design, compares favorably with any structure of the same character on the continent.

Upon my arrival, an officer of the royal household escorted me through long ranges of apartments, rich in gilding, marbles, frescoes, and upholstery, looking, *of course*, monotonous and cheerless, like all great royal residences. Of those show-places, which offer the greatest attractions to an American on his first arrival in Europe, perhaps none become so distasteful, and actually so soon pall upon the sight, as the great palaces of sovereigns. To us, born and educated in republican Amer-

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ica, these places are at first clothed with a peculiar charm. The very name of palace, as it falls upon the ear, brings with it fairy memories. And to grope about the stately apartments, and to glean some idea of what a *veritable* king and queen may be in their habits of every-day life, is a pleasure which we Americans are at first very likely to indulge in. But the traveler soon becomes tired of wandering from one palace to another. The immense saloons, lofty ceilings, and marble walls, are far from presenting a picture of home life. For myself, I must say, that I have never yet visited a large royal residence that looked inhabitable. I should about as soon think of making myself at home in the open street, and under the broad canopy of heaven.

But the palace of Stockholm presents one great advantage over most town residences of this class, in its command of charming views, which in every direction meet the eye. On the one side is the harbor and mart of commerce, the distant wooded hill-sides stretching away beyond, with here and there a villa embowered in trees; this is a part of the Djurgard which I have before described. Immediately under the windows, looking in the same direction, is a little gem of a flower garden, which fills up the space between two wings of the palace. The plants and shrubs were exceedingly beautiful in the early luxuriance of a northern summer. From the other front, looking over the Lion's staircase, the scene slightly brings Venice to mind.

Here we see the bridge, with its throng of passengers, the palace of the Crown Prince, and the Opera-house near it, presenting altogether a most pleasing combination. Again, when the eye ranges in another direction, overlooking the houses of this portion of the city, the beautiful Lake Malar comes in view, shut in by wooded and picturesque hills, the quiet of the scene disturbed only by an occasional steamer or sail-boat gliding over its smooth surface.

But to return to the interior: perhaps the most interesting rooms exhibited are those once occupied by Bernadotte, (Charles XIV.) They remain in precisely the same state in which they were left by their former occupant. Here are the bed, bedstead, and hangings, which served the king during his lifetime, and

on which he expired. When we are admitted to those apartments, where sovereigns and the mighty of the earth have yielded to the stern summons of death, one is likely to be impressed with the nothingness of earthly grandeur, its rank, and its position. Here was a brave soldier, springing from the humble ranks of life, a native of the little town of Pau, in the south of France. Surely "fortune smiled upon his humble birth." Early in life we find him advanced to the rank of one of the most distinguished generals of his own time, and that an age so rich in military prodigies. Next we see him a marshal of France and a prince; but even in this distinguished position fortune was not contented to leave her favorite; but, unexpected and unsought, a crown is offered him, and he finds himself and family firmly established on the throne of the Wasas. It was with no common force that the words of the Psalmist were brought to mind, "I have said, Ye are gods; and all of you are children of the Most High. But ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes."

Here was Bernadotte's sword, his military cloak of heavy blue cloth, which he had worn through so many campaigns. Books were lying about the room as he had left them, among which I observed a well-worn copy of Doctor Franklin's works—a French edition. Upon the table, at which he was accustomed to sit, lay some spectacles of ordinary silver bows, and much worn, which he is said to have always clung to during life; a bottle containing Cologne water, with a quill inserted in the cork, through which he was in the habit of sprinkling his visitors when they approached closely to him—truly a genuine Frenchman's conceit. There was much here to remind one of the simplicity of the old king's habits, as well as the lingering of his martial tastes.

The private apartments of the present reigning family exhibited, in all respects, a taste refined and cultivated, and at the same time simple; here nothing was *over-gilded* or *over-mirrored*. A few Swedish historical pictures are shown in the different rooms, among which I paused for a considerable time before a picture of the coronation of Bernadotte, by Craft, a Swedish artist. This work is, unquestionably, of great historical value, as presenting a truthful delineation of the scene by a co-

temporaneous artist, with portraits taken from life of most of the actors. But, like our own historical paintings by Trumbull, more valuable because of the fidelity of the original portraits, than for any extraordinary artistic merit. In the private rooms I observed some few very fine paintings; in fact some that would do honor to any collection. The works of Rubens, Tintoretto, Guido, and Cannalietto, were, perhaps, the most remarkable. The king does not appear to have forgotten his Norwegian subjects; for among the modern pictures, the works of Norwegian artists are numerous and highly creditable. Among these I observed some of those peculiar and striking scenes of the Tellemarken district. There were also views of scenery, which I recognized as that in the province of Nordland, of the most savage character, presenting ragged and fantastic mountain outlines, amid scenes of desolate grandeur and eternal snows. A fine picture of the North Cape was particularly striking. The weather-beaten cliff lifts itself high above the waters of the relentless ocean which wash its base, presenting an outline so bold and striking against the sky, that one might almost mistake it for a line of time-worn towers of the feudal ages.

I paused for a considerable time before the portrait of a man in the full vigor of life; the haughty brow and compressed lip, with the eye of fire, so strikingly delineated by the artist, were those of the fiery Northern warrior. Opposite hangs a family group; a child is represented at play with his little sister. How joyous the face! how full of affectionate confidence the look with which the little boy regards his playmate! Surely here is innocence and affection; yet this is the same boy to whose portrait, in more advanced years, I have just called your attention to. And the little girl, his sister and successor, and, shall I say, the instigator of his murder? This terrible suspicion has attached itself to her memory.

There is always a peculiar interest in dwelling upon the portraits or busts taken in childhood of any person who has filled a more than ordinary space in the history of his own times, and particularly when the person represented with the innocence of childhood has become, in after years, an unscrupulous warrior, or a bloodthirsty tyrant.

Among the busts in the Uffizii collec-

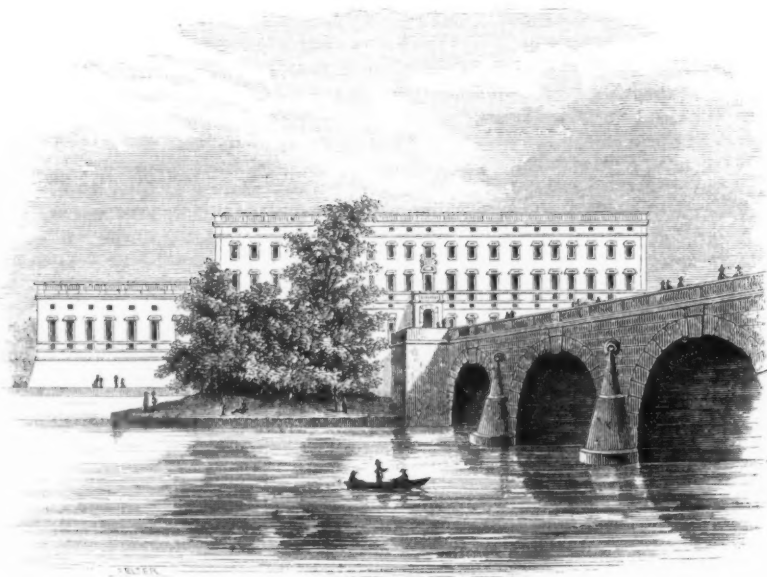
tion at Florence, one contemplates, with peculiar interest, that of Nero as a child; his little cherub face is one of almost angelic purity; uniting those remarkable characteristics of beauty which Raphael and Correggio were so fond of introducing in their pictures.

THE KING AND QUEEN—ROYAL LIBRARY.

ONE morning, during my residence in Stockholm, on my way to the Royal Library, I passed across a little flower-garden, which fills up the space between two wings of the palace on its water front. Passing rapidly through one of the walks, I chanced to encounter a gentleman and lady walking. The figure of the gentleman was tall, and his carriage stately. He was enveloped in the ample folds of a blue military cloak, looking as if it had seen some service. A luxuriant head of hair, slightly frosted by time, was confined by a light military undress cap; a heavy black mustache, aquiline nose, and an eye beaming with life and kindness, made up the *tout ensemble* of his appearance, as it struck me at a passing glance. A lady, with a most mild and amiable expression of countenance, was leaning upon his arm. There was a something in their very manner toward each other, which suggested the happy and confiding husband and wife. As we passed, the stranger very courteously raised his hat, quite uncovering his head, after the Swedish fashion. I am obliged to confess that I was rather slow in returning his courtesy; in fact, it did not occur to me who he might be, as this was the ordinary path which every one pursued to and from the library; and, indeed, I imagined that the amiable-looking stranger, in the worn military cloak, had mistaken me for some acquaintance. A winning and kindly smile from the lady, apparently excited by the idea of some misapprehension on my part, reassured me. And although somewhat late, I at last returned the compliment fully.

Stepping up the staircase, I inquired of a guard, who were the gentleman and lady walking in the garden, and learned that my *rencontre* was with no less personages than his Swedish majesty, King Oscar, and his amiable and accomplished queen.

There is, perhaps, no sovereign in Europe at this moment more universally beloved by his people than the King of



PALACE FROM THE SIDE OF THE LION'S STAIRCASE.

Sweden and Norway. He has two countries to govern; and two nations differing as greatly in character as do the constitutions of the two kingdoms; and these almost as widely as the government of the Czar differs from that of the United States. Sweden is highly aristocratic in her character, and Norway is essentially a republic. Yet, with all these differences in the two countries, King Oscar succeeds in governing them so as to secure the most kindly feeling and respect in both. The Norwegians have a very excusable vanity, if such, indeed, it may be considered, in believing that the sovereign is the most attached to Norway, and to the Norwegian people. His name is ever mentioned with the greatest degree of enthusiasm by the Norwegians, while few cabins, among their hills and dales, are so poor as to be destitute of a lithograph portrait of this beloved sovereign, which one sees often hanging by the side of that of Luther. At the same time, I think the love and admiration for the king, extending, indeed, to all the members of his family, are in Sweden equal to what they are in Norway. The traveler cannot remain long in either country without feelings of strong sympathy for a king who has rendered himself

an object of such love and veneration to his people.

The queen is a daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, duke of Leuchtenberg, and consequently grand-daughter to the Empress Josephine, whose pictures she certainly seems to resemble.

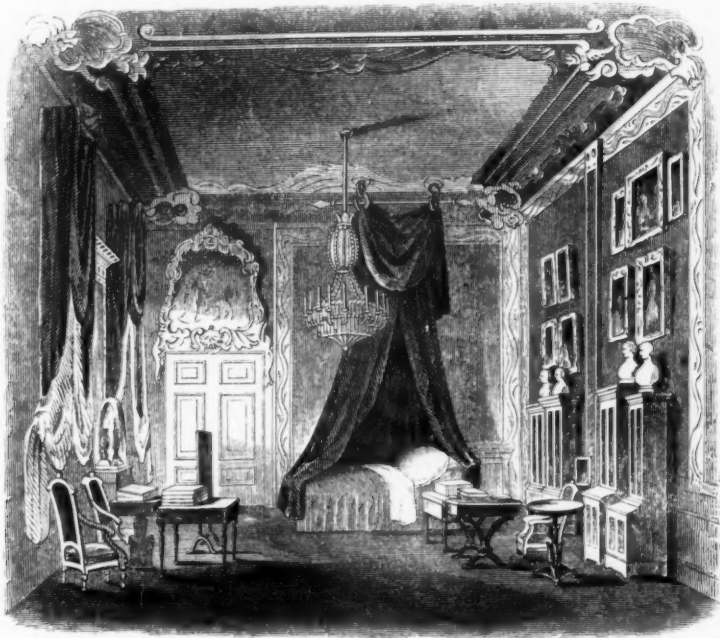
The king, as all the world knows, is the second of his dynasty, having succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, Bernadotte, who was crowned under the title of Charles XIV. Endowed with fine abilities, possessing a peculiarly active mind, as well as a strong desire for the welfare of all classes of his people, the interests of none seem to escape his attention. Notwithstanding the many inevitable calls upon his time, yet the king appears to have found sufficient leisure for literary productions, which have been most favorably reviewed, and have secured him the reputation of an able writer. Says a diplomatic gentleman, with whom I have conversed, long resident here: "The interest which the sovereign takes in all the petty affairs of his kingdom is most remarkable. Occasionally visiting the private apartments of the king, I have been astonished at the multiplicity of objects which appeared to occupy his attention. On his table was, perhaps, lying a gun-

lock, which he had been inspecting, with the view of its introduction in the army; near it, perhaps, a model of some improvement in the process of grinding wheat; or, again, some new idea proposed to be introduced in distilleries. In short, there is nothing, however trifling, that concerns even the most humble of his people, which does not possess an interest to the sovereign."

One of the wings of the palace is at present occupied by the Royal Library, and by the Gallery of Paintings and Statuary.

All of these will soon be removed to a new building, now in process of construction, and which, when completed, will be, with the exception of the palace, the finest architectural monument of Stockholm.

This library is neither as large as the one at Christiania nor at Upsala. It is, however, respectable in size, containing nearly eighty thousand volumes. It is well known that the collection suffered much during the reign of Queen Christina, who, becoming a devoted Catholic, enriched the Library of the Vatican at the expense



BEERNADOTTE'S CHAMBER.

of that of her own capital. The books seem well selected and well arranged, although the space at present devoted to them is exceedingly limited. I observed upon the walls some choice proof engravings, by Raphael Morghen, Stange, Wille, and others, a class of works which always give character to any place where they may be found. The library, being of comparatively recent formation, is not rich in ancient manuscripts or rare works. It contains, however, some few that are rare and extremely interesting. Among these is a celebrated copy of the Scriptures,

known as the Devil's Bible, which name is derived from the fact of its being ornamented with a rather grotesque, but striking representation of his Satanic majesty.

Tradition says that it is the work of a monk, and that the whole manuscript was produced in one night. Having been condemned to death, he was offered pardon on condition that he would complete such a work in the short period of time allotted him. The monk pledged himself to the devil, for the assurance of his aid in finishing the task set before him. He was, therefore, through Satanic influ-

ence, enabled to produce this wonderful work.

Here is also the celebrated *Codex Aureus*, a manuscript of the Gospels, supposed to belong to the sixth century. It is written in Gothic characters, of gold, upon folio leaves of vellum, alternately white and violet. This book possesses a peculiar interest, from an Anglo-Saxon inscription that it contains, which has been translated as follows :

"In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I, Alfred, Aldorman, (senior or prince,) and Werburg, my wife, got us this book from a heathen war-troop, with our pure treasure, which was then of pure gold. And this did we two, for the love of God, and for our souls' behoof, and for that we would not that this holy book should remain longer in heathenness; and now will we give it to Christ's Church, God to praise, and glory, and worship, in thankful remembrance of his passion, and for the use of the holy brotherhood, who, in Christ's Church, do daily speak God's praise; and that they may, every month, read for Alfred and for Werburg, and Alhdyrd, (their daughter,) their souls to eternal health, as long as they have declared before God that holy rites shall continue in this place. Even so, I, Alfred Dux, and Werburg, my wife, pray and beseech, in the name of God Almighty, and all of his saints, that *no man shall be so daring*, as to sell or part with this holy book, from Christ's Church, so long as baptism there may stand. Signed :

ALFRED, WERBURG, ALHDYRD."

SWEDISH CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

My walk one morning, in Stockholm, led me quite near to the general Hospital. As nothing is more indicative of the degree of civilization and character of a people than the public establishments designed for the reception of suffering humanity, I resolved to pay this institution a visit. On my first entrance into the grounds of the establishment, I remarked the peculiar costume of the patients, their white linen *blouses* and caps reminding one somewhat of a body of French cooks. In every department of the institution I was delighted with the apparent attention to the comfort and cleanliness of the unfortunate inmates. The buildings were surrounded by a garden, handsomely laid out with numerous flowers, clumps of shrubbery, and shaded walks. How important are these breathing places, under the broad canopy of heaven, to the patients of such an institution. The charms of nature are particularly conducive to render the mind of the invalid forgetful of present sorrow; and the most skillful medical treatment may fail of producing the

desired effect, amid brick walls, and within the crowded atmosphere of a city, when the great physician, nature, will alone effect the cure.

Leaving this institution, I proceeded to a hospital, erected under the auspices of the crown princess, designed for the reception of the orphan children of persons who die of the cholera. The little ones appeared to receive every care which humanity could suggest to render them comfortable, and I left the institution with a favorable impression of the benevolent character of the princess in question.

On another occasion I extended my walk along the borders of the harbor, for a distance of, perhaps, a mile, which brought me to the Lunatic Asylum. Having before received favorable impressions of the charitable institutions I had visited, I was particularly desirous of seeing how this class of unfortunates were provided for. I found them crowded into an considerable building, with two small inclosures adjoining it, one for the male, the other for the female patients, occupying, altogether, scarcely sufficient space to serve as a breathing place for the inmates. Upon the other side, the buildings fronted the harbor, and through the iron gratings of this sad prison-house, some few only of the patients were enabled to catch glimpses of a scene of great beauty. Here was the harbor, with its wooded hills beyond, and stretching away to the right a view which brought to mind our own charming Hudson. The scene was altogether one of great life and animation, presenting every variety of craft, varying in size and character from the tiny sail and paddle-wheel boat up to vessels of the largest class. The importance of the situation, in establishments where diseases of the mind are treated is too often lost sight of. It is certainly highly desirable that the inmates of lunatic asylums, suffering, as they usually do, from various forebodings of evil, should find some constantly varying objects for the mind to rest upon. To secure this, perhaps nothing is as desirable as a water view, where vessels are constantly within sight. Even the furling of a sail will sometimes have the effect to arrest the attention of the patient, and to divert the mind from the all-absorbing world of his own sorrows.

I remember once, as an invalid in the country, suffering from mental disease,

being confined for some months to the same apartment, how my very soul panted for change; how tiresome became every object within the range of vision. I had watched the different outlines of hills, until I had seen them in all their varying effects of light and shade. Sunrise, mid-day, or sunset, could offer no novelty. The trees, grouped about the old country house, I had greatly admired at first, for their tasteful arrangement and variety of foliage—the stiff and stately poplar and fir contrasting pleasantly with the willow, the ash, and the weeping elm. But after the months referred to, during which I had watched them in the fall of the leaf, and afterward amused myself by counting every knot and limb, until I had become as familiar with them as is the master's eye to the keys of a piano-forte—then it was that I panted for change. Had some wild blast of heaven removed even a single tree, or all, it would have been welcome to me. And I would have counted that same errant blast my best friend, and offered up a prayer of thankfulness to God for having seen my suffering, and given me, at last, a new scene to look upon.

But “the living landscape,” seen from one side of this dismal abode, furnishes the only cheerful impression which the Lunatic Asylum of Stockholm has left upon my mind. On my first entrance into the yard of the institution, I was approached by a fine-looking man, slightly past the noon of life. There was something in his manner which attracted me at first sight. He addressed me in Swedish; but, after a few remarks, changed the conversation to French, which he spoke without the slightest accent. He said that he had been for sixteen years confined in this wretched place. He had been an artist, and was residing in Paris, when he was torn from home and brought to this asylum. “I was young then, (said he,) and active; but see, the weight of my sorrow begins to show itself,” pointing to his long beard, somewhat frosted by time. After a short conversation, I informed him that I was an American. “Ah!” said he, “you speak English then; it is a language I have always loved.” He changed immediately into English, and entertained me for a considerable time with remarks which evinced a close intimacy with our history and literature of days gone by. He reminded me of a lady, whom I had once met

in a lunatic asylum, who had been an inmate of the place for seventeen years; during one of her lucid intervals she was brought into the parlor of the institution, and asked to favor the company with some music. Seating herself at the piano-forte, and turning to her audience with great complaisance, “Shall I play you the battle of Prague?” said she; “it is something quite new, and very fashionable just now.” Poor girl, it was quite new and fashionable seventeen years before. The unfortunate artist complained that he was not allowed his drawing materials, and that they would afford great relief to the monotony of the life which he led here.

But the internal arrangements of the institution left the most painful impression upon my mind. Here, within a compass designed for the accommodation of seventy persons, as I was informed by the superintendent, were no less than two hundred patients, and these crowded into rooms, without the slightest regard to ventilation, and entirely destitute of any appearance of comfort. The wild laugh of the maniacs still rings in my ears, and O! their wretched, comfortless condition.

Here were to be seen the usual variety of patients in an institution of this kind, and all the various fancies of madmen. Here was the princess, in her own imagination, “the queen of a fantastic realm;” and “lords many, and gods many;” each one assuring me that he was in reality the *Simon Pure*. But nobility was, indeed, not wanting here in its representatives. I was particularly struck with the appearance of a middle-aged lady, whom my guide assured me was of one of the noblest families of the country. She was not so completely lost to herself as to have forgotten those peculiar manners which convey at once an impression of high breeding. Knowing her rank, I addressed her in French, in which language she replied quite intelligibly, and even collectedly. The mildness, and for the moment calmness, of her expression of countenance, interested me much. There was, withal, a look of resigned and settled suffering, which was touching in the extreme. She seemed to be allowed more privileges than the patients generally; and placed about her, upon the bed and chair which stood beside, were numerous souvenirs of other days; also a Bible, and several religious books of the Lutheran Church. My guide

informed me that this lady had been a patient here for eighteen years, and that her insanity was produced by religious despair. I whispered to her words designed as those of consolation, and when I said, "O! we are all of us poor sinners; but we have such a merciful Saviour, so full of love, even to 'the chief of sinners,' that none need ever despair," I saw at once that I had touched a chord; the tears soon started from her eyes, and she raised my hand to her lips, and covered it with kisses.

It was with an impression of deep sadness that I left this abode of wretchedness and suffering; and the remembrance of a visit to this place will not readily fade from memory. It will be present in those hours of the night, when it seems that a reflection of all that is dark and gloomy upon earth, in its varied scenes, flits with lightning speed through the mind.

"A LITTLE WHILE."

FROM THE GERMAN OF META HAUSER.

"A LITTLE while!" so spake our gracious Lord
To the sad band around that sacred board,
Where his long-burden'd heart
Already felt the smart
Of his own Father's sin-avenging sword.

Take thou the message, weeping, weary one!
Are not all things around thee hastening on?
Thy Father's hand ordains
All these thy griefs and pains;
"A little while," they, too, are past and gone.
Have all the lights of love quite died away?
Does thy last star withdraw its cheering ray?
Till the long night wears past,
Weeping and prayer must last,
But joy approaches with the dawning day.

Do friends misunderstand or mock thy pain?
Hast thou too fondly trusted, loved in vain?
The Faithful One and True
Can blighted hopes renew,
And hearts long severed reunite again.

"A little while"—the fetters hold no more—
The spirit long enthral'd is free to soar,
And takes its joyful flight,
On radiant wings of light,
To the blest mansions of the heavenly shore.

There end the longings of the weary breast;
The good sought after here is there possess'd.
Ride o'er the stormy sea,
Poor bark! soon shalt thou be
In the calm haven of eternal rest.

"A little while," look upward and hope on!
Soon shall the troubled dreams of night be gone,
The shadows pass away
Before the abiding day—
The Saviour comes to claim and bless his own!

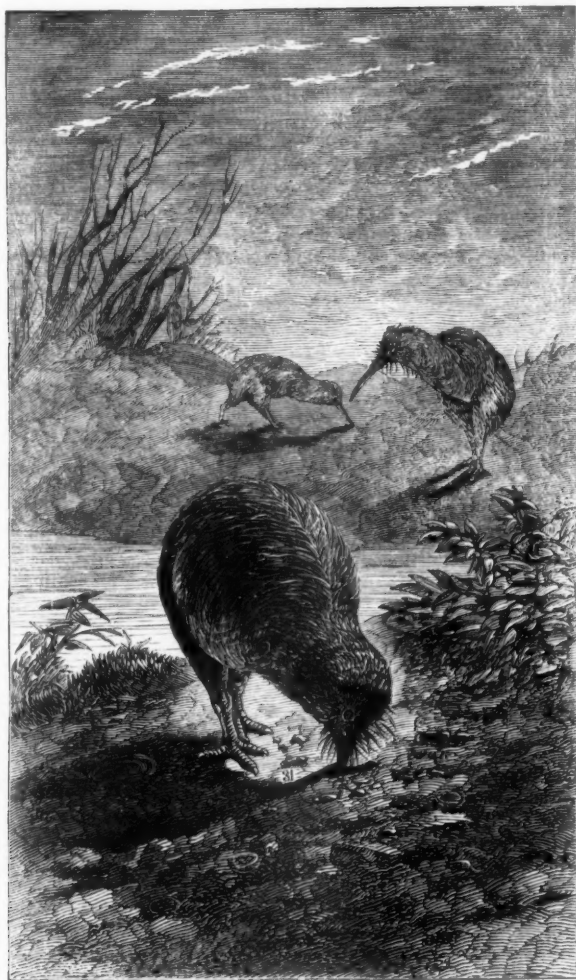
[For the National Magazine.]

BIRDS; OR, RECREATIONS IN ORNITHOLOGY.

CHAPTER THIRD.

THE *Climbing Birds*, an order to which our attention is now directed, have no great power of flight, but are remarkable for climbing and hanging upon the trunks and branches of trees. Their food is usually insects and fruit, and they build their nests, for the most part, in the hollow trunks of decayed trees.

The principal families of this order are the Cuckoo, the Trogon, the Woodpecker, Parrots, Macaws, Cockatoos, and Toucans. Before entering, however, upon a description of these better-known varieties, let us look at a very singular, and, in some respects, anomalous creature, of which we give an engraving, copied from a drawing taken from life in England. It is our figure No. 31, the *Kiwi*, or *Wingless Bird of New-Zealand*, called by naturalists (from two Greek words, signifying *without wings*) *Apetrix*. There are several varieties, all natives of New-Zealand. It does not belong, perhaps, to the family of the climbers, but may be considered as the connecting link between them and the *Rasores*. The bill, we are told, is grooved on both sides, and the nostrils are pierced, on each side, at the end of this groove. The beak is bony-looking, resembling that of a rook. It excavates deep holes in the ground, in the form of a chamber, where it deposits its eggs in a nest of dried grass. The eggs are of a dull, dirty, grayish white, nearly five inches in length. From observations made upon a specimen, in the Zoological Garden of London, we learn that, in a state of captivity, whatever may be its habits in its native country, the *Kiwi* sleeps during the day, rolled into an oval shape, presenting only the appearance of a bunch of bristly brown hairs. The hind part of the body is elevated, from the great size of the thighs. Its eye is very small and convex, like that of a rat or hedgehog, which expression is heightened by the long bristles near it, representing the whiskers so conspicuously developed in the mammalia, whose habits are nocturnal. The eyes differ from those of all other birds, in the absence of that characteristic structure, the *marsupium*. The light of



a lantern directed at them does not seem to affect the little black eyes, as there is none of that winking and blinking so peculiar to the expressive large eyes of the owls. When pursued, it runs with great speed, carrying the head elevated, like the ostrich. It defends itself, when attacked, by striking rapid and dangerous blows with its powerful feet, and the sharp, spur-like claw at the end of its rudimentary hind-toe.

Of the *Cuckoo* there are many varieties. The most beautiful in plumage is a native of the Cape of Good Hope, known, from its peculiar glossy colors, as the *Gilded*

Cuckoo. The *yellow-billed* variety, found in the United States, is of a grayish brown color, intermixed with white and dull red. "The male," says Mr. Nuttall, "frequently betrays his snug retreat by his monotonous and guttural *kow, kow, kow*, or *koo, koo, koo*, and *ko, kuk, ko, kuk, koo, koo, koo*, uttered rather plaintively, like the call of a dove." Hence he is sometimes called the *Cow-bird*. The American cuckoo is a faithful creature, builds its own nest, and provides assiduously for its young. It is charged, justly, we believe, with a thievish propensity to suck the eggs of other birds, but is an

invaluable friend of the farmer in effecting the destruction of vast numbers of caterpillars and other insects.

Of the British cuckoo, so remarkable for its singular propensity to make use of the nests of other birds, we copy the following narrative, from the pen of an English lady, who was an eye-witness to the facts:

"In the early part of the summer of 1828, a cuckoo, having previously turned out the eggs from a water wagtail's nest, which was built in a small hole in a garden wall, deposited her own egg in their place. When the egg was hatched, the young intruder was fed by the water wagtails, till he became too bulky for his confined, narrow quarters, and in a fit of rage he fell to the ground. In this predicament he was found by the gardener, who picked him up, and put him into a wire cage, which was placed on the top of a wall, not far from the place of its birth. Here it was expected that the wagtails would have followed their supposititious offspring with food to support it in its imprisonment, a mode of procedure which would have had nothing to recommend it to notice. But the odd part of the story is, that the bird which hatched the cuckoo never came near it; but her place was supplied by a hedge-sparrow, who performed her part diligently and punctually, by bringing food, at very short intervals, from morning till evening, till its uncouth foster-child grew large, and became full-feathered, when it was suffered to escape, and was seen no more; gone, perhaps, to the country to which he migrates, to tell his kindred cuckoos (if he was as ungrateful as he was ugly) what fools hedge-sparrows and water wagtails are in England. It may possibly be suggested that a mistake has been made with regard to the sort of bird which hatched the cuckoo, and that the same bird which fed it, namely, the hedge-sparrow, hatched the egg. If this had been the case, there would have been nothing extraordinary in the circumstance; but the wagtail was too often seen on her nest, both before the egg was hatched and afterward, feeding the young bird, to leave room for any skepticism on that point; and the sparrow was observed feeding it in the cage afterward, by many members of the family, daily."

The cuckoo has had many tributes from the poets. Some of its peculiar traits are thus beautifully versified by Wordsworth:

"O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice;
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?"

"While I am lying on the grass,
Thy two-fold shout I hear,
That seems to fill the whole air's space,
As loud far off as near.

"Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

"Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
E'en yet thou art to me
No bird; but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

"The same whom in my school-boy days
I listen'd: to that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

"To seek thee did I often rove
Through wood and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

"And I can listen to thee yet,
Can lie upon the plain,
And listen till I do beget
That golden time again."

The *Spotted-bellied Tamatia* (figure 32) is a native of Brazil. Its plumage is black and white, with a mixture of buff. From a description given by the celebrated naturalist, Swainson, we learn that the *puff-birds*, as they are called by the English residents at Brazil, frequent open cultivated spots, near the habitations of men, always perching on the withered branches of a low tree, where they will sit nearly motionless for hours, unless they descry some luckless insect passing near them, at which they immediately dart, returning again to the identical twig they had just left, and which they will sometimes frequent for months. At such times the disproportionate size of the head is rendered more conspicuous by the bird raising the feathers, so as to appear like a puff-ball. They are very confiding, and seem anxious to be on friendly terms with the human family.

In the woody solitudes of South America, concealed, for the most part, in the densest forests, is found that most curious bird, the *Trogon*, not less remarkable for the delicacy of his flesh than the beauty of his plumage.

"They are sometimes seen (says Gould) on the summit of trees, but in general they prefer the center, where they remain a portion of the day without descending to the ground, or even to the lower branches. Here they lie in ambush for the insects which pass within reach, and seize them with address and dexterity. Their flight is lively, short, vertical, and undulating. Though they thus conceal themselves in the thick foliage, it is not through distrust; for when they are in an open space, they may be approached so nearly as to be struck with a stick. They are rarely heard to utter any cries, except during the season of reproduction, and then their voice is strong, sonorous, monotonous, and melancholy. They have many cries, from the sound of one of which their name is derived. All those whose habits are known nestle in the hollows of worm-eaten

trees, which they enlarge with their bills, so as to form a comfortable and roomy residence. The number of eggs is from two to four, and the young are born totally naked, but their feathers begin to start two or three days after their birth. The occupation of the male, during incubation, consists in watching for the safety of his companion, bringing her food, and amusing her with a song, which, though we should call it insipid, is to her, without doubt, the expression of sensibility. Some of them express the syllable *pio*, repeated many times in succession, with a powerful yet plaintive tone. Their accent reminds one of the wailings of a child who has lost its way, and it is thus that they cry to each other amid the silence of the forests. As soon as the young are able to provide for themselves, they separate from their parents, to enjoy that solitude and isolation which appear to constitute the supreme happiness of the species. Their aliments are composed of larvæ, small worms, caterpillars, and berries, which they swallow entire. The male at various ages, the female, and the young, differ in their plumage, which has given rise to the institution of more species than are really in existence."

In the mythology of the ancient Mexicans, one species of this beautiful bird, the Golden Trogon, was celebrated, and watched over with great care. According to Cortes, royal physicians were appointed to watch over the health of these birds, and they had attendants, some of whom procured their food, others distributed it, and others watched over the eggs at the time of incubation. At certain seasons they were robbed of their feathers, which were highly prized for their beauty.

A variety of the Trogon is found in Africa, of which it is said that the *moment* the young are hatched they take flight and follow their parents. It is also said that there are several species found in Asia.

Of the *Woodpecker*, the most striking type of the climbing birds, there are many varieties. They are all distinguished by a peculiarity of structure which fits them admirably for their mode of obtaining food. The tarsi are short and strong; the toes large, and armed with short hooked claws, by which they take hold of any inequality upon the bark of the tree, and readily pierce its surface, in search of the larvæ of insects. The bill is strong, and thick at the base, narrowing to a point at



the extremity. The tongue is a flexible probe, long and worm-like, and capable of being protruded to a great extent. It is armed with short spines, and covered with a viscus saliva. This organ the woodpecker inserts into the crevices of the bark, or into any aperture, in search of insects and their larvæ, and withdraws it; the prey adhering to it by means of the saliva, and being prevented from rubbing off by the retroverted bristles which barb the tip. The flight of the woodpecker is seldom protracted to any length, but limited to a transit from one tree to another in the seclusion of its native woods.

We give drawings of two varieties. Number 33 is the *Green Woodpecker*, found plentifully in the woods of England and Scotland. It has various provincial names; is called by the people of Surrey and Sussex the *Yaffle*, from its repeated notes, which resemble laughter. In some places it is called the *Rain-fowl*, because it is most noisy just before a shower. "The green woodpecker," says Yarrel, "when seen moving upon a tree, is mostly ascending in a direction more or less oblique, and is believed to be incapable of descending, unless this action is performed backward. On flying to a tree to make a new search, the bird settles low down on the bole or body of the tree, but a few feet above the ground, and generally below the lowest branch, as if to have all



its work above it, and proceeds thence upward, alternately tapping, to induce any hidden insect to change its place, pecking holes in a decayed branch, that it may be able to reach any insects that are lodged within, or protruding its long, extensible tongue to take up any insect on the surface; but the summit of the tree once obtained, the bird does not descend over the examined part, but flies off to another tree, or to another part of the same tree, to recommence its search lower down, nearer the ground." It is said by Bechstein that in winter it will take bees from the hive. In captivity it is fierce and untamable.

The *Golden-winged Woodpecker* is the most celebrated American variety. The enthusiastic Audubon thus describes some of its habits:

"No sooner has spring called these birds to the pleasant duty of making love than their voice, which, by the way, is not at all disagreeable to the ear of man, is heard from the tops of high, decayed trees, proclaiming with delight the opening of the welcome season. Their note at this period is merriment itself, as it

imitates a prolonged and jovial laugh, heard at a considerable distance. Several males pursue a female, reach her, and to prove the truth and force of their love, bow their heads, spread their tails, and move sideways, backward and forward, performing such antics as might induce any one witnessing them, if not of a most morose temper, to join his laugh to theirs. The female flies to another tree, where she is instantly followed by one, two, or even half a dozen of these gay suitors, and where again the same ceremonials are gone through. No fighting occurs, no jealousies exist among these beaux, until a marked preference is shown to some individual, when the rejected proceed in search of some other female. In this manner all the golden-winged woodpeckers are soon happily mated. Each pair immediately proceed to excavate the trunk of a tree, and finish a hole in it, sufficient to contain themselves and their young. They both work with great industry and apparent pleasure. Should the male, for instance, be employed, the female is close to him, and congratulates him on the removal of every chip which his bill sends

through the air. While he rests he appears to be speaking to her on the most tender subjects, and when fatigued is assisted by her. In this manner, by the alternate exertions of each, the hole is dug and finished. They caress each other on the branches, climb about and around the tree with apparent delight, rattle with their bills against the tops of the dead branches, chase all their cousins, the red-heads, defy the purple grackle to enter their nests, feed plentifully on beetles and larvæ, cackling at intervals, and, ere two weeks elapse, the female lays either four or six eggs, the transparency of which is doubtless the delight of her heart. They have two broods each season. Even in confinement the golden-winged woodpecker never suffers his lively spirit to droop. He feeds well, and, by way of amusement, will contrive to destroy as much furniture in a day as can well be mended by a different workman in two. Therefore, kind reader, do not any longer believe that woodpeckers—I mean those of America—are such stupid, forlorn, dejected, and unprovided-for beings, as they have been hitherto represented."

The *Ivory-billed Woodpecker* is also a native of the United States, but seldom found north of Maryland. They are most plentiful in the lower parts of Georgia, in Louisiana, and Mississippi. According to Nuttall, when once paired, they

continue mated for life; and the same acute observer says they are never found near cultivated fields or the habitations of men. The scene of their dominion is the lowly forest, amid trees of the greatest magnitude. The reiterated trumpeting note of the male, somewhat similar to the high tones of the clarionet, is heard soon after daybreak, and until a late hour in the morning, echoing loudly from the recesses of the dark cypress swamp, where he dwells in domestic security, without showing any desire to quit his native solitary abode. Upon the giant trunk and moss-grown arms of this colossus of the forest, the high, rattling clarion, and repeated strokes of this noble bird, are often the only sounds which communicate an air of life to these dismal wilds. His noise may be heard for more than half a mile. This "industrious hermit," as Nuttall calls him, like a real carpenter, is frequently seen surrounded by cart loads of chips and broad flakes of bark. "The work of half a dozen men," we are told—but this is probably an exaggeration—"felling trees for a whole morning, would scarcely exceed the pile he has produced in quest of a single breakfast upon these insect larvæ, which have already, perhaps, succeeded in deadening the tree preparatory to the repast." Sound and healthy trees he troubles not, and seeks his food where nature has provided it, thus rendering himself of incalculable service to man, who, in return, ungratefully seeks his destruction.

Our engraving (No. 34) is a striking representation of a variety of the *Spotted Woodpecker*, a native of Great Britain, and one which gives a good idea of this remarkable family.

We join heartily in the poet's good wishes for this industrious and useful bird:

"Live on and multiply, pursue your work
Of searching out the haunts of insects dire,
And save from death our noble forest trees:
Millions of these, amid this mighty host,
By insect rapine prematurely die;
And hence the wisdom of th' Omnific mind,
Which works by rules unmeasurably good,
In placing here this bird industrious.



With giant strength it drives its ivory bill
Into the trunks of trees that else must die;
Thus makes its meal of the marauding crew
Which would the vital sap ere long destroy,
And saves from ruin many a noble tree.

"Well may they value thee who know thy worth;
And whether perched on topmost bough erect,
Sitting in state, or moving through the air
In graceful undulations, still intent
Thy prey to seize—wherever thou art traced,
Majestic bird! thou shalt our song inspire."

The *Parrots* are found, in their different varieties, in almost every part of the world, with the exception of Europe, northern Asia, and the colder portions of America. They abound in Brazil, in Guiana, and especially on the African continent, from Senegal to the Cape of Good Hope. In plumage they vary greatly; but for the most part their colors are brilliant. Green is the most common; but blue, red, and yellow are frequent. They bear the same relation to the feathered tribes that the monkeys do to the mammalia; found in the same regions, and apparently possessed of greater intelligence than other birds, they are, like the monkeys, easily tamed, and readily imbibe

instruction. Like them, too, parrots feed upon fruits, and frequently carry their food to their mouth by means of their feet.

Except during incubation, the parrots congregate in flocks; but they are said to be strictly monogamous, each bird being confined during life to one partner. They have been known, in a state of domestication, to attain the great age of ninety, and even a hundred years. They have much affection for those by whom they have been tamed, and very quickly discern a friend from an enemy. M. Viellot assures us, from his own experience, that the male birds attach themselves most readily to women, while, with the females the reverse is the case. He had a male bird in his own possession which he could never approach without thick gloves, while he was perfectly kind and docile to Madame V., and showed great fondness for that lady; and, on the other hand, a female of the same species showed great attachment to the naturalist.

Many well-authenticated stories are told which show in a striking light the capacity of these birds to receive instruction. Even as early as A. D. 1500, we read of a parrot at Rome which had been taught to repeat, with clearness, and without a single mistake, the whole of the Apostles' Creed. It was purchased by a cardinal for one hundred gold pieces.

At a sea-port town in England a parrot, hanging in his cage by a window, and observing a horse and cart near the edge of the dock, called out lustily, in tones resembling those of the carter, "Back! back! back!" The horse, obedient to the voice, continued backing until he was precipitated into the water and drowned. At the request of a celebrated naturalist in England, the following account of one of these singular birds was written by a lady. Its entire truthfulness may be relied upon.

"As you wished me to write down whatever I could collect about my sister's wonderful parrot, I proceed to do so, only promising that I will tell you nothing but what I can vouch for having myself heard. Her laugh is quite extraordinary, and it is impossible not to help joining in it one's self, more especially when in the midst of it she cries out, 'Don't make me laugh so; I shall die, I shall die;' and then continues laughing more violently than before. Her crying and sobbing are curious; and if you say, 'Poor Poll, what is the matter?' she says, 'So bad, so bad; got such a cold;' and after

crying for some time, will gradually cease, and, making a noise, like drawing a long breath, say, 'Better now,' and begin to laugh.

"The first time I ever heard her speak was one day when I was talking to the maid at the bottom of the stairs, and heard what I then considered to be a child call out, 'Payne,' (the maid's name,) 'I am not well, I am not well;' and on my saying, 'What is the matter with that child?' she replied, 'It is only the parrot; she always does so, when I leave her alone, to make me come back;' and so it proved, for on her going into the room the parrot stopped, and then began laughing quite in a jeering way.

"It is singular enough that, whenever she is affronted in any way, she begins to cry, and when pleased to laugh. If any one happens to cough or sneeze, she says, 'What a bad cold.' One day, when the children were playing with her, the maid came into the room, and on their repeating to her several times things which the parrot had said, Poll looked up and said quite plainly, 'No, I didn't.' Sometimes, when she is inclined to be mischievous, the maid threatens to beat her, and she often says, 'No you won't.' She calls the cat very plainly, saying, 'Puss, puss,' and then answers, 'Mew;' but the most amusing part is, that whenever I want to make her call it, and to that purpose say, 'Puss, puss,' myself, she always answers, 'Mew,' till I begin mewling; and then she begins calling 'Puss' as quick as possible. She imitates every kind of noise, and barks so naturally that I have known her to set all the dogs on the parade at Hampton Court barking; and I dare say, if the truth was known, wondering what was barking at them; and the consternation I have seen her cause in a party of cocks and hens, by her crowing and chuckling, has been the most ludicrous thing possible. She sings just like a child; and I have more than once thought it was a human being; and it is most ludicrous to hear her make what one should call a false note, and then say, 'O la,' and burst out laughing at herself, beginning again quite in another key. She is very fond of singing, 'Buy a Broom,' which she says quite plainly; but in the same spirit as in calling the cat, if we say, with a view to make her repeat it, 'Buy a broom,' she always says, 'Buy a *bruah*,' and then laughs as a child might do when mischievous. She often performs a kind of exercise, which I do not know how to describe, except by saying, that it is like the lance exercise. She puts her claw behind her, first on one side and then on the other, then in front, and round over her head, and while doing so keeps saying, 'Come on, come on;' and when finished, says, 'Bravo, beautiful!' and draws herself up. Before I was as well acquainted with her as I am now, she would stare in my face, and then say, 'How d'ye do, ma'am?' This she invariably does to strangers. One day I went into the room where she was, and said, to try her, 'Poll, where is Payne gone?' and to my astonishment, and almost dismay, she said, 'Down stairs.' I cannot at this moment recollect anything more that I can vouch for myself, and I do not choose to trust to what I am told; but from what I have myself seen and heard, she has almost made me a believer in transmigration."



Of the same general habits as the parrots, properly so called, are the *Parrakeets*, *Lories*, and *Lorikeets*. They are, however, unable to articulate human sounds. The most noteworthy is the Carolina parrakeet, of which both Wilson and Audubon give interesting accounts. The former, on one of his excursions, slightly wounded a bird of this species, which he carried a great distance in his pocket. It soon became familiarized to confinement, learned to know its name, to come when called, to sit on his shoulder, to climb up his clothes, and even to eat from his mouth. It is a bird of exceedingly rich plumage; but, owing to its inability to articulate, and its loud and

disagreeable scream, is seldom found in cages. Of its habits, in a wild state, it is said that one nest suffices for a great many females, each laying two eggs, which, by some mutual agreement, of which we know nothing, are brooded over and hatched by one, who assumes to be the mother of the whole.

Of the *Macaw*, the two most striking varieties are the *Great Scarlet*, a native of South America, and the *Blue and Yellow*, found most plentifully on the banks of the Amazon, in Guiana, and in Surinam. The former, when in full plumage, is one of the most gorgeous of the feathered tribes. It measures, including the tail,

about three feet in length. Its prevailing color is a bright scarlet, the wings a glossy blue, varied with a lively yellow. To see them in their wild state is, says Waterton, "a grand sight." Little inferior in appearance, and a trifle smaller in size, is the blue and yellow variety, of which it is said that both sexes sit alternately upon

the eggs, and are equally assiduous in cherishing and conveying food to their young. When taken at an early age they are easily tamed, and are sometimes enabled to articulate a few words.

Nearly allied to the Parrots are the *Cockatoos*. Our engraving (No. 35) represents a group of the *rose-crested* variety



of this beautiful bird. It is a native of Australia and the Indian islands, feeds upon fruits and seeds, and is easily tamed when taken young. Its imitative powers are not equal to those of the parrot, although in many other respects there is a very great similarity. "It is," says Cassell, "particularly fond of making a noise, and assuming a variety of antic postures."

Of the *Toucan* there are found, in Demerara, three varieties, and as many of a smaller species, to which have been given the name of *Toucanets*. They are remarkable for the enormously disproportioned size of their bills. Mr. Jesse, who has paid much attention to this class of birds, in endeavoring to ascertain the utility of their large beaks, refers to the enemies it has to encounter, and the pecu-

liar habits of the various animals of the country in which they are found. The toucan, like the woodpecker, makes its nest in the holes of trees, and is peculiarly liable to be attacked in its person, and robbed of its eggs, by mischievous and thievish monkeys. Its beak is a formidable defensive weapon, and it knows right well how to use it. And not merely for defense, for the toucan is, in his sphere, a bird of prey. He relishes all kinds of fruits and the eggs of other birds; but when an opportunity offers, he has no hesitation in dining upon flesh. Of one in a state of captivity, it is said that a goldfinch was introduced into his cage. The toucan seized it in a moment, and the poor little songster had only time to utter a short squeak before it was dead, with its bowels protruding. The toucan then hopped with it to another perch, and began to strip off its feathers. When it was nearly naked it broke the bones of the wings and legs, taking them in its bill, and giving them a strong lateral wrench. Having reduced the little victim to a shapeless mass, it first swallowed the viscera, and then the remaining parts, piece after piece, not even rejecting the wings and bill.

Of a toucan kept in a state of domestication many years, its owner has given some interesting particulars. Being found to thrive well on a vegetable diet, it was not allowed to indulge its appetite for animal food. It delighted in fruit of all kinds. During the period when these were fresh, it fed almost exclusively on them. Even in winter it exhibited great gratification in being offered pieces of apples, oranges, or preserved fruits of any kind. These it generally held, for a short time, at the extremity of its bill, touching them with apparent delight with its slender and feathered tongue, and then conveying them by a sudden jerk to its throat, where they were caught and instantly swallowed. Its natural propensity to prey upon animals, though not indulged, was still strongly conspicuous. When another bird approached its cage, or even a skin, or preserved specimen, was presented to it, considerable excitement was exhibited. It raised itself up, erected its feathers, and uttered the hollow, clattering sound which seems to be the usual expression of delight of these birds; at the same time the irides of the eyes expanded,

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and the toucan seemed ready to dart at its prey, if the bars of its cage permitted its approach.

Our engraving (No. 36) is a very life-like delineation of the *Double-collared Toucan*, (the *Pteroglossus bitorquatus* of some naturalists,) and gives a very good idea of the striking peculiarities of this most singular tribe.

IS IT COME?

Is it come? they said on the banks of the Nile
Who look'd for the world's long-promised day,
And saw but the strife of Egypt's toil
With the desert's sands and the granite gray.
From the pyramid, temple, and treasured dead
We vainly ask for her wisdom's plan;
They tell of the slave and tyrant's dread—
Yet there was hope when that day began.

The Chaldee came with his starry lore,
That built up Babylon's crown and creed:
And bricks were stamp'd on the Tigris' shore
With signs which our sages scarce can read.
From Niinus' Temple and Nimrod's Tower
The rule of the old East's empire spread
Unreasoning faith and unquestion'd power—
But still, Is it come? the Watcher said.

The light of the Persian's worship'd flame
The ancient bondage its splendor threw;
And once on the West a sunrise came,
When Greece to her freedom's trust was true.
With dreams to the utmost ages dear,
With human gods and with godlike men,
No marvel the far-off day seem'd near
To eyes that look'd through her laurels then.

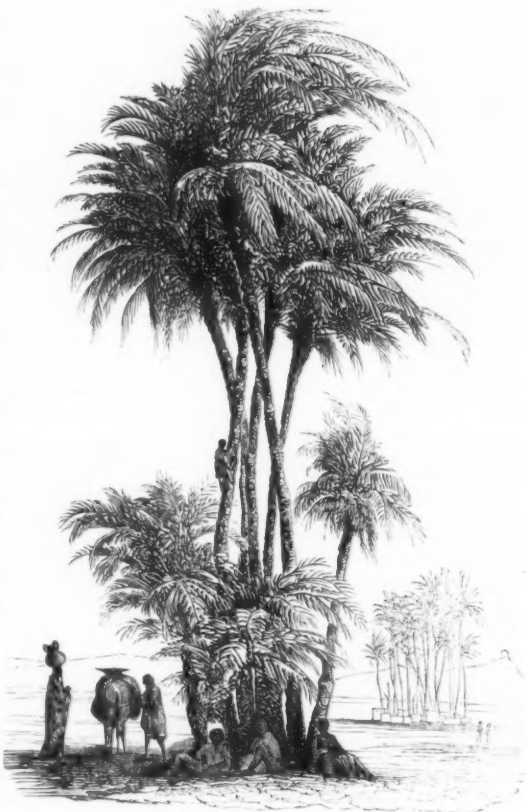
The Romans conquer'd and revel'd, too,
Till honor, and faith, and power were gone,
And deeper old Europe's darkness grew
As wave after wave the Goth came on:
The gown was learning, the sword was law,
The people served in the oxen's stead,
But ever some gleam the Watcher saw,
And evermore, Is it come? they said.

Poet and seer that question caught
Above the din of life's fears and frets;
It march'd with letters—it toil'd with thought
Through schools and creeds which the earth
forgets;
And statesmen trifle, and priests deceive,
And traders barter our world away;
Yet hearts to that golden promise cleave,
And still, at times, Is it come? they say.

The days of the nation bear no trace
Of all the sunshine so far foretold;
The cannon speaks in the teacher's place—
The age is weary with work and gold;
And higher hopes wither and memories wane—
On hearths and altars the fires are dead;
But that brave faith hath not lived in vain;
And this is all that our Watcher said.

A TRIP TO THE PYRAMIDS.

ABOUT four o'clock, one November morning, there was an unusual stir at Shepherd's, the Oriental Transit Company's hotel, in Grand Cairo. Sleepy Arab servants were rattling upon the doors of certain travelers, who, in conclave the previous evening, on the cool porch below, had determined upon a trip to the Pyramids, and bustling dragomen were filling baskets with cold joints, fowls, and the like, from the flesh-pots of Egypt. In front of the hotel, the head-quarters of Napoleon in Cairo, had already collected a group of donkey-boys with their donkeys, the former being busily engaged in their usual morning exercise of Arabic slang, interspersed with blows. This *terrain*, O reader! is the theater of a perpetual conflict between the donkey-boys and the imp of a Nubian janitor. When the former approach too near the portal of the hotel, in the hope of tripping up pedestrians, and compelling them to take donkeys—for men and women, pachas and beggars, are donkeyed through the streets of Grand Cairo—he of the long whip and shuffling babouche, sallies forth, and puts to flight the nimble quadrupeds and boys. The long-eared host, however, soon assembles for another repulse, to return again almost upon the heels of their Nubian persecutor. Many a laugh does the howadji enjoy, as, seated on the porch of Shepherd's, and realizing the seventh heaven of Latakieh, (O Elysium of eastern memory!) he looks down upon this ever-varying conflict, and, should his imagination be sufficiently vivid, sees in it



PALM TREES.

a continuation of the fabled combat of Typhon and Osiris.

Scarcely a richer tableau of nationalities could be presented than that exhibited when the Arab servants had succeeded in bringing together the members of the expedition to the Pyramids. A German *philosoph*, a French *savan*, and two or three American travelers *per se*, as might have been judged from their cosmopolitan air and conversation, formed the more characteristic part of the company. There were also three merchants from Canton, and a couple of superannuated majors of the Company's service—men with veins shriveled, and livers enlarged under a tropical sun. Though of Anglo-Saxon origin, they had become exceedingly protean in taste and Oriental in language, and be-

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fore we set out desired Ibrahim not to forget the fluid known in the East as *French water*, designed in this particular instance to counteract the calorific influences of the desert. The complement consisted of several young men, on their way out to assist in shaking the rupee trees of India, delayed accidentally a few days in Egypt, and giving us thereby the inestimable treasure of their company and stunning conversation. "*A cheval*," at last shouted Ibrahim, the prince of Caïreen dragomen, but whose imperfect knowledge of the French idiom had led him to confound the equine and asinine races. The company mounted, and amid the shouts of the donkey-men, and the flourish of their batons, set off on a gallop for the city gate.

Except for those who have the password, the janitor does not turn the ponderous key until Phœbus whirls his flaming chariot above the Arabian desert. With that magical word we were not provided. *Backsheesh* was tried; *backsheesh*, which here accomplishes miracles; which introduces the howadji to pachas and princes; opens the doors and hearts of all, and even unavails the face of beauty; but in vain. We waited, much like foolish virgins, until Ibrahim returned, when, at a single word from him, the bolts flew back, as if by magic, and the party, issuing through the gate, galloped away in the direction of Masr-el-Atikeh, some three miles distant up the Nile. The road, lined on either side with tall hedges of cactus, runs through the extensive "Gardens" of Ibrahim Pacha, the forced result of Fellah labor, at one piaster per day. The fields of sugar-cane were interspersed with groves of the ailanthus, acacia, and Indian fire tree. The Nile lay, like a sleeping serpent, beneath the tufted palms in the distance; and as the morning breeze crept softly and slowly up the

valley, wafting along the breath of flowers and the song of birds, the stately trees did gently bow to each other, and their myriad leaves shake hands and whisper in the general jubilee of awakening morn.

Never did Aurora's fingers tinge the east with a finer flush than on the morning we left Cairo. It was as if an angel of light had been hastening to embrace the dewy earth, and she, awakening with her myriad eyes of flowers, had smiled, and blushed, and wept at his royal coming.

At our right lay Boulak, the port of Cairo. I also noticed the dim outlines of several large conical elevations, which, on my arrival at Cairo, I had taken to be hills, but afterward discovered to be mountains of government grain, gathered in from the villages along the Nile, and thus exposed to the influences of the heavens, as also to the inroads of innumerable grain-eating birds.

We reached Masr-el-Atikeh, or Old Cairo, just as the muezzin ascended the minaret of the ancient mosque, and chanted thrice, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet. Arise, ye faithful, and pray: prayer is better



A BOAT ON THE NILE.

than sleep." The immense mounds of rubbish indicated that we were standing on the site of a once flourishing city. Near at hand were the colossal remains of an ancient Roman fortress, and the many-columned ruins of the oldest mosque of the caliphs in Egypt.

The dwellings of the plebeian multitude, the pulses of whose life once throbbed along the Nile, had passed away. The pious Moslems, like the ancient Egyptians, reserve marble and granite for the habitations of God, and leave to mortal man mere cabins of wood and clay, no more enduring than himself. Within the somber walls of an adjacent convent the guides point out a spring from which the Holy Family is said to have drunk while in Egypt; and to the Mussulman Téké, near at hand, travelers repair, on certain days, to witness the *Zirs* of the whirling Dervishes, performances which procure piasters for those pious devotees, if they do not contribute to the praises of Allah.

At Masr-el-Atikeh commences the lofty aqueduct, which conveys the water of the Nile to Joseph's well, in the citadel of Cairo. In a characteristic story concerning the same, it is related that the architect constructed the winding stairway too narrow for the passage of the oxen designed to raise the water. To remedy this mistake several calves were taken up; but in what manner the water was elevated until the bovines came to maturity, we are not informed.

In the meantime Ibrahim had chartered a couple of boats to convey us to Ghizeh, on the opposite side of the Nile. The *élite* of the party, namely, travelers and dragomen, occupied one; into the other crowded, promiscuously, donkeys and the adjuvant donkey-boys. The immense sails, resembling the wings of a bird, were given to the morning breeze, and, amid the shouts of the Arab boatmen, our primitive craft slowly crossed the Nile, at that point more than one third of a mile in width. We passed a short distance above the Island of Rhoda, where the day previous I had visited the Nilometer, and plucked a few roses on the spot where tradition says the infant Moses was found by the daughter of Pharaoh. At the height of the inundations the water now rises entirely above the Nilometer. An accumulation of centuries has elevated the bed of the river, and, in fact, the entire

surface of the valley, several feet, the deposited strata of Nilotic earth having kept pace with the expiring strata of Egyptian civilization.

Ghizeh, on the left bank of the Nile, is a place of far less importance than in former times. It is, in fact, merely a large Arab village, but illustrates well the type of the Oriental city—streets narrow, crooked, and unnamed; a multitude of unnumbered houses, (mud hovels in Egypt,) interspersed with a few more imposing edifices, as mosques, caravansaries, and tombs.

The few moments to be spared, before the donkeys could be landed, were spent in visiting one of the numerous chicken-hatching establishments, which have existed in Egypt from the earliest times. A government *chaoshe*—for even the hatching of chickens is a royal monopoly in the land of the Pharaohs—conducted us into a low building, with clay walls, whose mephitic rooms and passages were kept at the proper temperature by a manure fire. The eggs, of which there must have been at least one hundred thousand, were arranged in strata upon shelves. For a hundred eggs brought in, the Fellah receives fifty newly-hatched chickens, leaving, consequently, a large margin for expenses, accidents, and the piasters accruing to the pacha's treasury. Bad eggs are quickly detected by the cunning divinities of these places, and cast out. It was interesting to watch the myriads of ovules bursting into life, and to step from stone to stone over a sea of unbrooded chicks.

As far as incubation is concerned, a vast amount of sedentary labor is dispensed with, or, rather, is diverted into an active and more productive channel. The eggs of Egypt appear to be as infinite in number as they are infinitesimal in size. Poultry is abundant and cheap; but it struck me as singular that chickens should be sold by measure, when eggs, dates, and pomegranates are sold by weight. *Tant des pays, tant des Moeres*. The quality, however, is very inferior, and, like Hadrian, I can wish the Egyptians no greater evil than to be compelled to eat their own chickens, hatched in a manner that the Roman emperor was ashamed to describe.

"Eggs are hatched by the incubation of birds," says Aristotle, "but they are also hatched spontaneously by being

placed among dung, as in Egypt. And a certain Syracusan wine-bibber, having buried a number of eggs beneath a mat in the ground, is said to have continued drinking, without intermission, until they were hatched. Nay, even when placed in warm vessels, they are quickened into life without the process of incubation."

We tarried a few minutes in an open place, where a market was being held, in order to witness the feats of a *gaïdi*, or serpent-charmer. He carried a sack upon his shoulder filled with serpents, several of which leaped forth at the signal of a hissing sound, coiled themselves around the neck of the *gaïdi*, and permitted him to handle them at pleasure, though not without some manifestations of anger, when he purposely irritated them. They were the *hooded serpents*, called *hajé* by the Arabs, and represented in the hieroglyphical sculptures of the ancient Egyptians under the name of *Urei*. The hooded serpent, or *cobra di capello*, so called from the expansion of the skin of the neck when irritated, is of a bright pink color, about four feet in length, and when enraged, raises and balances its body, darts forth a forked tongue, and leaps, with flaming eyes and horrible hisses, upon its enemy, inflicting a wound that is almost certain to be followed by death. Yet these frightful reptiles are completely under the control of the *gaïdi*, so named by the Caireens, from a tribe whose principal occupation is to destroy venomous animals in the houses. These charmers of serpents are the *psylles* of the ancients, the secret of their marvelous power over the most venomous reptiles being acquired, doubtless, by a patient study of their habits. They are of the race called *Bayoum* in Egypt, but are known under different names in different places, as *Dharbut* at Aleppo, and *Zaath* in Damascus. It is more than probable that they belong to the great Gipsy family, whom they closely resemble in language, appearance, and mysterious customs. Like the Gitanos and Tsigans of Europe, they are expert thieves and miserable vagabonds, earning a wretched subsistence by fortune-telling, music, and the practice of secret arts. They occupy a distinct but wretched quarter, in a suburb of Grand Cairo, and are occasionally found living in tombs, in different parts of Egypt, where, by way of contempt, the Arabs and Copts call them *heathen dogs*.

M. de Beaumont, relates that, having questioned one of the serpent-charmers upon his power to attract reptiles, he offered to give him a practical demonstration of the same. "To render deception impossible, I conducted him into a large garden, after having made him strip himself naked, and locked up his bag of serpents in a chest. The *gaïdi* began by kneeling at the side of a little brook. After he had pronounced a few words, and hissed several times in a strange manner, I saw, in the course of ten or fifteen minutes, a large viper come up to him, and presently another, both of which he handled with impunity. I was obliged to acknowledge that he really possessed the power of which he boasted. For a certain sum of money he offered to initiate me into the secret; but I humbly confess that I had not the courage to submit to the required formality. In order to communicate the charm to me, it was necessary that the *gaïdi* should spit in my mouth, and my love of science did not go so far as that."

When the Nile is low, travelers go directly across the plain of Ghizeh to the base of the Pyramids, a ride of between two and three hours. But at the time of our visit the river had fallen but three feet from the greatest height during the inundation. We were obliged to make a circuitous route, by following an ancient dyke, which rendered the distance twice as great as it would otherwise have been. Having ridden some distance, we came to a small arm of the Nile, where boats were again called into requisition for both men and beasts. Remounting, we set off at a full gallop for a larger arm of the river, several miles distant, where, as Ibrahim informed us, we were to leave the animals and perform the remainder of the distance by water. The morning air was cool and fresh, and we pushed on at a rapid rate. Were I at all inclined to the heroic in action, or the poetical in description, I might say of my diminutive donkey,

"Thick from the hoofs of the thundering steed
Flew the flashing pebbles with lightning speed."

Finding, in a short time, that I had greatly distanced my companions, I halted for Ibrahim to come up, when we rode on together. He had a splendid figure, set off by the picturesque and graceful Arab costume. The loss of a finger, inten-



THE SERPENT-CHARMER.

tional, I presume, had exempted him from military service, and from his youth he had followed the profession of a dragoman, which is, to a certain extent, that of a gentleman and a scholar, in the Eastern acceptance of the latter term. Dragging the traveler through places from which he escapes as soon as possible, and purposely avoiding others that he has traversed oceans and continents to visit, these literary *ciceroni* deal out marvelous stores of knowledge, both topographical and

antiquarian, illustrated with a fertility of imagination peculiar to the Orient. It may be said of dragomen that they stand between the Occident and the Orient, and if they do not communicate to the nomadic children of the former the wisdom and mystic spirit of the East, they at least abduct their piasters, and give them an idea of "Oriental exaggeration." Under their indispensable guidance, the traveler is ever floating in an undefined limbo of uncertain things. I was fond of convers-

ing with Ibrahim. He communicated with me in bad English and tolerable French. The destruction of the Alexandrian library, by the great propagator of the Moslem faith in Egypt, was a fortunate circumstance for him, as also for all dragomen; and I am certain that he would have exulted in that catastrophe had he been acquainted with the fact of its occurrence. If not perfectly honest in all his dealings, I must say of my dragoman that, at least, he allowed no one to cheat *me* but himself and his particular friends.

"Are you married, Ibrahim?" I in-

quired, as our donkeys ambled on together toward the Pyramids.

"Married? yes: I have two wives, and shall have two more as soon as I can support them."

"You are about my own age, Ibrahim; I hardly know what I should do with one wife, to say nothing of four."

"*Mashalla!* When I was a Christian I had but one wife. Her little finger was worth more than all the other women of Cairo together. She died. *Allah kerim!* (God is merciful!) I became a Mussulman, knowing that it would give me a higher position and increase my income;



BASTINADOING IN THE CADI'S COURT.



ABDALLAH AND BEGGAR.

and now I am equally fond of my two wives."

"What, Ibrahim, are the comparative merits of the Moslem and Coptic ladies with respect to beauty?"

"The Christian women of Cairo are the pearl of infidelity; but by the beard of the Prophet! one Mussulman maiden is worth more than seven of the most beautiful daughters of the unbelievers."

"As a good Mussulman, Ibrahim, do you believe that women will be admitted to the joys of heaven?"

"*Inshalla!* (Please God.) Our Prophet hath promised them the eternal beatitudes of paradise, on condition that they marry."

"What, then, will become of widows and those who remain single during life, from inclination or other reasons?"

"*Bokallum!* (We shall see!) By the law of the Prophet, they live in a state of continual transgression; but"—and Ibrahim turned toward Mecca to repeat an orison for those erring mortals. "*Allah kerim! Allah kerim!* (God is merciful! God is merciful!) and through his mercy they *may* at last be saved."

"Granting that women have souls, do you allow them to worship in your mosques?"

"They assemble with us only on certain occasions. The Prophet enjoins them to pray at home, as their presence at places of worship would disturb the pious meditations of the faithful, and inspire a different kind of devotion from that to Allah."

"But, Ibrahim, are there not many among you who have but one wife?"

"Yes; persons belonging to the middling class usually take but a single wife. The very rich and the very poor have from two up to seven."

"Then you can gain an idea of the rich man's wealth, and of the poor man's poverty, from the number of

wives who share the one or the other with him; as we in America judge of a family's wealth from the number of servants; of its poverty from the number of children and dogs?"

"*Mashalla!* You Americans are a wonderful people! With the children of the Prophet the wealthy have many wives, because they have the means to support them; the indigent also take many for the reason that in such cases the wives can support themselves."

"Is it possible for you to divide your affections equally among the numerous inmates of the harem? Is it possible for half a dozen Fatimas and Zuleikas, the wives of one man, to love each other as they are supposed to love their husband? In other words, is the harem a happy institution?"

"No," replied Ibrahim, sorrowfully. "When one man becomes angry with another it is common to ask, in derision, 'Are you a co-wife of this person that you should hate him thus?'" And Ibrahim, although he loved his Zuleika and Fatima, was cast down at the remembrance of some domestic intrigue and discord.

I could not forbear telling him of a march stolen upon me only the day previous by

one of the daughters of the faithful. It was during a visit to the tombs of the Mamelukes. A group of laughing girls met me, and, as often happens in the East, held out their hands timidly for the present from the *howadji*. To the one who promised most in the matter of good looks, I offered liberal *backsheesh* if she would show me her entire face. The Arab girl looked at the shining piasters, arranged her veil so as to show one side of her face, and then turning round, adjusted it on the other side so as in all to show me her entire countenance. Partial views were not in accordance with my original intention; but the thing was done so cleverly, and, moreover, the sight of a female face was so refreshing after months of travel among semi-barbarians, that I could not withhold the promised piasters.

The rest of the company overtook us, and we scampered on together as fast as the donkey-boys could urge forward our long-eared quadrupeds. Donkey-boys is the generic name of these useful assistants of the traveler in Cairo, although many of them have the years and the stature of men. Compared with the donkeys themselves, they are "the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself," a proposition to which my English *compagnons de voyage* could not demur. Abdallah was the name of the sprightly young Arab who served me in that capacity during my stay in the capital of Egypt, while the four-footed partner of his joys and sorrows rejoiced in the appellation of Beggar.

Abdallah served me faithfully. When we visited the *cadi's* court together, justice had on that day been so tempered with mercy, that there was no culprit to be punished. But that I might not fail to see the practical working of an Egyptian institution, Abdallah promptly offered to be tied down and bastinadoed for *only* three piasters. To that vicarious punishment I did not consent; but when I gave him the three piasters as *backsheesh*, his dark eye rolled with as fine a frenzy as that of the New-York newsboy or the London boot-black.

Where man remains semi-barbarous, the very beasts appear to become humanized, as if to shame him of his folly. Of Beggar himself I cannot forbear making particular mention in this connection. He combined all the seventy points of

ugliness classified by the Arabs; brayed in the most spasmodic and excruciating manner, and evinced, at times, a disposition vicious beyond that of most donkeys. He possessed neither the soft eyes and tender, womanish ways of the camel, nor the mysterious water sacks, and the still more mysterious hump of oxydizable substance; but in his humble way, Beggar served me as well as the patient ship of the desert.

Our route, though circuitous, was not without interest. Several villages were to be seen in the distance, built upon slight elevations, so as not to be swept away during the inundation of the river, and guarded by lofty palm trees, the silent sentries of the plain. Now and then we passed by groups of Fellahs, engaged in the labors of the field; or met a company of Bedouins, on one of those periodical visits which they make to the city for the purchase of ammunition, to return again in haste to the tented life of the desert. I noticed many white ibises. Though no longer numbered among Egypt's gods, they are still regarded with a certain degree of reverence by the superstitious Fellah, the descendant of the ancient Egyptian.

Egypt is the land of striking contrasts. It owes its very existence to the periodical overflowing of a river, a circumstance regarded elsewhere as the greatest of calamities. The desert and the fertile land, the Typhon and Osiris of fabulous times, are here contending in an everlasting conflict for the mastery.

Of the most recent geological origin, Egypt became the theater of a civilization ranking among the earliest developments of the human race, if not prior to any other, so ancient, indeed, as to extend far beyond historical times, into that dim antiquity whence, save the records on her own imperishable monuments, no fragmentary knowledge has floated down to us, even on the sea of tradition. She was great and glorious centuries before the children of Israel carried civilization into the wilds of Judea. The early philosophers of Greece and Rome, repairing hither to drink at original fountains of knowledge, stood by those mysterious Pyramids, with note-book in hand, like the pilgrim of to-day from a far-off Atlantis, but even more ignorant than he of their origin and purpose.

A tropical sun looks down from a sky, rarely obscured by clouds, upon a soil never yielding, except on the oasis, or in the valleys of the Nile, to the sweet influences of the falling rain and of the infinitesimal dew.

We passed by many fields of ripening Dhoura Sefi, or Egyptian corn, while in other and less elevated places Fellah peasants were "sowing their bread upon the waters, to reap a harvest after many days." It is customary to scatter seeds upon the retiring waters, when, after a few more days of evaporation, they are deposited in the soft mud left behind by the river, and speedily take root. Now and then, also, the traveler sees the Fellah treading in his seed with oxen, the same as in the days of Herodotus. The valley of the Nile is the emblem of fertility, but the sable wing of despotism has settled over unhappy Egypt. The entire soil belongs to the viceroy, and the inhabitants are his "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Most of the reforms introduced by Mohammed Ali have been abandoned by his successors. Aside from the improvements in the army and the fleet, the hospital near Cairo, and a small polytechnic school at Boulak, are the only existing institutions calling to mind the reign of Egypt's greatest sovereign in modern times.

To the former of these is attached a medical school, which I took occasion to visit while stopping in Cairo. The following conversation between one of the professors, a native Arab, and myself, will show how far the darkness of Egypt has been penetrated by the light of our free institutions.

"Is America in New-York, or New-York in America?" inquired of me the sapient professor of the theory and practice of medicine, in French.

"New-York is an integral part of the American Union."

"Has the American language any resemblance to the English?"

"A decided resemblance."

"How much longer will you remain subject to Great Britain?" continued the Arab professor.

"We have already been independent more than three-fourths of a century."

"Who, then, is your emperor?"

"Franklin Pierce, Esq."

The memory of Abas Pacha, the last

viceroy, is held in universal detestation. To him fell all the vices, with none of the redeeming virtues, of the illustrious Mohammed Ali. The guide conducts the traveler to the room where Abas, at once the Nero and Caligula of Egypt, is supposed to have been strangled by the two Circassian guards whom he always kept standing by his bedside during his sleeping hours.

The Pacha, while viceroy, visited Alexandria twice, but could not be induced to approach the city afterward, from a superstitious idea that the third visit would prove fatal to him.

His favorite occupation was to make large collections of dogs and cats—animals which he cherished much as the ancient sovereigns of Egypt did Apis and the sacred Ibis. The *Lares* and *Penates* of Abas Pacha were quartered in different parts of Egypt, where they enjoyed his periodical visits. After the death of the Pacha, however, these canine and feline recipients of the royal favor were turned loose, and are now the most pitiable of objects.

Ibrahim related to me, that on a certain day a Frenchman appeared in the streets of Cairo leading a dog possessed of two tails. Information of this rare phenomenon was conveyed to Abas Pacha, and the fortunate Frenchman was at once summoned to wait upon his highness at the palace. The Pacha was in ecstasies. The *apotheosis* of Anubis, after having exhausted the cycle of the metempsychosis, and appeared again in his original form, could not have given him greater delight. The Frenchman would not part with the creature for less than twelve thousand five hundred Turkish piasters, (\$500,) a sum which the Pacha at last consented to give, not suspecting for a moment that the extra tail was a product of French civilization.

The latter became disengaged the same evening, while the Pacha of two tails was exhibiting his paragon of canine wonders to a circle of admiring friends. Abas was infuriated. The Frenchman was nowhere to be found, and the unfortunate possessor of the bifurcated caudal appendage was forthwith ordered to be *curtailed* one inch behind his ears.

Alas for Egypt! the land of sunny skies and all the soft delights of the great-eyed Orient.

THE LITTLE DAUPHIN.*

A TALE OF SORROW.

ESCORTED by the six commissaries and a porter, young Louis was conducted to that part of the Tower formerly occupied by his father, where there was a person in attendance, who appeared to have been long waiting. The municipals spoke for a few moments with this man, gave him some instructions in a low tone of voice, and then retired. The child found himself alone, in the presence of an individual whose features he did not at first recognize, but whose easy gait, gruff, short manner of talking, and eccentric gestures, soon brought him to remembrance. Among the six commissaries originally charged to inspect the works and expenses at the Temple, there was one named Simon, a shoemaker, who alone of the whole number, under pretense of scrupulously doing his duty, remained constantly in the Tower. He never approached the royal family without giving utterance to some offensive speech. Often he would say to Cléry, the king's valet, within hearing of the king, "Cléry, ask Capet if he wants anything, that I may not be troubled to come up again!" This was the man whom little Louis now beheld before him.

One of the municipals had told the queen, when taking away her son, that the nation, "always great and generous," would provide for his education; and M. Simon was the tutor whom the representative powers for the time being had provided. Marat and Robespierre had helped to get him the situation. He had a salary of five hundred francs a month, on condition that he was never to leave his prisoner, or on any pretense whatever to quit the Tower.

He found his pupil rather unmanageable the first night, for the poor boy sat weeping in the darkest corner of the room for several hours; and it was with the greatest difficulty that Simon could obtain a few brief answers to the questions which he put to him, as he sat smoking and swearing with a steadfast self-complacency. The next morning Madame Simon came to assist her husband in his duties; and it was soon apparent that the two were very well assorted. The young prince remained for two days without accepting any other food than a morsel of bread. In his new

situation he was utterly dejected. Sometimes he mourned in silence; at other times, through his large tears there gleamed a fire of indignation, which upon occasion would burst forth in earnest and angry words. "I wish to know," said he, imperiously, to the municipals, on their coming to see him—"I wish to know what law it is by which you are ordered to separate me from my mother, and keep me in prison. Show me the law; I wish to see it!" The officers, it is said, stood confused before the child, out of surprise at his kingly manner of expressing his indignation. Simon, however, soon silenced him, by commanding him to hold his tongue. Two days passed before the captive child could be prevailed upon to go to bed; but at length he resigned himself to do so with a good grace, and the next morning rose and dressed of his own accord. He no longer wept; but he persisted in maintaining a most persevering silence. Simon could make nothing of him. "Ah ha! little Capet," said he; "so you are dumb, are you? I shall have to teach you to talk, and to sing the *Carmagnole*, and cry *Vive la République!* Ah! it's dumb you are, are you?"

"If I were to speak out what I think," said the boy, "you would call me mad. I am silent, lest I should say too much."

"O! O!" retorted Simon; "Monsieur Capet would have too much to say; that smacks rather strongly of the aristocrat. But it does not do for me, do you understand? You are young, and so, to be sure, you are excusable; but I, being your master, must not let you remain in ignorance. I must bring you on—give you new ideas."

In this way, from day to day, he would continually taunt the child; deeming it, apparently, his business to render him as miserable as possible. Whether to please or to annoy him, he one day brought him a Jews-harp, saying it would do to accompany his "she-wolf of a mother" when she played on the piano. "And what a fine row that will make," he added. The child felt there was nothing but mockery in the gift, and he therefore resolutely refused it. This roused Simon to rage, and he thereupon dealt the young descendant of a line of kings the first blows which he had ever in his life received. For every little act of insubordination, blows soon came to be regularly inflicted. One day, in deprecation of this treatment, the boy

* Continued from the May number.

said: "You may punish me, if I don't obey you; but you ought not to beat me—you are stronger than I."

"I am here to command you, animal!" returned the ruffian. "My duty is just what I please to do. *Vive la liberté, l'égalité!*"

Such was the manner in which M. Simon began to train and discipline his pupil. As he proceeded, his system lost nothing in point of decision or severity. He even improved upon it, until it became, in its kind, almost unexceptionable. At first he did not exactly know the course of management he was expected to pursue, but taking the earliest opportunity of inquiring, he got presently enlightened. Not many days after young Louis had been intrusted to his charge, a report was circulated in Paris that the "son of the tyrant" had been carried off from the Tower, by means of a conspiracy entered into by General Dillon and others for the purpose. To put a stop to this rumor, which created much excitement, a numerous deputation from the Committee of Public Safety was sent in haste to the Temple, to see that the little prisoner was really there, and make an official report of the fact. On this occasion, M. Simon, feeling the vagueness of his original instructions, put a few pointed questions to his superiors, with a view to ascertain their actual wishes and intentions in regard to the treatment of his pupil. "Citizens," said he, "what do you decide about the wolf-cub? He has been taught to be insolent; but I shall know how to tame him. So much the worse if he sinks under it! I don't answer for that. After all, what do you want done with him? Do you want him transported?"

Answer: "No."

"Killed?"

"No."

"Poisoned?"

"No."

"But what then?"

"We want to get rid of him!"

Simon now comprehended the object of his work, and appears to have done his utmost to perform it. From that day he redoubled his severity toward his victim. He even manifested a superior rigor on the instant. The dauphin had been carried down into the garden, that he might be seen from the streets by the crowd which had followed the deputation; and while undergoing the inspection, he cried loudly

for his mother. Some of the men on guard tried to quiet him; when, pointing to Simon, who, along with several persons, was coming out of the Tower, he said indignantly, "They will not, they cannot show me the law which orders that I should be separated from my mother!"

Affected by his distress, the men began to question Simon, who now approached.

In reply to them he said: "The wolf-cub is hard to muzzle; he would like to know the law, like yourselves; he is always asking the reasons of things, as if reasons were made for him! Come, come; silence, Capet, or I'll show the citizens how I *work* you when you deserve it."

The little prisoner appealed to the municipals for protection. But they were unable to do anything for his relief; and he was left with Simon, to be "worked" according to that person's caprices.

This patriotic tutor was a great admirer of Marat, who, it may be remembered, was about this time assassinated by Charlotte Corday. The day after the event—14th July, 1793—the news reached Simon in the Temple, and plunged him into a state of extraordinary excitement. He sent for wine and brandy, and began to drink, making his wife sit down to join him. Being unable to settle himself indoors, he dragged both wife and pupil up to the platform of the Tower, to catch an echo of the homage that was then being paid to his departed idol. "Capet," said he, "do you hear these noises down there? It is the groans of the people round the death-bed of their friend. I did intend to have made you leave off your black clothes to-morrow, but you shall keep them on now. Capet shall wear mourning for Marat!" Then turning round, and swearing furiously, he proceeded: "You don't look distressed at all; you are *glad* of his death!" And full of this absurd impression, he laid his hand heavily on the prince's head, forcing it down violently upon his shoulder.

"I did not know the person who is dead," replied the child. "Don't think that I am glad of it; we do not wish for the death of any one."

"Ah! *we* do not wish, don't we! Do you pretend to talk to us in the style of your tyrants of fathers!"

"I said *we* in the plural," rejoined the boy; "for my family and myself."

Simon seemed to accept this grammatical excuse; but as he walked up and down

smoking, he kept constantly repeating, with a chuckle, as though he had hit upon a rare device: "Capet shall wear mourning for Marat!" Not many days after, it was the master's whim to dress him out in red, observing: "If I make you leave off mourning for Marat, at least you shall wear his livery—that will befit his memory." As yet, however, the scarlet cap was wanting: Simon had forgot to order it. This was soon obtained; but on its arrival the little prince refused to wear it. He had become the servant of his jailers, borne their violent abuse and blows, endured continual privations, but he seemed determined not to adopt the head-dress of his father's murderers. Simon, for the present, was even obliged to let him have his way. Tired with scolding and beating, he gave in at Madame Simon's solicitation. The good woman, though nowise very amiable, several times took part with the little oppressed boy. One day she said to an acquaintance of hers, "The little fellow is a very amiable and charming child; he cleans and polishes my shoes, and he brings me my foot-stove to my bedside when I get up." From this one perceives the sort of offices to which the son of a king was trained! Meanwhile, the affair of the red cap was not allowed to rest. Madame Simon had said, "Let him alone; he'll come to reason;" and in order to bring him to such a desirable state of mind, she cut off his beautiful hair, when, shamed by the shearing, he yielded, and accepted the detested covering. Simon was rejoiced at the victory. "Capet," said he, "after all you're a Jacobin."

But how fares it all this time with the anxious mother and her companions in another part of the Temple? Never had she ceased to interrogate the jailers and municipals on guard about the welfare of her son; never ceased imploring them to grant her the privilege of seeing him. Utterly without success. No interview might be allowed. Nevertheless, one of the jailers—Tison—was prevailed on to furnish her with information; and by and by there was a plan devised whereby she might get sight of him. The walk on the platform that has been mentioned was divided by wooden partitions, not so closely arranged but that the prisoners on each side might see each other at a distance, if they were all out for exercise at the same time. Henceforth, the mother, aunt, and

sister had but one thought—that of making their walk upon the Tower coincide with that of "the little one." "We went up to the Tower very often," relates the princess royal, "because my brother also went there; and my mother's sole pleasure was to see him pass by through a little crevice." But it was only by a lucky chance that the presence of the prisoners on one side of the partition happened to be coincident with that of the child on the other. Nevertheless, the queen and her companions always went up when they were permitted to take the air; they were not sure that the young prince *would* come; but he *might*. How many long hours were thus passed in watching! With ears pressed against the planks, the poor recluses, all alert and silent, listened for the slightest movement on the stair; and O! what beating hearts were theirs when they heard the sound of footsteps coming up! Many, very many times they had to retire disappointed. And what they saw sometimes, it were better they had not seen. One day, after long watching, the queen beheld her child; he passed before her eyes, and she looked after him with a maternal longing; but from what she saw, and what she heard, she shrank back with horror and amazement, as before some ghastly and intolerable presence. The boy had left off wearing mourning for his father, and was arrayed in the most unseemly habiliments, with the odious bonnet rouge upon his head; and by the side of him there was the insolent Simon, giving utterance to incessant oaths and blasphemies! Eventually, she learned all his deplorable condition; learned that he was always spoken to with oaths, commanded by threats and blows, and that his tormentors wanted to force him to sing regicide songs and obscene parodies. As yet his mind was not much debased; but later on, that also was effected. They made him drunk with wine and brandy; they ruined his health by stifling confinement and improper food; they harassed him with endless toils; they taught him to sing at last a number of infamous and revolting songs; and, worst treachery of all, they made him subscribe his name to the most abominable slanders against his mother!

Poor, dishonored, overburdened mother! The world has dealt very hardly with thee; and for thy devoted head there are yet harder things in store. Wait a little, and

thou shalt be led through the fiery gates of pain and ignominy, which he whom thou lamentest has passed without returning! Why linger over the well-known fate of this beautiful and noble woman? We will not dwell upon the horrible details of her doom. It is doubtless known to you, O reader, that by the great French nation, "always just and generous," she was guillotined on the 16th of October, 1793. Let us rather pity than execrate the deed; for, misled by blinding passions and desperation, the people knew not what they did.

We have not space to crowd in half the anecdotes and incidents which have been collected, illustrative of the atrocities of Simon's discipline. Let it suffice to say, that they were all of the same character as those we have already given; and their effect, as we have seen, was to crush and debase his victim. Simon held his situation from the 3d of July, 1793, to the 19th of January of the succeeding year, when he was dismissed in consequence of a decree of the Council-General of the Commune. The Committee of Public Safety had come to regard the man's services as useless, and were of opinion that the members of the Council ought alone to superintend the prisoners of the Temple. Four of them were, accordingly, appointed to the charge; and the little dauphin was thenceforth subjected to a different system of management.

The new arrangements were concerted by Hébert and Chaumette—two of the most hateful characters that appear in the Revolution—and were such as reflected the merciless savagery of their natures. They restricted the prisoner's habitation to a single room—a back-chamber, without outlooks or connection, save with another room in front. The door of communication between the two was cut down, so as to leave it breast high, fastened with nails and screws, and grated from top to bottom with bars of iron. Half-way up was placed a shelf, on which the bars opened, forming a sort of wicket, closed by other movable bars, and fastened with an enormous padlock. By this wicket his coarse food was passed in to little Capet, and it was on the ledge that he had to put whatever he wanted to send away. It was the system of solitary confinement. He had room to walk in, a bed to lie upon; he had bread and water, and linen and clothes; but he had neither fire nor candle. His room

was warmed only by a stove-pipe, the stove being placed in the outer-room; it was lighted only by the gleam of a lamp suspended opposite the grating, through the bars of which, also, it was that the stove-pipe passed. By a fatal coincidence, the royal orphan was transferred to his new prison on the anniversary of the day of his father's execution.

But there was neither date nor anniversary for him thenceforth; months and weeks, day and night, the dancing hours as they sped round in their rotation—all were confused together in his mind, and produced only the impression of a continuous, unvarying perpetuity of suffering. Shut up in dim seclusion, with nothing but his thoughts and the most painful remembrances to dwell upon, the heavy hours rolled on in slow succession, prolonging and intensifying only a monotonous sensation of abandonment and isolation. The fresh air of heaven never came into his chamber; the light was dim that entered through the gratings; the victim did not see the hand that passed his food through the grated door; often he was left to shiver in the coldest weather without heat; and at other times his prison was like a furnace, from the reckless heaping of too much fuel in the stove. He heard no sound but the clang of bolts; no one came to cleanse his room; no one visited him when he was sick, or ministered to him in the helplessness of his prostration. Only, as the day closed in, a stern voice would call to him, and command him to go to bed, that the municipality might not be burdened by providing him with a light!

The day was weary, but the night was more intolerable. Darkness and silence came down with shuddering wings, and wrapped him in the folds of an insufferable embrace. In the long hours that preceded sleep, what crowding fears, what minatory apprehensions, did his quickened imagination summon up around his bed! The forms he knew of old came back to him; but not as he used to see them in the remembered foretime, with compassionate, loving eyes, and looks of approving gentleness; they rushed in with affrightened faces, forlorn and woe-worn, with beckoning fingers pointing to abysses of prospective wretchedness. In his dreams again he saw them; shadowy, gliding shapes, that sorrowed over him, but whose troubled countenances, and despairing gestures,

seemed evermore to tell him that hope had been banished from his life, and there was nothing left but the dungeoned grave in which he had been cast to perish. Then other forms came in—scowling, hideous, and malignant; with scoffing laugh, and menacing derision, bearing instruments of cruelty upon their shoulders—emissaries, as it seemed, of a terrible, inscrutable power which no faculty of his could comprehend—the omnipotent, remorseless Commune, that dethroned and beheaded kings, and doomed women and children to perpetual captivity; and in his fright, and in the agony thus produced, he would start up in his sleep, and quail to find himself awake. And there he lay, in his dread loneliness, through the long watches of the night, sleepless and unresting, till the dawn sent in some fragments of its beams through the grated and shuttered casement, and gave token that the beneficent daylight was resuming its empire over the earth.

And so the nights and days revolved with him, for weeks and months which he could not number; bringing no return of liberty, no hint or gleam of human sympathy or compassion. He lived the life of a caged animal, but was worse tended, inasmuch as his existence was esteemed of no account. His food was a watery soup, with some bits of bread in it, of which he received only two little portions in a day, along with a morsel of beef, a loaf, and a pitcher of water. His bed—a palliasse and a mattress—which he was left to manage as he pleased, soon became unfit to sleep in, and no one cared to restore it to a state of wholesomeness and order. The commissaries of the Commune, who were removed daily, were almost all men of that ignoble class which the heavings of the Revolution had now raised to the surface of society. The food, the health, the existence of the child, were of no concern to them; their vigilance was limited to the watching of his person, that they might give an account of him from day to day, and pass him over to the charge of those that succeeded them in the duty. Most of them were cruel by nature, and the rest were rendered so by fear; the least mercy or misgiving being certain to be construed into defective patriotism or sympathy with tyrants. Thus the invariable treatment of the little prisoner was one of uncompromising harshness. No one for a moment was affected by any consideration

for his comfort or convenience. Often the new commissaries appointed by the Council-General did not arrive at the Temple before midnight; when, preceded by a turnkey, they straightway went up to the "wolf-cub's" kennel, and a pitiless voice would call to him to make sure that he had not been carried off. If, on some occasions, plunged in the forgetfulness of sleep, he delayed a moment in replying, an arm, moved by disquietude, would open the turning wicket with a great noise, and the voice would cry, "Capet! Capet! are you asleep? Where are you? Young viper, get up!"

The child, waking with a start, would get out of bed and come trembling to the grating; "I am here, citizens," he would answer, as he feebly crawled along.

"Come here, that I may see you," exclaims the voice.

"Here I am; what do you want with me?"

"To see you," says Ceberus, turning his lantern on the opening. "All right. Get to bed. In! Down!"

Perhaps two or three hours afterward the enormous keys grated harshly again, and the iron door moved on its hinges: it was the turn of some commissaries who had been delayed, and who, no less zealous or curious than the first arrivals, wished to see the prisoner; thus bringing disturbance to a rest that was just again commencing, and terror to an imagination that was beginning to grow calm. The child was again obliged to get up and be inspected. During these visits the conversation between the municipals on guard, and those who were coming to relieve them, was oftentimes prolonged; a hundred idle questions were exchanged, bringing on a long interrogatory, in the course of which the child, half-naked, bathed in the perspiration of sleep, and shivering from the night air, was forced to stand and hear their cruel language, with the blazing lantern dazzling his eyes, injured and almost blinded by the effects of his dusky solitude. Under so much harassing and suffering, his frame became emaciated, his mind stupified and deadened, and all the springs of his affections were utterly dried up.

But still the lagging hours dragged round their heaviness, by night and day, through unnoted weeks and months, bringing only the same old burden of dull

inaction, dreary lassitude, noisome and unchanging isolation. Long ago he had ceased to sweep his room; ceased to move the palliasse of his bed; abandoned all attempt to lift his mattress. His sheets were never changed; his blanket was worn to rags; he could not change his linen, nor repair his tattered clothes; nor even perform for himself the commonest acts of cleanliness. He ceased taking off his clothes when he crept to rest upon his bed, and lay down in his forlorn misery, like a leper in his loathsomeness. In his complete prostration he took no measure of his sufferings; his very instincts scarcely sufficed for the sustaining of his life. Remnants of unswallowed food were scattered over the floor, or lay festering among the rags upon his bed. Mice and rats came to share with him the possession of his room, and to feast upon the spoils, or the remains of his scant rations. Then great hideous black spiders—such as are only seen in dungeons—would crawl over his bed, and often in such numbers that he was fain to yield it up to them, and pass the remainder of the night upon his chair, with his elbows resting on the table. Everywhere there were dust, and dirt, and noisome filth; putrid vapors formed the atmosphere of the room, the windows whereof were never opened; his bed, the floor, the walls, were always damp; and vermin, in multitudes innumerable, swarmed and crawled continually about the place. "Everything is *alive* in that room!" said the scullion-boy, one day, as he took away the crockery, and glanced into the frightful den. Hideous and disgusting shapes of life verily infested everything therein, and preyed on the forlorn child, whose own life was given up to them! Never, perhaps, in any barbarous and benighted land, was there a sacrifice more merciless to the victim, or more revolting or disgraceful to humanity.

All this while the general citizens of Paris had no definite conception of what was going on within the Temple; the only rumor that reached them being to the effect that the health of the dauphin was visibly declining, and that he had become at length so much reduced as to be unable to stand or sit from weakness. Such was the state of matters when, after the fall of Robespierre, Barras, the new dictator, with several members of the

committees and deputies of the Convention, visited the Temple, to double the guard there, and receive from the troops the oath of fidelity to the new government. From some motive of interest or policy, Barras conceived that independently of the municipals, who relieved each other every day at the Tower, it would be desirable to have a permanent agent stationed there, in whom the government could repose entire confidence. Accordingly, on his proposition, the Committee afterward appointed Citizen Laurent to be official keeper to the royal children, and forthwith installed him in the Temple.

Laurent arrived there on the evening of the 29th of July, 1794, the day after the execution of our old friend Simon, who went with Robespierre and his associates to the scaffold. The new keeper was received by the municipals in the council-room, but it was not until two o'clock in the morning that they conducted him to the apartment of little Capet. One of the municipals called loudly to the prisoner, and after calling many times without an answer, there came at last a feeble 'Yes' from the interior, unaccompanied, however, by any movement on the part of the prostrate speaker. No amount of threatening could make him rise and come to the wicket; and it was, therefore, at a distance of twenty feet from him, and by the light of a candle turned upon his pallet, that the new keeper obtained his first glimpse of the little prisoner. He saw enough, however, to excite his feelings of horror and disgust at the poor child's condition. The very next day he addressed the Committee of Public Safety, requesting them to make a formal examination of the prison. Several members of the Committee, accordingly, repaired to the Temple for that purpose, and witnessed such a spectacle as made several of them shudder. In a dark room, exhaling an odor of corruption, on a dirty, unmade bed, barely covered with a filthy cloth and a ragged pair of trowsers, a child of nine years old was lying motionless; his back bent, his face wan and wasted, and all his features exhibiting an expression of mournful apathy and rigid unintelligence. They found his head and neck fretted by purulent sores; his legs and arms disproportionately lengthened; his knees and wrists covered with blue and yellow swellings; his feet and hands dis-

figured, so as to have no resemblance to human flesh; and his nails grown long and horny, like the claws of a wild animal. On his temples, his once beautiful fair hair was stuck fast, for want of combing, by an inveterate scurf-like pitch; and from head to foot his whole body was covered with vermin. On the table was his last meal, scarcely touched; and on being asked, several times, why he did not eat, he at length answered briefly, "I wish to die!" The visitors ordered the grated door to be taken down, and gave some other trivial directions; and then went their way, leaving Laurent with no definite instructions respecting how he was to proceed.

Laurent, however, being a man of benevolent feelings, and of some audacity, began at once to do what seemed to be required by the urgency of the case. He sent for water to wash the poor child's sores, and called a surgeon in to dress them; had the room thoroughly cleansed and purified; procured a fresh bed and clean linen; and obtained permission for a tailor to come and measure the boy for a new suit of clothes. In the course of a day or two, young Louis was restored to something like a state of wholesomeness, and supplied with nearly every common necessary. He was for some time indifferent to these attentions; but eventually understanding the design of them, he grew grateful and sensible to kindness, and became affectionately attached to his protector.

There were other good men, too, in this sad business, whom we have scarcely room to name. Let us not, however, quite look over thee, O brave Commissary Delboy! thou rusty blade of honor, who, with blunt manner and brief speech, earnest one day into the Temple—14th November, 1794—and there produced a singular sensation! It is written of thee: "He had everything opened for his examination with fierce dispatch; but under this disagreeable and arrogant outside, there was soon visible an elevation of sentiment which very greatly astonished both keepers and the prisoner." Rough sans-culotte as he seemed, there was a dashing, audacious chivalry in his words and conduct. "Why this bad food?" said he. "If they were in the Tuileries, we might, indeed, contend against their having any food; but here, in our own hands, we should show clemency toward

them—the nation is generous! Why exclude the light? Under the reign of equality the sun shines for all, and they ought to be allowed their share of it. Why prevent them from seeing each other under the reign of fraternity?" Well might the little prince "open his eyes wide," as he watched every motion of the vehement visitor, whose expressions were so strong a contrast to his manners. "Would you not like, my boy," said he; "would you not be very glad to go and play with your sister? I don't see why the nation should recollect your origin, if you forget it yourself." Then turning toward Laurent and Gomin, he went on: "It is not his fault that he is the son of his father; he is nothing now but an unfortunate child; therefore, do not be hard upon him. The unfortunate belong to humanity, and the country is the mother of all her children." After going in this style through his turn of duty, Citizen Delboy quits the Temple, giving place to other commissaries, and appears no more in connection with our history.

Laurent and Gomin took courage from his behavior, and availed themselves of his example, to give their prisoner more advantages. When Laurent left the Temple, in March, 1795, to look after his own family affairs, which then required his attention, he was succeeded by Etienne Lanse, a house-painter, formerly of the French Guards, and more recently captain of a company of grenadiers. The man was obliged to leave his business, to undertake the duty thrust upon him by the Commune. Nevertheless, he proved himself a firm and benevolent guardian to little Louis; attending to him, conversing with him, and amusing him, so as materially to lighten the protracted dreariness of his confinement. The poor boy grew very fond of him, and was very thankful for his kindness, and resigned and docile under his generous control. To any humane mind, it cannot be otherwise than pleasing to learn that all the latter months of the long-neglected orphan's durance were rendered as mild and endurable as men of noble minds and willing hands could make them, under the restraints of a jealous and unsympathizing supervision. Honored, to all posterity, be the names of Laurent, Lanse, and Gomin!

But no amount of kindness, no assiduity of attention, could bring back health

to the frame, or befitting elasticity to the spirits, which had been so long and so cruelly depressed. The little prisoner was gradually, but obviously, sinking under the enormous burden which had been laid upon him to bear. In the month of May, 1795, Gomin and Lanse became really alarmed at his condition. They straightway informed the government that "little Capet was dangerously ill." Finding no attention paid to their statement, they added, in their next report: "It is feared he will not live;" and after a three days' delay, a physician was sent to give the invalid such assistance as his art could afford. His prescriptions had small effect upon the patient, who was, indeed, too far gone to be ever again restored, unless under the influences of country air and liberty. "The progress of the disease was shown by very alarming symptoms; his weakness was excessive; his keepers could scarcely drag him to the top of the Tower; the walking hurt his tender feet, and at every step he stopped to press the arm of Lanse with both hands upon his breast, as if he felt his heart sinking within him. At last, he suffered so much that it was no longer possible for him to walk, and his keeper carried him about, sometimes on the platform, and sometimes in the Little Tower where the royal family had lived at first. But the slight improvement to his health, occasioned by the change of air, scarcely compensated for the pain which the fatigue gave him."

He was removed to a more airy room; but though the change was pleasant to him, it had no permanent effect. Nothing, indeed, could revive an existence worn out by so much suffering; and all that the medical art could do for him, was to soften the last stages of his incurable disease. He sank day by day, till at last he had no strength left. Nevertheless, his mind retained its faculties in perfect clearness. He evidently pondered much on the hardships and miseries of his life. There was a mysteriousness about them which he sought in vain to comprehend. On the night of the 7th of June, while Gomin was with him in his chamber, his eye alternately dimmed and sparkled, and a large tear rolled slowly down his cheek.

"What is the matter?" asked Gomin.

"Always alone!" replied the child.

"My dear mother remains in the other Tower!"

He had never been informed of his mother's death, nor of his Aunt Elizabeth's, who was guillotined shortly afterward. There was now no one of his family in the Tower except his sister.

On the morning of the 8th of June the physicians—there were now two of them—issued bulletins to the effect that the prince's life was in unquestionable peril. As Gomin was afterward watching by his bed, he remarked to the little patient, "I am very unhappy to see you suffering so much."

"Take comfort," said the child; "I shall not suffer always!"

Gomin knelt down, that he might be nearer to him. The child took his hand, and pressed it to his lips. The pious heart of Gomin prompted an ardent prayer—one of those prayers that misery wrings from man, and love sends up to God. The child did not let go the faithful hand that still remained to him, and raised his eyes to heaven while Gomin prayed for him. Some hours afterward, Lanse was present alone, sitting near the bed, when suddenly the prince looked at him with a fixed and dreamy eye. A little while before he had fancied he heard music, and he asked his attendant whether he thought it had been heard also by his sister. Lanse could not answer. The anguished glance of the dying boy turned eagerly to the window; and then turning toward his keeper, and looking intently in his face, he exclaimed abruptly, "I have something to tell you!" Lanse came close to him, and took his hand; the prisoner's little hand leaned on the good man's shoulder, who listened; but no further word was uttered. The lips that spoke were silent; the throbbing heart no longer beat; the heir of all the Capets had gone over to the immortals! He was just ten years, two months, and twelve days old.

Two days afterward the body was buried in the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite, by the Rue Saint Bernard. No mound was raised over the grave; no stone or other memorial erected to mark the spot; it was the desire of the revolutionary rulers to conceal it; and to this day no one has ever been able to find it out. The only monument or shrine he has ever had, is that which his innocence and his sufferings have built up in the mystical and expansive sanctuary of a remembering human pity!

IMPROPRIETY OF BEING UNWELL.

THE elder D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, devotes an essay to the subject of "Medicine and Morals," in which he enlarges, after his manner, on the conjecture of Descartes, that as the mind seems so dependent on the disposition of the bodily organs, if any means can be found to render men wiser and cleverer than before, such a method should be sought from the assistance of medicine. "Our domestic happiness," says the essayist, "often depends on the state of our biliary and digestive organs, and the little disturbances of conjugal life may be more efficaciously cured by the physician than by the moralist; for a sermon misapplied will never act so directly as a sharp medicine." Dryden, we are reminded, was neither whimsical nor peculiar when he adopted a strict regimen as a *sine quâ non* to successful authorship: a fact ridiculed in the *Rehearsal*, where he is made to declare, in the person of Bayes, "When I have a grand design, I ever take physic and let blood; for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part." For such a trifle, indeed, as "a sonnet to Amanda, and the like," Mr. Bayes finds he need go no further than "stewed prunes only;" but for "a grand design," nothing less will serve than the blood-letting and the radical aperient process. So Lord Byron confesses: "The thing that gives me the highest spirits (it seems absurd, but true) is a dose of salts; but one can't take *them* like champagne." And Carneades, we are assured—an inveterate polemic of ancient days—used to take wholesale doses of white hellebore, a strong drastic medicine.

Reason or speculate as we may about mind and matter, about soul and body—their interaction and co-relation—the fact of their intimate union remains, amid all the conjectural variations of physiology and of metaphysics, a "constant quantity," a "chiel that winna ding." As remarked by Jerome Cardan's latest biographer—and Cardan is certainly himself a memorable example in point—the physical life of a man cannot be dissociated fairly from his intellectual and moral life, when we attempt to judge him by the story of his actions. "The day may come when somebody shall teach us how to estimate

the sum of human kindness that proceeds from good digestion and a pure state of the blood—the disputes and jealousies that owe their rise entirely to the liver of a number of the disputants—or how much fretfulness, how many outbursts of impatience, how much quick restlessness of action, are produced by the condition of the nervous matter." There is a rather humiliating truth in Sir James Stephens's saying, that an acid on Cæsar's stomach would have rendered vain what was Cæsar's boast—that he could address each of his legionaries by name.

"Distemper'd nerves

Infect the thoughts: the languor of the frame
Depresses the soul's vigor."

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" is a question not to be hastily followed by the resolve, "Throw physic to the dogs! I'll none on't!" so often may it be found that hours of mental disturbance, growing from a transient and acute to a deep chronic form—hours during which the mind is heaping up charges against itself, and is perhaps severely or piteously scrutinized by others, as though it were the one and efficient cause of its own malady—are, in reality, due to some derangement of a simple bodily kind. The most luridly blue of blue devils may often be laid by a blue pill, long after pastoral visitation has failed, and good books been found weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable; and in hosts of cases of every-day occurrence, the blackest of black horrors, storming the soul and shaking it to its foundations, may be wonderfully relieved of their blackness of darkness by the judicious "exhibition" of a timely black draught.

Sydney Smith declared that the longer he lived, the more he was convinced that the apothecary is of more importance than Seneca; and that half the unhappiness in the world proceeds from little stoppages—from a duct choked up, from food pressing in the wrong place, &c. "The deception," he says, "as practised upon human creatures, is curious and entertaining. My friend sups late; he eats some strong soup, then a lobster, then some tart, and he dilutes these esculent varieties with wine. The next day I call upon him. He is going to sell his house in the city, and to retire into the country. He* is alarmed for his eldest daughter's

health. His expenses are hourly increasing, and nothing but a timely retreat can save him from ruin. All this is the lobster; and when overexcited nature has had time to manage this testaceous incumbrance, the daughter recovers, the finances are in good order, and every rural idea effectually excluded from the mind." In the same manner, the witty essayist goes on to show old friendships are destroyed by toasted cheese, and hard salted meat has quite often led to suicide. What dire effects have sprung, ere now, from such little causes as muffins and buttered toast!

"Th' irresoluble oil,
So gentle, late, and blandishing, in floods
Of rancid bile o'erflows: what tumults hence,
What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate."

"When poor Lord Castlereagh killed himself," gravely observes Mr. Leigh Hunt, "it was mentioned in the papers that he had taken his usual tea and buttered toast for breakfast. I said there was no knowing how far even so little a thing as buttered toast might not have fatally assisted in exaggerating the ill state of the stomach which is found to accompany melancholy." Lord Byron, it is added, "agreed with me entirely in this." Another popular writer dilates on Dr. Darwin's story of a certain colonel who could not tolerate a breakfast in which the odious article of muffins was wanting; but, as a dreadful retribution inevitably followed within an hour upon this act of "insane sensuality," he came to a resolution that life was intolerable with muffins, but still more intolerable without them. "He would stand the nuisance no longer," but would give nature one last chance; and so, placing muffins at one angle of the table, and loaded pistols at the other, he dispatched the former, and waited with rigid equity the result of a final experiment, upon which depended whether the latter, the pistols, were or were not to be used. Would—and this was the last time of asking—would good digestion or indigestion wait on his appetite? that was the question. Alas! nature was inexorable. Within the hour, dyspepsy supervened; "and then the poor man, incapable of retreating from his word of honor, committed suicide," having first, we are assured, left a line for posterity to this effect: "That a muffinless world was no world for him: better no life at all, than a life dismantled of muffins."

Errors of digestion, it is justly contended, whether from impaired powers, or from powers not so much enfeebled as deranged—to these is traceable one immeasurable cause both of disease and of secret wretchedness to the human race. "Life is laid waste by the eternal fretting of the vital forces emanating from this one cause." And then, as the poet of the *Seasons* exclaims,

"Ah! what avail the largest gift of heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given!
Health is the vital principle of bliss,"

and—mark the conjunction—

"And exercise of health."

In the *Friends in Council* debate, after the reading of the essay on Despair, Ellesmere remarks: "You do not tell us how much there often is of physical disorder in despair. I dare say you will think it a coarse and unromantic mode of looking at things, but I must confess I agree with what Leigh Hunt has said somewhere, that one can *walk down* distress of mind—even remorse, perhaps." And Milverton assents: "Yes, I am for the *Peripatetics* [literally, walkers about] against all other philosophers." When that celebrated bacchanalian, Captain Morris, was once asked, in his old age, how he had contrived to preserve his fine health, he answered: "Why, it may well seem wonderful, for I believe few men in England have led so hard a life as myself; but I attribute it mainly to a rule which I have rigorously observed for many years—that of always apportioning the exercise of the following day to the excess of the previous night; so that you may guess what a rare pedestrian I have been." Dryden's panegyric on exercise is well known:

"By chase our long-lived fathers earn'd their food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood:
But we, their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than see the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise, for cure, on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend."

Sydney Smith writes as follows to his brother Bobus, then M. P., and on the sick-list: "By the by, you will laugh at me, but I am convinced a working senator should lead a life like an athlete. I wish you would let me send you a horse, and

that you would ride every morning ten or fifteen miles before breakfast, and fling yourself into a profuse perspiration. No man ever stopped in a speech that had perspired copiously that day."

Sydney Smith's initials stand for Sound Sense, and he does seem at times the impersonation of it. We cannot refrain from another draught upon his *Practical Essays*—the one in which he insists on the infinite importance, in order to be happy, of studying the body, since unpleasant feelings of the body produce corresponding sensations in the mind, inasmuch that a great scene of wretchedness may be sketched out by a "morsel of indigestible and misguided food." True, he gives no new rules, no original or revolutionary hints upon bodily regimen; but then, as he says, the common rules are the best—exercise without fatigue; generous living without excess; early rising; and moderation in sleeping. "These are the apophthegms of old women; but if they are not attended to, happiness becomes so extremely difficult, that very few persons can attain to it." In which point of view, he is right in contending that the care of the body becomes a subject of elevation and importance. He refers to Johnson's saying, that every man is a rascal when he is sick; meaning, it may be supposed, that he has no benevolent dispositions at that period toward his fellow-creatures, but that his notions become like his bodily feelings, and that, *feeling* pain, he becomes malevolent, which, if true of great diseases, is true in a less degree of the smaller ailments of the body. Carlyle draws a piquant contrast between Johnson's biographer, "one day flaunting in the ring of vanity, tarrying by the wine-cup, and crying, 'Aha! the wine is red;' the next day deploring his down-pressed, night-shaded, quite poor estate, and thinking it unkind that the whole movement of the universe should go on, while *his* digestive apparatus had stopped!" Set Jemmy's digestive apparatus agoing again, and he will take quite kindly the movement of the universe, and watch with good-will the wanderings of the planets, and listen, all attention, to the music of the spheres.

Sir Francis Head states his firm belief, that almost every malady of the human frame is, either by high-ways or by-ways, connected with the stomach:

"The woes of every other member
Are founded on your belly-timber;"

and he owns that never does he see a fashionable physician mysteriously consulting the pulse of his patient, or, with a silver spoon on his tongue, importantly peering down his throat, without feeling a desire to exclaim: "Why not tell the poor gentleman at once, 'Sir, you've eaten too much—you've drunk too much—and you've not taken exercise enough?'" That these are the real causes of every one's illness, he considers proved by the fact, "that those savage nations who live actively and temperately, have only one disorder—death!" The human frame, he maintains, was not created imperfect; it is we ourselves who have made it so. "There exists no donkey in creation so overladen as our stomachs; and it is because they groan under the weight so cruelly imposed upon them, that we are seen driving them before us in such herds to one little brunnin." Sydney Smith, again, in a letter to Lady Holland, emphatically contends that all people above the condition of laborers are ruined by excess of stimulus and nourishment. "I never yet," he says, "saw any gentleman who ate and drank as little as was reasonable."

He once made an elaborate calculation about eating and drinking, the result showing that he himself, between the ages of ten and seventy, had eaten and drunk forty-four horse wagon-loads more than would have kept him alive and well; a mass of nourishment which he rates at the value of £7000 sterling. Writing to his old friend, Lord Murray, he observes: "You are, I hear, attending more to diet than heretofore. If you wish for anything like happiness in the fifth act of life, eat and drink about one-half what you *could* eat and drink." And again he tells Sir G. Phillips: "I have had no gout, nor any symptom of it: by eating little, and drinking only water, I keep body and mind in a serene state, and spare the great toe. Looking back at my past life, I find that all my miseries of body and mind have proceeded from indigestion. Young people in early life should be thoroughly taught the moral, intellectual, and physical evils of indigestion." "How frantic," exclaims an honest old (long-forgotten, but lately restored) poet, John Oldham—

"How frantic is the wanton epicure,
Who a perpetual surfeit will endure,
Who places all his chiefest happiness
In the extravagances of excess,
Which wise sobriety esteems but a disease!"

"Long sittings at meat," says Montaigne, "both trouble me and do me harm; for perhaps from having, for want of something better to do, accustomed myself to it from a child, I eat all the while I sit." Hence he found it expedient to keep out of the way of meals altogether whenever he wished to preserve his vigor for the service of some action of body or mind; "for both the one and the other," he confesses, "are cruelly dulled in me by repletion." In Dr. Chalmers's diary, again, are not unfrequently to be seen entries to the same purport as this: "Incapable of study, and in great physical discomfort. How shameful; and let me here record my humbling sense of it, that this was in great part due to excess at table, which has made me bilious, and alive to all sorts of plague and persecution." And others in poor Haydon's, of this kind: "My spirits light from pure digestion. I am now convinced that depression of spirits is owing to repletion. [This was written in 1811; and in 1843 he added to the entry this note of confirmation: 'Thirty-two years' experience confirms this impression.'] I have curtailed my allowance of animal food, and find myself able to work after dinner without interruption," &c.

The study of health, in short, is a matter of importance, whether considered on selfish grounds of personal comfort, or on higher principles of duty, as a means toward our doing and being good in our generation. "Be temperate and sober," says Sir Thomas Browne—treating it as a question of *Christian Morals*—"not to spare your purse, nor simply to enjoy health; but, in one word, that thereby you may truly serve God, which every sickness will tell you you cannot well do without health." But need we, then, interrupt our daily business for the sake of studying medicine? By no means; for the laws of health have been proved to be as simple as the elements of arithmetic or geometry: it being only requisite that a man should open his eyes to perceive the three great forces which support health, namely, sleep, diet, exercise; and the three great laws of health—namely, motion, temperance, and rest—are, in effect, taught to

every man by his personal experience.

"The difficulty is—as in so many other cases, not for the understanding, but for the will—not to know, but to execute." And here steps in casuistry, and shows that in every case of duty unfulfilled, or duty imperfectly fulfilled, in consequence of illness, languor, decaying spirits, &c., there is a high probability—under the age of sixty-five, almost a certainty—that a part of the obstacle is due to self-neglect.

"Many men fancy that the slight injuries done by each act of intemperance, are like the glomeration of moonbeams upon moonbeams—myriads will not amount to a positive value. Perhaps they are wrong: possibly every act, nay, every separate pulse or throb of intemperate sensation, is numbered in our own future actions; reproduces itself in some future perplexity; comes back in some reversionary shape that injures the freedom for action of all men, and makes good men afflicted." Hence casuistry urges the care of health as the basis of all moral action; because, in fact, of all *perfectly voluntary* action. For the casuist shows that every impulse of bad health jars or untunes some string in the fine harp of the human will; and since a man cannot be a moral being but in the proportion of his free action, therefore is it clear that no man can be in a high sense moral, except in so far as through health he commands his bodily powers, and is not commanded by them. It is thus the good man's life-long effort to bring both body and mind into a state in which, as Isaac Taylor expresses it, "the utmost possible may be done and borne."

ALIENATION FROM GOD.—There is a vast curiosity in the mind of man, and the world abounds with objects to gratify it. The heavens, the earth, the sea, are full of wonders; and had not man sinned, he might always have read the book of nature with new delight, and have seen the glory of God in every line. But now, unhappy fallen man turns his back upon God, while he surveys his works, and thinks every trifle better worth his notice than his Maker. In infancy, in youth, in middle life, in old age, a constant succession of vanities courts his attention, and he seldom, perhaps never, thinks of beholding Christ till he dies and appears before his awful tribunal.

[For the National Magazine.]

THE GRAVE.

THE grave! the grave! Slow does that dread word come stealing in, unbidden, in the pause of thought, like the muffled tread of ghostly footsteps! How like a knell it smites on the unwilling ear; in vain we seek to close its portals against the unwelcome sound: it is already reverberating in sullen echoes through all the chambers of the soul. We turn our thoughts outward for relief. We call up all smiling pictures, all bright and jocund scenes, that they may beguile us of our sadness. But, ever and anon, when our pulses begin to beat lightly, and we are almost glad again, that dreadful sound rolls back with a tenfold power over our weak and trembling spirit.

O the grave, the inevitable grave! Shall we, indeed, sleep within its cold bosom? Must these limbs, now so active and buoyant, be coffined at last? Will the husband, the wife, or the child, bend over us *for the last time*, in agony, and we lying all unconscious there? Will there come no aid, no deliverance, before the coffin-lid shuts darkly down? Is it closed, sealed, *sealed forever*? Must they bear us heavily forth from these rooms, our friends and neighbors all sitting in silence there? Shall we pass, so helplessly, through these familiar doors, and thus travel, in sad and slow procession, to the burial-ground? That fresh-heaped earth—does it mark our grave? Are they lowering us gently, but still down, down into the dismal pit? And now will they withdraw those friendly cords, our last hold on the blessed air and light above? That handful of earth, does it fall, with its dull, leaden sound, on *our* bosom?

What! have they left us already—those holy words from the pastor's lips still trembling on the coffin-lid? Is it the rattle of retreating wheels? the sexton, is he, too, gone? *Could they not watch one hour?*

Yes; they are all gone. The gate has shut on its creaking hinges, the key has turned in its rusty wards, *and we are alone*. Alone! dreadful word! Could they not at least leave us one little torch, whose friendly beam should bear us mute, but welcome company; something whose daily tendance should compel them hither?

And now the dreary twilight comes swiftly on; the damp mists creep up from the valley, and the old tree-tops rock, and moan, and toss their withered arms in the chill night wind. There sits that solitary owl, on the white tomb-stone, blinking dismally on our fresh-made grave. The shadows fall faster and more chill. Ah! sad and lonely is our narrow bed.

Yonder, in the distance, beams the cheerful house light. It is the light of *home*; but it beams not for us; for look! those doors which *yawned* to-day to let us forth, are now shut and barred against us. Yet there is grief within; silent and sad they sit before the fire, and watch the blue smoke as it creeps up from the smoldering pile. Our vacant chair is there; but they turn from it, as from a ghostly presence.

It will not always be thus. The eye, now heavy with weeping, will grow bright again; the wan cheek will wear the smile of joy; *the empty chair will be taken away*; years will pass on; children will prattle in other ears; these shrouded rooms, these silent halls, will resound with festive mirth; the death-chamber, even that will thoughtless footsteps press; bridal hymns will be sung; holy hands will rest in blessing on infant brows; the dead will be again borne forth—but *we shall not be there*.

Those nearest and dearest, those whose love never loses its morning freshness, will come and lie by our side. Our friends and neighbors will, for a little time, recall our looks and tones with cordial words; but they, too, will pass away. Soon there will not remain, in all the earth, one who ever looked on our face, or took us by the hand, and our very name will fade from human remembrance.

Is the grave then so lonely? Is there no healing balm that distills, like dew, on the soul, "when thoughts of the last bitter hour come like a blight over thy spirit, and sad images of the stern agony, and shroud and pall, and breathless darkness, and the narrow house, make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart? Will not the green grass spring again over thy grave? Will not loving hands plant violets there, and soft showers water them? Will not the eastern sun fleck it with rosy light, and sunset clouds pour over it a crimson glory? Will not the trees weave

their protecting boughs above, and birds sing among the branches? More than all, will not the sad mourner, who hung in mute agony over thy dying couch, here, kneeling under the open sky, learn to mingle hope with sighs, and praise with tears?

Yes; peaceful is the grave, where the old man, whose frosted locks are whitened by many winters, drops his pilgrim staff, and lies down to rest. There the young mother lays again in his bosom the innocent babe, on whose pure brow death left but smiling tokens. There sleeps the Christian pastor, and, one by one, his flock gather by his side. There high and low, rich and poor, the stranger and the outcast, and the cherished of many hearts, all rest peacefully together in God's holy sepulcher.

Will they always sleep thus? Tell me, O grave! thou that hidest our treasures from us, wilt thou never restore? Will the earth garner her seed forever? Will no sound ever awaken

"Dull death's heavy ear?"

Lo! a soft, penetrating light steals through the air; it comes hitherward; it dispels the shadows; it covers the graves. Look! it streams from yonder mound; there stand the Shining Ones; they bend reverently; they gaze into the open sepulcher: "He is not here; he is risen."

O, holy sound! O, blessed words! The white-winged angels hear them, and hasten hither; and as they hover over the sacred spot, they take up the glad refrain, "He is risen! He is risen!" Earth, too, hears the mighty anthem, and repeats it to the multitudes that slumber in her bosom.

Eastward stands, wide open, the golden gate, still bright with the luster of the ascended Redeemer. It shall no more be shut, day nor night; but it shall be a highway for the angels, as they pass and repass from heaven to earth, and all the blessed shall go through it up to the Eternal City.

And now, since Christ hath lain in the grave, it is a sweet and holy spot; light from the eternal battlements rests ever upon it; spire-laden breezes from the heavenly hills are wafted hither; the murmur of the River of Life is in our ears; and the earth-worn spirit rests in peace till the resurrection morn; "for so He giveth his beloved sleep."

SALEM HEREPATH:

A PURITAN STORY.

IT was New Year's Eve. The log-fire burning on the broad hearth of Recompense Herepath cheerfully contrasted with the snow and ice outside. It was a cold, dreary, bleak winter's day in America, when America was two hundred years younger than it is now, and when from England and from Holland, the Nonconformists were beginning to find a home where they might worship God in peace. Recompense Herepath was the staid mother of many children. She loved them all dearly—her daughters Joy and Makepeace, her niece Patience, and none better than her youngest son, Salem, a well-made, handsome boy, used to rough work and a rough life, "being weaned," as Recompense was wont to say, "from the delicacies of the old country."

Besides being New Year's Eve, it was the Sabbath, and these old Puritan colonists never forgot the sacred duties of that day, though they had to assemble in the open fields, or beneath the forest trees. God was felt to be ever present with them; and one of their chroniclers says, "Little children, in the hour of death, became transfigured, as it were, and testifying of their faith and their assurance of immortality, became a marvel to all."

They had worshiped God that day, and after prayer and reading, and after they had raised a psalm in the wilderness, singing the Lord's song in a strange land, the preacher had directed their thoughts to God's wondrous mercy towards them since the day when the Pilgrim Fathers first kept Sabbath in the new land. He had told them (for he remembered it well) how thick and fast the snow was falling on that January day; how the Lord's hand was heavy upon them, and they seemed to have come from a paradise of plenty into a wilderness of wants, but how they had been sustained, like Paul of old; and how still, trusting in God's mercy, and humbly bearing his corrections, they had reason to make melody in their hearts, and say the Lord had done great things for them, whereof they were glad.

Now, Recompense Herepath and her family had been talking about all this. She, like a God-fearing woman as she was, had been what we should call catechising them about the sermon; and her

niece Patience, and her daughters Joy and Makepeace, and her son Salem, all had shown that they remembered much of what the pastor said. Salem, especially, recollected the discourse, and was able to point out texts with wonderful facility; and Recompense thought in her heart that her son would one day be a gospel preacher that should help to spread the light of truth over the darkened land. So she thought, and so she prayed in her heart; and as she looked fixedly at the burning embers on the hearth, saw many a fanciful picture, perhaps, that she would fain have realized if God would.

Suddenly the latch of the door was raised, and an old man entered. He was a very old man, and his hair was white as snow, and his face wrinkled: he wore a stout coat, and a black velvet cap, and supported his weight on a thick oak staff.

Recompense Herepath and her children rose up as the old man entered. He uttered words of peace and blessing, and sat down on a green log that served for a bench.

"Sister," he said, "there is bad news for us all, and the great God only knows what may come of it."

They looked on the old man, and waited, standing, for him to proceed. He was their pastor, and they honored him as Christ's minister.

"Some of the young men," he went on, "have come into contact with the Indians. They started forth yesterday to return before night, but they have only now returned, and not all—one has been slain. They have trespassed on Indian ground, have fished in Indian waters, have quarreled and fought with the Red men, and roused up all the old angry feelings which we had hoped were dead and buried, and would know no resurrection."

"We are in God's hands," said Recompense. "He can make a wall of fire round about us to deliver us; he can save us from the violence of the spoiler; and he can also preserve us from the axe of the Red man."

"Would we could convert these Indians, instead of slaying them. We might well give them something better than death in return for these rivers and green hills—this grass, these meadows, and fresh water. Truly, I would rather labor, day and night, at the hoe or at the oar, than wrong these wild, untutored children of our common

Father; and I fear me, Recompense, I fear me, we settlers have done so."

"We are in God's hands," said Recompense again.

"Truly; and in God must be our defense. I have been round the settlement to certify of our danger, and bade the people pray. Mind you, Mistress Recompense, when Governor Winthrop gave away his last handful of meal, the provision ship was espied at the mouth of the harbor. How, when the corn withered in blade and stalk, we called upon our God; and as we cried, the rain-clouds gathered, and the showers fell, and a plentiful harvest crowned the year. Yes, let us look to God: 'The poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his trouble.'"

"Hark!" cried little Salem. They listened. The wind was blowing strongly, nothing else but that. Hark! Was that the wind? No; it was the bark of a watch-dog. The old man arose, and leaning on his staff, prayed silently. After a few moments' pause, he spoke:

"The setting up of God's church in the wilderness," he said, "which should have been so pure and glorious, has been stained with blood. Would God we had no settlement here, no right from England to hold this land. When the rocks were our pillars our rest was pleasant."

The wind bore on the sound of many feet. Then came the sharp crack of fire-arms, then a shout—they knew too well to be raised by Indian voices—"Owanno!" "The English! the English!"

The quiet Puritan settlement was now a scene of violence and bloodshed. Settlers and Indians fought desperately; but from the first it was evident that the Indians would prevail. The houses were fired. The village was in flames. The Indians formed a ring around it to shoot with their arrows, or cut down and scalp, all who attempted to escape. Some few did escape. Two or three were taken prisoners, among them a boy eleven years old, or thereabouts, who was seized by an Indian and dragged out of the flames. This boy was Salem.

When the work of destruction was complete, the Indians retreated. Of the Puritan settlement they left but a heap of smoldering ruins. The boy Salem was tightly bound, and placed between two tall,

strong Indians. If he had been a good deal stronger, wiser, and older than he was, he could not have escaped. So he was marched on and on, through the thick tangled forests, over the high hills, down into the deep green valleys, out and away into the wilderness. He was weary; his blistered feet would scarcely support him; but he was hurried on till they reached an Indian village. He was then shut up in an unoccupied wigwam, and left without any victuals till the morning. It was a sorrowful New Year's night for him. But Salem trusted in God that he would deliver him. Next day the Indians gave the boy a piece of broiled meat and a drink of water. After that they brought him out to the center of the village. There he found the Indians, with their high feathers and painted faces, sitting in a group smoking, while the Indian women and children sat in another group, at a short distance off. Now the Indians had resolved to put the boy to death, but they wanted to obtain information about the settlers before they did so; one, therefore, of their number, who understood a little English, was to question the child and report his answers to the rest.

"Let the pale-face tell us his name and his age." This was the first question, and without hesitation the boy replied. They then asked him about the white settlers at another English village, not far off. The child suspected mischief, and refused to tell. The Indians grew angry. They no longer used soft words. They threatened frightful punishments, cruelties such as it seems hardly possible any men would inflict on a defenseless child, but which they were only too ready to perform.

"Are you not afraid, little one, of the torment?" asked the Indian who acted as interpreter for the rest.

"I am not afraid of those that can kill the body," the boy said; "I fear Him who can kill the soul."

When his reply was made known to the Indians, they were surprised at his firmness, and thought, at first, he bore some magical charm which would save him; so they asked in what he trusted, and he answered, "In the great God of heaven and earth, that is, the Father of both the pale-face and the red-skin."

Then the Indians sent the child back to the wigwam, and he knelt down and

thanked God for his deliverance. For eighteen years little Salem continued with the Indians. He became a favorite with the tribe, and dwelt with them happily. The child-talker was a wonder to them all, and the wisdom which he had learned from the Book of Wisdom, child as he was, he was made able to communicate to them. His religion was the means of his preservation, and that religion was soon seen in its influence on the Indian tribe. They journeyed on toward the Far West, and the child went with them. He saw the mighty rivers and the broad prairies long before any other European beheld them. He mingled with the tribe freely, and grew beloved by all. He was a friend to them, though he never seemed as one of them—the pale-face was a marvel and a blessing to the red-skin.

After eighteen years, Salem died, and they buried him. But the influence of his life did not die with him. Years afterward a Puritan preacher fell in with the tribe, and he told them the story of the cross. But they knew it already. His surprise was great, and so was theirs, that these Indians and himself should know, and hold, and love the same creed. And when he asked them how and why it was, they told him of the pale-faced child, and the religion that he had taught them; and tears were on the cheeks of the red-skins as they spake of his death. So the tribe was known as the Praying Indians. Out of the mouth of a babe God had perfected praise, and from the lips of a child these proud Indians had given up the faith of their fathers.

"Out of small beginnings," said Governor Bradford, "great things have been produced;" and as one small candle may light a thousand, so the light here kindled hath shone to many, yea, to a whole nation.

TIME is like a ship which never anchors: while I am on board I had better do those things that may profit me at my landing, than practise such as shall cause my commitment when I come ashore. Whatsoever I do, I would think what will become of it when it is done. If good, I will go on to finish it; if bad, I will either leave off where I am, or not undertake it at all. Vice, like an unthrift, sells away the inheritance, while it is but in reversion: but virtue, husbanding all things well, is a purchaser.—*Feltham*.

[For the National Magazine.]

AN EARNEST MINISTRY.

IT is said that a clergyman once proposed a question to the celebrated actor, Garrick, why it is that the stage produces a stronger impression than the pulpit, when the pulpit deals in *truth*, and the stage in *fiction*? to which the actor replied: "Because the stage deals in *fiction* as if it were *truth*, while the pulpit deals in *truth* as if it were *fiction*."

It is an interesting question, how the actor of a farce is able to give it the air of truth. It may be supposed that it is by an affectation of emotions and passions that he does not feel—an exact counterfeit of the outward expression of feeling. This solution of the question is not to us entirely satisfactory, and we shall, therefore, venture to propose another.

The actor possesses himself of the truthfulness of the plot and details of a story. The imagination becomes excited, and so completely overrules the reasoning powers, that the circumstances of the tale—the conflicts, the reverses, the escapes, the catastrophe—pass before the mind, not merely as veritable history, but as present to the senses. The actor seems to himself to be the hero whom he represents. Hence he performs his part with heart, with power, with a tragic effect which makes his audience feel, in spite of themselves, that they see the real character before them, suffering or rejoicing, weeping or laughing, triumphing or dying; and the same feelings are excited which the facts themselves would inspire. An actor must reproduce surprising scenes in such a manner as to surprise; he must so represent pleasant scenes as to delight; he must so present tales of woe as to make his audience weep. If he fails in these objects, his performance itself turns out a failure; and fail he will, unless he has an imagination, and emotional power, which take him away from himself, and from the real objects and scenes around him, and impart to him the very being of his hero; surrounding him by the companions with whom he conversed, and the circumstances which molded his character and framed his destiny.

This we take to be the true explanation of the truthful and striking exhibitions of the benevolent and the malevolent

passions made upon the stage. The actor is sad or joyous; confiding or jealous; loves or hates; is forgiving or revengeful; is reconciled or murders; breaks out into ecstasies, or commits suicide, as the case may be, living the life and being moved by the passions of his hero. Mere imitators never attain to this sublime elevation of the imagination. Their efforts want truth to nature, and, consequently, they fail to produce tragic effect. They produce a mere representation, a mere shadow, of the persons and scenes they represent, and, consequently, they fail to reach the great deep of the heart, and are set down as third or fourth rate actors.

Such we take to be the true philosophy of the impressiveness of the stage. And, if we are not mistaken, it differs in nothing essential from the philosophy of the power and impressiveness of the pulpit.

A minister of the Gospel must imbibe the spirit of the great Teacher, and *feel* the truth and the power of what he teaches. His zeal must arise from conviction, and his utterances must proceed from an inward force that no outward pressure can repress or retard. He must be able to say, with St. Paul, "Necessity is laid upon me, and woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." It is not the necessity of physical force, or the mere necessity of authority or of fear, but the necessity of responsibility, the necessity of love.

A *divine call* is indispensably necessary to the inward moral force and impulses of a preacher of the Gospel. This call will be followed by a high sense of responsibility to God. It will be both preceded and attended by a profound sense of the worth of souls; a sympathy for fallen humanity; a love for the race, and a strong desire to promote human happiness upon the largest possible scale. The awful fact that man is a *sinner*, and the astonishing and glorious truth that Christ died for sinners, must stand out before him, not as mere abstractions, but as truths of high import. What a fearful thing sin is, in its nature and consequences; and what mighty love it was that moved the Son of God to give his life for sinners, must not merely be matters of reflection, but they must stir up the great deep of the soul, bring into activity all its powers and passions, and set it into a blaze of holy enthusiasm. The convictions of a true minister of the Lord Jesus amount to in-

aspiration; his inward feelings are a divine afflatus.

The imagination is sanctified, and the realization of the sublime truths which he unfolds, is as perfect as is consistent with this mortal state. The divinely authorized preacher feels himself standing "in Christ's stead," beseeching men to "be reconciled to God." He is David sweeping the strings of Zion's harp, and striking the highest, sweetest notes of praise. He is Isaiah crying, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." He is Daniel bending the knee, in profound reverence, before the mighty God, foretelling the universal triumph of Messiah's kingdom, and foreseeing the Ancient of days seated upon his fiery throne of judgment. He is Peter preaching, on the day of Pentecost, repentance, and the gift of the Holy Ghost. He is Paul, standing up "in the midst of Mars Hill," and crying, "God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent; because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained, whereof he hath given assurance unto all men in that he hath raised him from the dead;" and declaring before King Agrippa, "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds;" and before Felix, the Roman governor, reasoning "of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." He is the beloved disciple, breaking out, with heavenly sweetness, "Little children, love one another."

Thus the spirit of prophets and apostles is perpetuated in the church; we live in the ages of inspiration, and the glorious days of the old confessors and martyrs are realized in our own times. It is this spirit that constitutes an earnest ministry. It is "feeling the powers of the world to come." St. John says, "That which we have seen with our eyes, and our hands have handled of the word of life." It is seeing, tasting, and handling the word of life, that baptizes the soul with its vital power, and makes the living ministry a true expression of its great ideal. It is breathing the atmosphere of heaven; bathing in the stream of redeeming love; hold-

ing communion with apostles and prophets, until we imbibe their spirit, and live their life, which will prepare us to wake up the slumbering, raise the dead, and set the world in a blaze.

The true earnestness of the Christian ministry has a striking illustration in the great apostle of the Gentiles. We see it not only in his public addresses, but in his whole life. That life was one of labor and sacrifice. He endured hardships and perils almost without number. He traveled to distant countries; wrought with his own hands to supply his physical wants; was in perils among robbers and among false brethren; suffered shipwrecks; was a night and a day in the deep; experienced hunger and nakedness, and counted all things but loss for the excellence of the knowledge of Christ. He was a voluntary debtor to the Jews and to the Greeks; to barbarians and Scythians; to the wise and to the unwise; to the bond and to the free. With him the Gospel was everything; the end of his life was the conversion of sinners; the great idea completely subjected his powers, and constantly held them under its dominion.

The earnestness of which we speak is not necessarily noisy, and is never extravagant and fanatical. It may have inequalities and irregularities which would scarcely bear cold criticism. So have the mountain heights their crags and chasms; but so long as it is the outburst of inward feeling, inspired by the Holy Ghost, and the expression of deep and honest convictions, it is neither madness nor extravagance. The counterfeit of true earnestness of spirit is that affected, forced, ostentatious, extravagant, made-up excitement, which stuns the senses and bewilders the understanding, while it leaves behind it no good moral impression. It is noisy, but hollow; it is merely the show of great zeal, where there is nothing at the bottom but an unaccountable pride of appearances, and an obstinate purpose to force the world into an acknowledgment of superior religious attainments.

Bishop Asbury was a most shrewd observer and critic of men and manners. He studied his men; observed all their movements; pondered every casual remark he heard made about them, and often asked questions about them, calculated to elicit remarks which might help him in forming

a right estimate of the precise points, both of strength and of weakness of character, which was most prominently developed. An old preacher once related to us a circumstance which is illustrative of this fact, and also of the subject in hand. Coming into the district of a certain presiding elder, he met a plain, common-sense local preacher. "Is Brother — much engaged?" asked the bishop. The shrewd old brother answered, "He hollars!" "He! he!" was all the bishop's reply. In his "Journal," this discriminating old sage, speaking of the religious exercises of the people in a certain place, says, "We have the form of the power of godliness." A grand distinction is here indicated. There is a mighty difference between "the power of godliness," and the mere *form*, or the *outward show* of the power of godliness.

Noisy, boisterous preachers, are not always earnest preachers. A man who makes a great noise in the pulpit, and in social meetings; who thunders and storms until he stuns the ears of his hearers, and nearly splits his own throat, and everywhere else wears the air of levity and worldliness, may be called a *noisy preacher*, or a *loud professor* of religion; but he really is not a truly *earnest* preacher, nor an *earnest Christian*. Boisterous mirth is no evidence of feelings of pleasure; nor are extravagant demonstrations of excited feelings any evidence of real earnestness.

Is such a ministry still needed? Is there anything in the temper of the times which bears upon this question? It is sometimes supposed that *zeal* has had its day, and done its work, and that now *knowledge* is to take its place; that the gifts of the earnest old preachers were suited to a state of society which no longer exists, and, consequently, it is erroneous to suppose that their labors would now be as successful as they were in the new settlements, among the rustic inhabitants upon the frontier. There is, doubtless, some truth in this view; but we doubt if it is true to the extent which is often claimed. We see no necessity of making zeal and knowledge antagonisms. They are entirely consistent with each other, and each necessary in its place. In some directions ministerial education and improvement have been urged at the expense of the more important qualifications of the heart. What we insist upon is, that all other

qualifications of a minister, however necessary in their place, cannot compensate for the want of an earnest spirit. It always was, is now, and always will be, absolutely indispensable to success. Moreover, there are reasons why this qualification should now be especially insisted upon.

This is a fast age, and we Americans are a fast people. We are in hot pursuit of wealth, honor, dominion, and glory. We work in earnest, and we play in earnest; we love in earnest, and we hate in earnest; we support our own party in earnest, and we abuse the opposition in earnest; we pray in earnest, and we fight in earnest. Every interest which is worth saving is driven as by steam, and half-way measures are scouted by all parties.

The devil is driving on his car with tremendous power. He is never idle, and he is not slow. He pushes on his subjects, in the way to hell, with vastly greater rapidity than he drove the swine down a steep place into the sea. There are giants in wickedness in these days, and there is a haste made in the ways of sin that is alarming, because it threatens to outstrip the message of salvation, and to lay waste the heritage of God. Sinners of all classes are zealous, scheming knaves, and hardened villains; licentious libertines and blasphemous infidels; narrow-hearted misers and reckless speculators; mammon worshipers, gamblers, swindlers, thieves and robbers; adulterers and murderers; rum sellers and rum drinkers; swearers and liars; Sabbath breakers and Bible burners; all, all are full of zeal—as full as the devil can fill them.

Now do not the maxims of wisdom and sound philosophy dictate that, in our conflicts with sin and Satan, we oppose zeal with zeal; that while the powers of hell are marching on with such terrible strides, the machinery of the Church should move with celerity? Such mighty forces are to be opposed; such fearful velocity is acquired in the movements of the enemy, that, of all things, tardy movements are the most absurd—a cool, hesitating policy, is suicidal. The Church must be broad awake, and her ministers must be "full of power by the Spirit of the Lord." Dreaming over the condition of the world will not answer now. If ever the earnestness and self-sacrifice of the martyrs were necessary to a minister of Christ, this is the time. If ever hesitating upon questions of

prudence and policy was madness, such is the case now. No man now can be considered entitled to the credit of sincerity if he be found pursuing a great enterprise without heart. And what shall be said of the minister of the Lord Jesus who, amid such fearful emergencies and perils, falls to sleep upon his post? A sad state of things is that which the prophet describes: "His watchmen are blind: they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber." What a picture is this of the watchman placed upon the walls in time of danger. War rages without; the enemy is upon the city; and the watchman is sunk down into a dead sleep. Well will it be for him, if it does not fare with him far worse than it did with a sentinel, who was found, by Alexander the Great, sleeping upon his post; the great chief exclaiming, "Dead I found thee, and dead I leave thee," thrust him through the heart.

The enemies of the Church and of the truth are earnestly engaged in the dissemination of error. It was while men slept that the enemy sowed tares. If the Church and the ministry sleep, the enemy does not. He is ever wakeful and ever active. Heretics manifest an ardor in the cause of error, which should admonish ministers of Christ, and should reprove their supineness in the cause of truth. As in the days of Christ, they "compass sea and land to make one proselyte," while too often the heralds of the cross leave the cause of truth to take care of itself, or give it but a feeble support. While the abettors of a spurious Christianity are upon the alert—entering every open door, and seeking opportunities, by all possible means, to sow the seeds of error—while they seize upon the pulpit and the press; insinuate themselves into our schools and colleges; labor to corrupt the rising generation, and to take from us our children, who that has the zeal of God in his soul can hold his peace? Where are the Elijahs to cry out, "I am jealous for the Lord God of hosts," and to meet the priests of Baal in stern controversy?

Witness the earnestness and sacrifices of Jesuit and Mormon missionaries. They penetrate the most distant and inaccessible regions; elude the most jealous and vigilant governments; they endure hardships and privations; they sacrifice the comforts of home and friendship; and all for the purpose of propagating fatal delusions.

The Mormons are found in South America; among the nations of northern Europe; in Africa, in China, and in Japan. The Jesuits are everywhere. They are to-day laboring to supplant the doctrines of the Reformation, in Great Britain and in the United States. The pope has found a few tools among those who were educated in the Protestant faith—sad instances of perversion, through Jesuitical agency, and of the depths to which men may fall from the faith of their fathers. Who is more earnest than *Brownson*, the editor of the *Roman Catholic Quarterly*, in Boston; and *McMaster*, the editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, in New-York? both educated in the Protestant faith, and both perverts to Romanism.

The foregoing facts are often urged, with great force, in favor of an educated and an *intelligent ministry*. But they may be urged with the same, or even with greater force, in favor of an *earnest ministry*. The fact is, merely human appliances are inadequate to the emergencies of the great conflict which is now raging between truth and error, sin and holiness. Science and education fight on both sides; but the great heart of Christianity is on one side alone, never being divided against itself. There is warmth on both sides; sustained zeal and energy on both sides; but true religious earnestness is only to be found upon the side of God and truth. And this principle is a great wonder-worker. God is in it, and nothing can successfully resist it. It takes the citadel of the human heart by storm. We may not understand the secret of its power. The scorner may curl his lip and swear, and we need address to him no other reply than that which an apostle addressed to the contemptuous Jews: "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish; for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in nowise believe, though a man declare it unto you." When Joash, king of Israel, came to the prophet Elisha, under terror of a threatened invasion from the Syrians, the old prophet directed him to take arrows and strike upon the ground. "And he smote thrice and stayed; and the man of God was wroth with him, and said, 'Thou shouldst have smitten five or six times; then hadst thou smitten Syria till thou hadst consumed it.'" It seems that the want of earnestness, in this symbolical act, was the precursor of failure. A warm

heart brought to the work puts us upon vantage ground. It touches a sympathetic chord in the hearts of others, and enlists the spirit and power of God on its side.

Earnestness—heaven-inspired, divinely-guided, God-sustained earnestness—in the ministry, is the great want of the Church at the present time. We have few large circuits and districts which require the physical strength of a giant to encompass them; but we have numerous small fields of labor to be expanded and enlarged, and this is not to be done without earnest and sustained effort. The influence of a small field of labor, and of small congregations, upon the mind of a minister, is most deleterious. It has a tendency to cool his ardor and to circumscribe his thoughts. Extraordinary earnestness will be necessary to overcome this tendency. And unless it is counteracted, we ourselves are likely to become very much like the *small patches* we are sent to cultivate; that is, very *small preachers*. Our gifts and graces will decline; our small circuits, stations, and districts, will wax less and less; and the ways of Zion will mourn, and the cause of God languish. If a preacher, with an earnest soul, is shut up within a small, feeble charge, he will set himself to improve things. His language will be, "The place is too straight for me; give me where to stand." He will throw into the camp of the enemy red-hot shot, until he burns him out, or provokes him to open fight, when he is sure of victory.

There is almost a universal call for young men in our charges. Of this "the fathers" sometimes complain. Surely, say they, age and experience ought to qualify a man better to serve the Church, and should be a recommendation instead of a prejudice. How is the mystery to be explained? Why is it that we old preachers wear out our welcome among the people? Some say because we cease to read and study, neglect our intellect, and preach over our *old sermons*. In many instances this may be the true explanation of the case; but we doubt if this meets all the cases, or even a majority of them. It may be fairly doubted whether the fathers do not read about as much as their promising sons, and, as a class, we are mistaken if they are really behind the young generation, which is crowding them out of their places, either in theological knowledge or general information; and as for repeating

their sermons, it is likely that the old men have as little occasion for it as their younger brethren. Sometimes young men vapor about *progress*, when they themselves are standing still; and speak of the fathers as "behind the time," when they are vastly better posted up in the modern improvements than themselves. "Modern ideas" is a catch phrase in certain quarters; but we are not sure that we know precisely what it means. Taking the "ideas" of some "modern" men as examples, we should be inclined to think that it indicates *old "ideas" diluted*.

In the great majority of cases, we opine that the secret of our trouble is to be found in the *decline of our enthusiasm*. We lose the fire of youth, and it is a wonder if we do not, in the same proportion, lose the fire of the Holy Ghost. The consequence is, that the people freeze to death under our ministry. What ought we to expect but that we would be superseded by the young brood which come up full of life and vigor?

Two principal dangers threaten the Church at the present time. One is, that the ardor of the older portion of the ministry will die out. The other is, that the younger will take up with a spurious earnestness. Both these evils must be guarded against. So far as they prevail they spread blasting and mildew around them. The prosy common-places of a stereotyped old man, and the gilded emptiness, and noise about nothing, of a young caterer for fame, are about equally fatal in their influence upon the Church. If there is any excuse for either, perhaps the old men are entitled to the most forbearance; but really both are at fault. As a man comes up toward the end of his career, his hopes should beat higher; as he nears the shore, the breezes from the green hills of Paradise should fan the fire within him to a fiercer flame; as he has the fewer sermons to preach, and it becomes the more doubtful whether each one is not his last, he should assume the earnestness of a dying man; his last warnings should be full of earnestness and vigor. Happy, indeed, and worthy of double honor, are the fathers, who, as their natural form abates, increase in the strength of their faith, the power of their religious sympathies, the earnestness of their spirit, and the energy of their pulpit efforts. They may wear out, or burn out, but they will never become stale.

A PILGRIMAGE TO LA TRAPPE.

LET my readers imagine my friend and myself in the act of descending the hill of a rugged road, on the edge of a dense forest of Normandy, which stretched far away into an, as yet, untrodden distance of dark foliage of ancient trees, round which ever and anon flashes of lightning played fitfully with an effect grandly gloomy, such as I have never before or since witnessed. We had often, in the course of our rambles, been exposed to many a storm, many a strait, and many dispiriting incidents; but never had we felt so strong a yearning for house and home comforts as on that same dull, sultry afternoon of August, when we rode on our sluggish mules, with the drenching rain in our teeth, along—or rather up and down—the rugged road aforesaid. At last, in much thankfulness, we reached a rugged hut, built, if I remember rightly, of equal parts of mud and fern, which, however picturesque from association, and however welcome to weary travelers, was not exactly calculated to make the most ardent of sentimentalists exclaim with Moore,

"If there's peace to be found in this world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here."

To alight from our jaded mules, and knock loudly at the door of this cheerless tenement, was with us the work of a moment; nor was the summons thus unceremoniously given long unheeded. A picturesque-looking vagabond, with unkempt locks, tangled beard, and mustache guiltless, from the boyhood of its wearer, of tonsure of any kind, presented himself at a hole in the wall, which served the double purpose of letting in light and letting out an unpleasant cloud of wood-smoke, rising from a heap of smoldering boughs and charred leaves employed by our chosen host for a fire. In justice to Pierre Houdet, we must, however, admit that his greeting was unexpectedly cordial. "Perhaps messieurs would not object to a poor man's hut in a storm; there is little to offer, save dry bread, a seat by the hearthside, and some tobacco, with a poor man's welcome," &c.

Thus invited, we wasted few words on our entrance, when we found ourselves in a long, low room, whose sole furniture was a chair, a stool, and a table. As for

a bed, mine host assured us that he had long since dispensed with any other than a couch of dry grass, with his daily apparel rolled up under his head for a pillow. We ate of the simple fare set before us—food sweetened by a knowledge of the honest welcome of our worthy host, whose philosophic content and unlettered *naïveté* excited the envy and admiration of my friend. We smoked till the room grew more murky with the exhalations of that so-called "pernicious weed, whose scent the fair annoys;" we listened, in a state of drowsy, self-contented lassitude, to "the short and simple annals of the poor," as enunciated by that untutored "hewer of wood" at our side, till the increasing light of the sky, and golden tints of the fast-fleeting clouds, visible by reason of the chinks which time had made through the lowly roof, warned us that the storm was over, and that day was fast merging into twilight. We had told our host that we were going to visit the Abbey of La Trappe; if he would accompany us as a guide, we would pay him liberally, so that he would have no reason to regret a short absence from home. He was willing; our mules, which on our arrival he had led into the hut that had sheltered us from the pitiless rain, were saddled; and we started, with dry habiliments and lighter hearts, on our weary way. It led us through intricate paths, tangled with a stunted undergrowth of brushwood, and we met no incident worthy of record to break the monotony of our route. Here and there a few lonely huts met the eye, and occasionally we caught glimpses of some sequestered chapel of our Lady, with its fast crumbling cross, gray and moss-grown; ever and anon we were startled by the discordant scream of the jay, or the hoarse croak of the raven, perched aloft on his home—a hollow tree, swaying and creaking mournfully in the soft evening breeze. After we had advanced three or four miles we came to a clump of trees, in itself dense enough to deserve the name of a wood in any other locality, situated on a green rise of the road, whence we had a full view of the utter dreariness of the scene; nothing but trees—everywhere dark green desolation, in a silence unbroken by the sound of aught human. Thence we threaded our way through devious turnings, which, winding for a mile or more with every variety of rough and

smooth ascent and descent, brought us to the brow of a rugged hill. Here we halted, while our guide sat down to rest on the root of an "unwedgeable and gnarled oak."

Twilight was now slowly turning to darkness. The birds were flying home across the saffron-colored sky; the silvery mists were floating over the long, dreary valley beneath us, with its expanse of dusky foliage, interspersed with several lakes of "liquid darkness." Our guide arose, and, standing on that hill, untrodden save by occasional tourists and wood-cutting rustics, pointed out to us, with a grave demeanor which, at that time and place, excited no attention and needed little comment, the ancient Abbey of La Trappe, lying in the heart of a valley. The scene seems, to jaundiced minds, a fit retreat for men who have worn out their hearts in our busy world of conflicting interests and cold anomalies. The hour was now somewhat late, "too late," said our guide, "for us to disturb the holy men." They were, perhaps, even then returned, under the kindly guidance of sleep, to the past, with its dead hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, and could not, with propriety, be aroused from their sojournings in dream-land by the clear boom of their abbey bell. Therefore we determined to pass the night at a small house in the vicinity of the Abbey. Thence, after a refreshing sleep, we early on the following day sought the monastic gate.

On our knocking, a hoary monk—if a man can be termed hoary whose head is disfigured by the "regulation pattern" tonsure of his order—opened the massive door, dark with age. On our entrance, he fell on his knees, and having, with exemplary fervor, repeated a benediction, he beckoned us to follow him. Thence, passing through a narrow and gloomy passage, which would have enchanted Mrs. Radcliffe or "Monk Lewis," we were ushered into a rude apartment. Its walls were ornamented with prints relating to the Crucifixion, with divers inscriptions taken from Scripture and the works of the Fathers. In a corner of this room were two uncomfortable-looking beds, each of which would have served an ingenious tyrant for a model of a second "little ease;" and over each hung a delf vessel, filled with holy water. Our conductor then bowed low, shut the door on

us, and withdrew. In a short time the monk returned, having obtained permission to speak, a privilege he seemed in no way likely to abuse, when, with a Spartan brevity, he said, "Will you go to mass?" We assented, and were then conducted, by this "living statue," into the Tribune, a gallery for visitors built over the west end of the chapel.

As we entered, the monks were singing. I was peculiarly struck by the stern sorrow visible in their demeanour, and by the mournful energy with which, in deep, strong tone, they lifted up their voices to God. They were clad in long, white choral robes, descending from head to foot. At half-past ten the prayers were finished. A hand beckoned us from the chapel, and we followed, not knowing whither the uplifted arm would guide us. We reached a door of the inner cloisters, where two brothers awaited us, with a vessel of holy water placed on a ledge before them. Over this we held our hands, while one brother poured water thereon, and the other wiped them with a coarse towel. This ceremony, after taxing our command of the risible muscles most severely, being concluded, one of these austere Trappists unlocked a large door, over which might have been fitly written Dante's inscription for the gates of the infernal regions, "Banish all hope, ye who enter here!" We entered the cloisters, which were then—and doubtless are still—glazed on one side only, and provided with benches for the Society, who, during summer, here hold their public conferences. We then advanced toward the Refectory, a long and low room, somewhat resembling a college-hall, but for the quality of the fare therein discussed, with a recess on the left set apart for the lay brethren and poor strangers. Down the middle ran three long tables, one being at the bottom for the abbot and the prior, who dined apart from the rest, while over their heads hung a picture of the Crucifixion, before which all bowed on entrance and exit. A hand was waved as a signal for our entrance, and a small table pointed out for us by the door, to which we silently retired. The monks were marshaled in two rows, and were chanting the *Benedicite*. At the *Gloria Patri* they bent till their heads were but a few inches from the floor, and continued in that wearying attitude for some seconds, when the "Amen" was pronounced, in a sepulchral

voice, by the superior. They then simultaneously arose, and retired in perfect order to their respective seats.

Our repast consisted of bread, butter, milk, herbs, and fruit; our beverage was equally simple, and far less palatable, being a liquid somewhat like a "half-and-half" mixture of ditch-water and purest Day and Martin in appearance, and in taste resembling nothing so much as "flat" beer, rendered tart by injudicious doses of vinegar. However, there was a jug of excellent water, so that we found no difficulty in conducting our meal on quasi-vegetarian principles. The only difference we observed as existing between the meal of the monks and our own was simply this—that, while *we* were favored with apples, as a slight rarity at that season, and butter as a luxurious superfluity, *they* had none of the former, and are forbidden by the rules of their order to touch the latter. The use of eggs and fish, whereby the other monastic orders convert Friday's fast into a day of good living, is likewise forbidden; so that, except at some particular seasons, when they are allowed a little milk to flavor their herb-soup, their diet is rigidly vegetarian. During our repast, we observed a monk rise from his seat, and fall prostrate before each of the brethren, kissing their feet in all humility. This was enjoined as a penance for some slight breach of discipline. The unbroken silence which reigns supreme at La Trappe, produces in itself an effect somewhat weird and other-worldly; (if I may be pardoned the use of a newly-coined and expressive phrase;) but we were almost inclined to break it, by committing "a bull," and blurring out Flecknoe's powerful lines:

"Still-born Silence! thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart!
Offspring of a heavenly kind,
Frost o' the mouth and thaw o' the mind,
Secrecy's confidant, and he
Who makes religion mystery!"

Silence is so stringently inculcated by the rules of this order, that the slightest infringement of established laws is never suffered to pass unpunished. This point is pushed to the verge of the ridiculous; so much so, that if any monk rattles his plate, or drops his fork, &c., he is obliged to do instant penance. An instance of this absurd severity occurred on the second day of our visit to the Abbey. A monk, for some slight offense of this kind, was obliged

to fall prostrate in the middle of the refectory, till the abbot, by knocking with his knife on the table, gave the signal for the ill-starred delinquent to rise. Each member of the society waits on the others at table in turn, bowing whenever he places anything on, or removes anything from the table. Thus, doubtless, officiated the D'Orsay, of Paris, the Beau Brummell of his time, Baron Geramb, who, from being the most elegant sinner in the *salons* of Paris, afterward, in a fit of spleen, became the most austere anchorite at La Trappe.

While we were discussing our dinner of herbs and fruits, a monk, from a pulpit jutting out from the wall, favored us with some choice extracts from the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas, whose nice subtleties of doctrine, I blush to confess, were, for the most part, lost on us, as our gross understandings could perceive no particular profit, spiritual or temporal, likely to accrue from "the angelic" doctor's perverted ingenuity in blending the real facts before him with much of the unreal fancies of his heated brain, till his readers, after much circumlocution, have too often found themselves just as far from truth as at the commencement of their self-imposed labor of love. *Mais revenons à nos moutons*, as the sheep-stealer observed to his advocate, who, more intent after self-glorification on the score of eloquence than his client's chance of life on the score of facts, was inclined to wander from the evidence. The same uplifted hand which had beckoned us in, performed the like office on our exit. When dinner was over, which was about eleven o'clock, the abbot struck up a Grace in Latin.

On our departure, we scanned the very appropriate motto inscribed over the door of the refectory, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox with hatred therewith." We then retired to an outer-room, whither, in a short time, came our monastic guide, who had obtained further permission to speak. From him I gathered a few facts touching the rules and customs of the society. He and another brother were at that time, in their turn, assigned for the reception of strangers, to whom they were allowed to speak but at certain intervals, and even then but with extreme brevity, and only to edification, or in matters of necessity or charity. As for the rest, they were as silent as the grave, or as the would-be

disciples of Pythagoras, concerning whose marvelous restraint of tongue we had read and doubted, after the manner of school-boys, at that abode of learning entitled by us striplings of fourteen, "Tophet Academy."

Whenever a brother accidentally meets a brother Trappist in the cloisters, they both are forbidden to raise their eyes from the ground, on the principle, I suppose, that the first step toward abolition of offenses is the removal of temptation. From Easter till the 10th or 14th of September, the Trappists are allowed to eat, beside their morning meal, a little cheese, and three ounces of bread at five o'clock; as for the rest of the year, they have only two ounces of bread daily. There are six days, out of the three hundred and sixty-five, on which permission is given them to walk in the neighboring forest for an hour and a half; such, at least, were the regulations during my visit; I do not suppose that they have been in any way altered since then. During these times of so-called recreation, whether the weather be foul or fair, they sally out of their gloomy abbey in pairs, with their abbot at their head; when they have advanced a short distance, the abbot bows, leaving each soul-sick man to retire, book in hand, wherever he pleases. I have heard that during these forest rambles many a Trappist has been seen, by curious rustics, in tears, as he lay moralizing under the greenwood tree. Who may know how the strong, grief-warped heart of the poor Trappist yearns toward the broad expanse before him? Who can tell how long, too, faithful memory plays with the heart-strings of these exiles from the world? Long ago, in the pleasant past, ere he had learned, over the ruins of his heart, how love flatters and is false; how friendship wanes into a selfish, cold conventionality; how "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," but bring bitter satiety; how soon, before the icy touch of adversity, joy's brightest flowers wither, leaving behind a life-long memory as a sting, as a stern Nemesis, avenging the sins and frailties of the dear, error-blinded past, or the remorseful, tear-dimmed present—long ago, many a time on days brighter than this day of scanty liberty, has that poor, weary, and wayward fanatic, walked under trees, dearer than the dark foliage of La Trappe, with her who was

his life, his every hope, o'er whose grave was quenched the vestal light of love, leaving that poor, serge-clad victim of stern superstition, to grope despairingly, in utter darkness of spirit, through his narrow world, too wide for peace—too real for oblivion! Therefore is that dark forest dear to the men of La Trappe. They may have spent happy hours in childhood under a far-distant greenwood tree. Memory is a grand enchantress! By a thought she can cast the reflected light of long-lost scenes even on the silent deariness of La Trappe, turning that earthly purgatory of mortified ambition, blighted hopes, and worn-out hearts, into the pure, peaceful, dream-visited home of their earlier and less tearful days. "*Naturam furcâ repellas tamen usque recurret*"—a Trappist is, after all, but a man who has been, perhaps, a happy child; a happy lover, pure in early truth; a fond father; a doting husband; like yourself, gentlest of readers; therefore you will not wonder how I, meeting a solitary monk under a dark pine shade, and marking the undried tears in his sunken eyes, mingled my tears with his; thanking God, in deep, voiceless prayer, that he had been pleased to bestow on me, unworthy, all those earthly boons which were denied to the bitter ascetic, wasting his brief span of liberty in vain regrets and blinding tears, by the margin of a dark lake, in a gloomy forest, encircling the hope-abandoned Abbey of La Trappe.

A brief notice of the manner in which these solitaries wear away their lives in self-mortification and prayer, may not be distasteful. Soon after midnight, at a quarter before two, as nearly as I remember, the abbot rises from his coarse bed of straw, repairs to the chapel, and tolls the bell. At two, the brethren go to prayers, and continue till a quarter past four; from this time till nearly six o'clock they read and pray in private; then begin the Primes; after this they assemble before the abbot, to whom they may speak and accuse each other of any breach of discipline, &c. This being over, they occupy themselves in any laborious work at hand for an hour and a half, when they go to chapel again, and administer High Mass, which ends about ten, the hour of repast; after this meal they spend the time in devotion till noon, when they repeat the "Angelus" in chapel, from whence they retire to their cells, and repose till one

o'clock; thence they return to Nones; from Nones they are called to laborious work till three, when they once more retire for private devotion, preparatory to Vespers, and they end at five, the supper-hour at La Trappe. After this meager meal they pray in private until six, when they are called to public reading, and thence to Complines. They conclude at eight o'clock, when the brethren retire to rest, and all is still in their venerable monastery. Their beds are coarse pallets of straw, with single blankets as a covering; the furniture is simply a chair, a ledge, an earthen vessel containing holy water, and a skull.

On the third morning we left La Trappe in the cold, gray dawn, and having shaken hands with Pierre Houdet, who was little inclined to receive any gratuity for his services as our guide, we struck into the main road, and in due time arrived at our starting-point, a pretty little *auberge* on the side of a hill, where, as a board intimated, truly in this solitary instance, there was "Good entertainment for horse and man." And now, most patient of readers, I have told you all I know of La Trappe. I have endeavored to set before your eyes, by a simple, unadorned narrative, the daily life of the recluses of that dreary forest. Little more remains to tell. The erring monk whom I saw doing penance in the refectory, for breaking the general silence, by dropping his plate, or some such *bagatelle*, was no other than a *ci-devant* marquis of the old *regime*, whose witty profligacy had, in the early part of the present century, formed a staple topic of conversation for the *savants* and *quid nuncs* of the brilliant coteries of the Faubourg St. Honore, till, worn out by dissipation, with a broken constitution, and a remnant of a princely fortune, he sought the gloomy "*refugium peccatorum*" which is his home, and will be, in all human probability, his unregretted grave. Oblivion has long blotted out his name from the list of the fools of fashion. Alas! poor foolish votary of dissipation! The parasites who drank thy wine, and hung with fawning, feigned eagerness on thy every light *bon mot*, have long forgotten thee, weak butterfly of a passing moment, who art even now, in thine unhonored old age, reaping the bitter harvest of satiety in thy cold cell, on thy straw pallet, with the grinning skull for thy sole companion!

THE SNOW-STORM.

A TALE FROM THE RUSSIAN OF FOUSHKINE.

ABOUT the year 1811—a period so memorable in the history of Russia—there lived on his domain of Nenardaof a rich proprietor named Gabrilovitch. He was noted for his kind disposition and hospitable habits. His house was at all times open to his friends and neighbors, who resorted there in the evenings—the elder ones in order to enjoy a quiet game of cards with their host and his wife Petrowna; the younger, in the hope of gaining the good graces of Mari, a fair girl of seventeen, the only child and heiress of Gabrilovitch.

Mari used to read French romances, and, as the natural and necessary consequence, was deeply in love. The object of her affection was an almost penniless young ensign belonging to the neighborhood, and then at home on leave, who returned her love with equal ardor. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the young lady's parents had strictly forbidden her to think of such an alliance; and whenever they met the lover, they received him with about that amount of friendliness which they would have bestowed on an ex-collector of taxes. Our young lovers, however, managed to keep up a correspondence, and used to meet in secret beneath the shadow of the pine-grove or the old chapel. On these occasions, they, of course, vowed eternal constancy, accused fate of unjust rigor, and formed various projects. At length they naturally came to the conclusion that, as the will of cruel parents opposed their marriage, they might very well accomplish it in secret. It was the young gentleman who first propounded this proposition, and it was most favorably received by the young lady.

The approach of winter put a stop to their interviews, but their correspondence went on with increased frequency and fervor. In each of his letters, Vladimir Nicolevitch conjured his beloved to leave her home, and consent to a private marriage. "We will disappear," he said, "for a short time; then, one day, we will go and throw ourselves at your parents' feet, who, touched by our heroic constancy, will exclaim, 'Children, come to our arms!'" For a long time Mari hesitated. At length it was agreed, that on

a certain day she should not appear at supper, but retire early to her room, on the pretext of a violent headache. Her waiting-maid was in the secret, and they were both to slip out through a back-door, near which they would find sledges waiting to convey them to the chapel of Jadri-no, about five versts' distance, where Vladimir and the priest would await them.

Having made her preparations, and written a long letter of excuse to her parents, Mari retired at an early hour to her room. During the day she had complained of a headache, which was certainly more than a pretext, for nervous excitement had made her really ill. Her father and mother watched her tenderly, and constantly asked her, "How do you feel now, Mari? are you still suffering?" Their fond solicitude went to the young girl's heart, and with the approach of evening her agitation increased. At dinner she ate nothing, and soon afterward rose to take leave of her parents. They embraced her, and, according to their usual custom, gave her their blessing. Mari could scarcely refrain from sobbing. When she reached her chamber, she threw herself into an arm-chair, and wept aloud. Her waiting-maid tried to console and cheer her, and at length succeeded.

There was a snow-storm that night: the wind howled outside the house, and shook the windows. The young girl, however, as soon as the household had retired to rest, wrapped herself up in thick muffings, and, followed by her maid, carrying a valise, gained the outer door. They found a sledge, drawn by three horses, awaiting them; and having got into it, they started off at a rapid pace. We will leave them to pursue their journey, while we return to Vladimir.

All that day he had been actively employed. In the morning he had visited the priest of Jadrina, in order to arrange with him about performing the ceremony; and then he set off to procure the necessary witnesses. The first acquaintance to whom he addressed himself was a half-pay officer, who willingly consented to what he wished. "Such an adventure," he said, "reminded him pleasantly of the days of his youth." He prevailed on Vladimir to remain with him, promising to procure for him the other two witnesses. Accordingly, there appeared at dinner the

geometrician Schmidt, with his mustaches and spurs; and the son of Captain Ispravnik, a lad of seventeen, who had just entered the Uhlan corps. Both promised Vladimir to stand by him to the last; and the happy lover, having cordially embraced his three friends, returned to his dwelling, in order to complete his preparations. Having dispatched a servant on whom he could rely with the sledge for Mari, he himself got into a one-horse sledge, and started for Jadri-no. Scarcely had he set out, when the storm commenced with violence; and soon every trace of the road disappeared. The entire horizon was covered with a thick yellow cloud, whence fell masses rather than flakes of snow; and soon all distinction between land and sky was lost. In vain did Vladimir try to find his way. His horse went on at random, sometimes climbing over heaps of snow, sometimes falling into ravines. Every moment the sledge was in imminent danger of being upset; and, in addition, the pleasant conviction forced itself on Vladimir that he had lost his way. The wood of Jadri-no was nowhere to be seen; and after two hours of this sort of work, the poor horse was ready to drop from fatigue.

At length a sort of dark line became visible in front; he urged his horse onward, and found himself on the borders of a forest. "O," he exclaimed, "I am all right now; I shall easily find my way to Jadri-no." He entered the forest, of which the branches were so thickly interlaced that the snow had not penetrated through them, and the road was easy to follow. The horse pricked up his ears, and went on readily, while Vladimir felt his spirits revive.

However, as they say in the fairy tales, he went on, and on, and on, and yet could not find Jadri-no. His poor tired steed with the utmost difficulty dragged him to the other side of the forest; and by the time he arrived there, the storm had ceased, and the moon shone out. No appearance, however, of Jadri-no: before him lay extended a large plain, toward the center of which the poor traveler descried a cluster of four or five houses. He hastened toward the nearest, and, descending from the sledge, knocked at the window. A small door in the shutter opened, and the white beard of an old man appeared.

"What do you want?"

"Is it far to Jadrino?"

"Jadrino! About ten versts."

At this reply, Vladimir felt like a criminal condemned to execution.

"Can you," said he, "furnish me with horses to go there?"

"We have no horses."

"Well, then, a guide: I will give him whatever he asks."

"Wait, then," said the old man; "I'll send you my son."

The window was carefully closed, and a considerable time elapsed. Vladimir, whose impatience became quite uncontrollable, knocked again loudly at the shutter.

The old man re-appeared.

"What do you want?"

"Your son."

"He's coming: he is dressing himself. Are you cold? Come in and warm yourself."

"No, no; send out your son."

At length a young lad, with a stout stick in his hand, made his appearance, and led the way across the snow-covered plain.

"What o'clock is it?" asked Vladimir.

"Day will soon break."

The sun's rays, indeed, had begun to gild the east, and the village cocks were crowing when they arrived at Jadrino. The church door was closed. Vladimir, having paid and dismissed his guide, hastened toward the priest's dwelling. What was he about to hear?

Let us first inquire what was going on in the mansion of the master of Nenaradof. Just nothing at all. In the morning, the husband and wife got up as usual and went into the eating-room, Gabriel Gabrilovitch in his woollen vest and his night-cap, and Petrowna in her dressing-gown.

Tea was served, and Gabriel sent a maid to inquire for Mari. The girl returned with a message that her young mistress had passed a restless night, but that she now felt better, and was coming down. In a few minutes Mari entered and embraced her parents.

"How do you feel, my poor little one?" asked her father.

"Better," was the answer.

The day passed on as usual; but toward evening Mari became very ill and feverish. The family physician was sum-

moned from the nearest town, and when he arrived he found his patient in a high fever. During fourteen days she continued on the brink of the grave.

Nothing was known of her nocturnal flight, as the waiting-maid, for her own sake, was prudently silent on the subject; nor did any of the other accomplices, even after having drunk wine, breathe a word on the subject, so much did all parties dread the wrath of Gabriel. Mari, however, during her delirium, raved so incessantly about Vladimir, that her mother could not doubt that her illness was caused by love. She and her husband consulted some of their friends on the subject; and, as the result of the conference, it was unanimously decided that Mari was destined to marry the ensign; that one cannot avoid one's fate; that riches do not insure happiness; and other fine maxims of the same kind.

The invalid recovered. Vladimir, during her illness, had never appeared at the house; and it was determined that his unexpected good fortune should be announced to him; that he should be told he was now free to marry his beloved. What was the astonishment of the proud owners of Nenaradof, when they received in reply a letter from the young ensign, in which he declared that he would never enter their dwelling again, and prayed them to forget an unhappy being, for whom death was the only refuge!

A few days afterward, they learned that Vladimir had rejoined the army. It was in 1812. No one ever mentioned his name to Mari, nor did she herself allude to him in any way. Two or three months elapsed, and one day she saw his name mentioned among the officers who had distinguished themselves at the battle of Borodino, and who were mortally wounded. She fainted, and had a relapse of fever, from which she slowly recovered.

Not long afterward her father died, leaving her the reversion of his whole property. Wealth, however, brought her no consolation; she wept with her mother, and vowed never to leave her. They left their residence at Nenaradof, and took up their abode on another estate. Numerous suitors thronged around the rich and lovely heiress, but to none of them did she vouchsafe the smallest encouragement. Her mother often implored her to choose a husband; but she silently

shook her head. Vladimir was no more : he expired at Moscow on the eve of the day the French entered that city. To Mari his memory seemed sacred : she treasured up the books they had read together, his drawings, and the notes he had written to her—everything that could perpetuate her remembrance of the unhappy young man.

About that time a war, glorious for our country, ended. The triumphant regiments returned from the frontiers, and the people rushed in crowds to greet them. The officers who had set out as mere striplings, came back with stern martial countenance, their brave breasts covered with orders. Time of ineffaceable glory ! How the heart of the Russian then bounded at the name of his country.

A colonel of hussars, named Vourmin, wearing in his button-hole the Cross of St. George, and on his face an interesting paleness, came to spend a few months' leave of absence on his estate, which joined that where Mari was residing. The young girl received him with far more show of favor than she had hitherto bestowed on any of her visitors. They resembled each other in many particulars : both were handsome, pleasing, intellectual, silent, and reserved. There was a species of mystery in the demeanor of Vourmin, which piqued the curiosity and excited the interest of the heiress. He evidently admired her, paid her every possible attention ; why did he never speak of love ? He had acquired a habit of fixing his bright dark eyes on hers, half in reverie, and half with an expression that seemed to declare the approach of a decisive explanation. Already the neighbors spoke of the marriage as a decided business ; and Petrowna rejoiced at the thought that her daughter would at length have a husband worthy of her.

One morning, when the good lady was seated in her drawing-room, Vourmin entered and inquired for Mari.

"She is in the garden," replied Petrowna. "You will find her there, if you wish to see her."

The colonel went out hastily ; and Petrowna, making the sign of the cross, murmured to herself, "God be praised ! I hope everything will be arranged to-day."

Vourmin found his lady-love dressed in white, seated beneath a tree, close by a lake, with a book on her knee, like any

heroine of romance. After the interchange of a few commonplace sentences, Vourmin, with considerable agitation, told her that for a long time he had been desirous of opening his mind to her, and now prayed her to listen to him for a few moments. She closed her book, and cast down her eyes in token of assent.

"I love you !" exclaimed Vourmin—"I love you ardently !"

Mari bent down her head a little more.

"I have committed the imprudence of seeing you, of listening to you, every day." (Mari recollected the first letter of St. Preux.) "Now it is too late to resist my destiny. The memory of your sweet face and gentle voice will form henceforward the joy and the torture of my existence ; but I have a duty to fulfill toward you. I must reveal to you a strange secret, which places between us an insurmountable barrier."

"That barrier," murmured Mari, "has always existed. I could never have become your wife."

"I know," replied Vourmin in a low voice, "that you have loved ; but death, and three years of mourning—dearest Mari, do not take from me my last consolation ; do not deprive me of the happiness of thinking that you might have been mine, if not—"

"Hush !" cried Mari. "Cease, I conjure you ; you pierce me to the heart."

"Yes, I have the consoling thought that you would have been mine. But I am the most unfortunate of men—I am married !"

Mari raised her eyes with a look of amazement.

"I am married," resumed the colonel—"married these four years, and I neither know *who* my wife is, nor *where* she is, nor whether I shall ever meet her."

"What can you mean ? What is the mystery ? But go on, I beg of you ; I will tell you afterward—"

"Here, then," said the colonel, "are the facts. In the year 1812, I was going to Wilna, to join my regiment. I arrived late one evening at a station, and had just given orders to have the horses immediately harnessed, when suddenly there arose a violent snow-storm. The master of the house and the postillion both strongly advised me to defer my journey ; but, tempest or no tempest, I was resolved to push on. The postillion took it into his head

that he could shorten the way by crossing a river whose banks he knew very well. However, he missed the right ford, and brought me to a place which was totally strange to him. The storm continued to rage, but at length we descried a distant light. I hastened toward it, and found myself outside a church, whence the light proceeded. The door was open. Sledges were waiting outside, and several persons were standing in the porch. One of them called to me, 'This way! This way!' I got out of my sledge, and entered the church. One of the people in the porch said:

"In the name of Heaven, what has delayed you? The bride has fainted, and we were all on the point of returning home."

"Half bewildered and half amused, I resolved to follow up the adventure. Indeed, I was allowed no time to deliberate, for my impatient friends hurried me into the interior of the church, which was faintly lit up by two or three torches. A girl was seated on a bench in the shadow, while another standing beside her was rubbing her temples."

"At length," said the latter; "God be praised that you are come! My mistress was near dying."

"An old priest approached, and said, 'Shall we begin?'"

"O, begin by all means, my reverend father!" replied I, giddily.

"They assisted the young girl to rise; she seemed very pretty. Through a levity quite unpardonable, and, as it now seems to me, inconceivable, I advanced beside her to the altar. Her servant and the three men who were present were so much occupied about her that they scarcely glanced at me; besides, the light, as I have said, was very dim, and my head was enveloped in the fur hood of my travelling pelisse."

"In a few moments we were married."

"Embrace each other," said one of the witnesses. My wife turned her pale face toward me. For an instant she gazed as if petrified, then, falling backward, she exclaimed,

"It is not he! It is not he!"

"Out of the church I rushed, before the astounded priest and the bridal party had time to think of arresting my flight. I jumped into the sledge, and soon left all pursuit behind."

"And," said Mari, "did you never ascertain what became of that poor woman?"

"Never. I do not know the name of the village where I was married, nor can I recollect that of the station where I last stopped. At that time, so little importance did I attach to my criminal levity, that, when all danger of pursuit was over, I fell asleep in the sledge, and did not awake until I found myself at another station. The servant whom I had with me was killed in battle, so that every clew seems lost by which I might discover the scene of that folly which I now expiate so dearly."

Mari turned her pale face fully toward him, and seized his hands.

"What!" cried Vourmin, "was it you?"

"Don't you recognize me?"

A long and close embrace was the reply.

DEATH OF THE POET.

"Dead, dead!"

So the old nurse careless said,
Letting fall his lifeless head;
There were shadows round the bed,
But not one mourner for the dead.

Dead, dead.

Fame, fame!

The old clock's ticking just the same,
The ceiling reddens with the flame,
The wind sinks back from whence it came,
Moaning as if in very shame,

Fame, fame.

"Gone to rest!"

Said the nurse, and cross'd her breast,
Groping in the dusty chest,
While the rat squeal'd from its nest,
"Nothing but a threadbare vest,
Verses, verses—all the rest."

Write, write!

He would scribble all the night,
Was it wonder he grew white?
Crazed his brain, and dim his sight,
Scarcely knowing day from night.

Write, write.

"Bread, bread!"

Moan'd the master who is dead,
"Though my pen is heavy lead,
And my lungs this morning bled,
I have children must be fed.

Bread, bread."

Debt, debt!

Money, money! owing yet,
Many nights of wind and wet,
Many weary vigils set,
This is all I ever get.

Debt, debt!

THE LIFE OF A SNAIL.

IN THE NATIONAL for May, one of our correspondents discoursed most learnedly of the Bed-bug. Some fastidious reader, perhaps, turned up his nose at the title of the article, and skipped it, let us say in a whisper, to his own loss. And now, "Can there be anything to interest, amuse, or instruct, connected with the history of a snail?" may, not improbably, be the exclamation, mental or expressed, of many whose eye glances at the heading of this paper. Herein the reader must be left to form his own conclusions; yet we cannot help anticipating a favorable verdict.

As it is customary for the writers of the lives of characters rendered famous by their good or ill deeds, to commence with a detail of circumstances attaching to the earliest period of the existence of their heroes—to their advance from the cradle to boyhood, and thence onward through the stages of their career—so we shall not, in our narrative, depart from this time-honored rule. At the outset, however, it must be confessed that a snail has, so to speak, less of an individual life than a hero; that is, the routine of one snail's life is that of another, which cannot be said of those who figure on the stage of human strife and turmoil. Hence, we must speak of the snail collectively, since what applies to a single individual, setting accidents aside, applies to the whole race.

Let us, then, premise that it is of the garden snail (*Helix aspersa*) that we shall chiefly treat, not without allusion to others, however—as the common belted snail of the hedgerow bank, and the edible snail, originally introduced from Italy into certain spots of our island.

No doubt some of our readers, while turning up the mold of the garden with a spade, have brought to light a cluster of round, pellucid eggs, consisting of some hundreds, each about the size of sparrow-shot, of a clear horny or whitish color, and with a glossy surface. Often has the inquiry been made of us, as to the nature of these singular pellet-like bodies, of which the observer could form no certain conjecture; and great has been his surprise, not untinged with a feeling of vexation, to learn that they were the eggs of that annoyance to the gardener, the snail; for the increase of which, in such multi-

tudes as these egg-hoards promised, they were not prepared. The impossibility of extirpating these pests in the garden was at once appreciated, and the difficulty of keeping them within numerical bounds acknowledged. No wonder at their increase, when each snail lays hundreds of eggs!

It is in the later months of summer that the garden snail sets about the business of egg-laying, and it displays no trifling measure of instinct in its mode of operation. It searches for a convenient spot, under the edge of a stone, amid the crevices of artificial rock-work, about the roots of bushes, under the shelter of old walls, or in out-of-the-way corners where refuse vegetable matter is cast aside; and then, having fixed upon the exact site, it commences its labors. Spreading out its body, so as to extend the space of its foot, or disc, by means of the vermicular working of the muscles, it throws out the soil, so as to heap it up on each side; it thus forms beneath its body a sort of pit or hollow, into which it sinks, and this more and more deeply as the earth is more and more removed from beneath it, until not only the body, but even a portion of the shell is covered. This earth is moistened by the mucous exudation which is abundantly poured out, and thus tempered, serves as a covering for the eggs. When a sufficient depth, perhaps an inch or more, is attained, the eggs are deposited and covered up, the snail, by means of the muscular action of the disc, returning the earth to the spot whence it had been dislodged. When all is over, the snail crawls away, and seeks a place of rest. Old empty flower-pots are favorite places of resort; and there attaching itself, it rests housed in its shell.

The eggs, thus carefully stored, remain during the winter, and even until spring has considerably advanced, without any perceptible alteration. But the genial rains and the warm sun rays soon call into activity the vital germ within. It increases, it moves, and ere long the minute mollusk is already invested with a filmy, fragile, transparent shell, the product of its own secretion. The young now emerge from their prison, and creep about in search of food, and often collect in great numbers on the underside of the leaves of their favorite plants. As yet, and for some time, even after they have considerably increased in size, the shell is very brittle

and thin, especially along the edge of the opening, where it breaks down under the slightest touch. But this accident is of no consequence, for the mischief is soon repaired and the edge advanced. It is, in fact, by this advance of the edge that the shell grows in proportion to the growth of the mollusk.

The garden snail is a choice feeder; it is epicurean, and at the same time voracious in its appetite, and will travel far, though at a leisurely pace, in quest of delicacies. It is fond of succulent vegetables, and, as we can testify, of the cactus; and we have seen fine healthy plants in green-houses seriously disfigured by its ravages. During last winter, a fine cactus kept in a warm room and exposed to the light, attracted our attention by the irregular incisions along the edges of the leaves, (if we may so call them,) as if cut with a pair of scissors. On close examination, we thought we saw marks of a snail's track, and, on searching, found concealed on the plant two small snails, products of the preceding summer, which had effected all the vexatious mischief. These snails had been carried indoors, concealed upon the plant, in the autumn; they revived before their usual time, under the action of warmth and moisture, and commenced their depredations.

Of the fondness of the snail for strawberries, peaches, nectarines, cucumbers, &c., nothing need be said. We may observe, however, that their ravages are carried on chiefly during the night; for during the middle of the day, especially in dry weather, they take their siesta. Those who are acquainted with the habits of snails in a garden, cannot but have observed how numbers are simultaneously attracted toward any delicacy within their powers of attainment. We cannot doubt that the snail is thus directed rather by the sense of smell than of sight; for the sphere of its vision seems very limited. At the same time, we are in ignorance as to the precise organ in which this sense is situated. It may reside in the mouth, conjointly with taste, or be diffused conjointly with feeling over the whole surface of the body; nor, when we consider that some creatures, low in the scale of being, feel light, and yet are insensible to pain, would it be surprising that the aromatic essence of fruits, &c., should in like manner be appreciated.

With regard to sight and taste, we may observe that, in the garden snail and its allies, the two black eyes are seated each on the top of the two larger horns; the two shorter horns being exclusively feelers. These four horns are capable of being drawn within the body in the same inverted manner as the finger of a glove when drawn into its palm; in the same manner, by muscular action, they are protruded and everted. In aquatic snails, the situation of the eyes and the number of the horns are different.

The snail not only tastes, but bites and subdivides its food. Its mouth is placed on the under part of its head, and is provided, on what we may term the palate, with a horny plate, the lower edge of which is free, and extremely sharp, like the edge of a minute chisel. The opposite part, or floor of the mouth, is provided with a small gristly tongue, adapted by its action for transferring the food into the gullet, as the knife of the palate is for cutting into soft fruits worked against it by the action of the lips.

A celebrated writer, the late Mr. Roscoe, of Liverpool, in a humorous little poem for children ("The Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast") says, if our memory fail us not:

"With pace most majestic the snail did advance,
And proffer'd the party a minuet to dance;
But they all laugh'd so loud that he drew in his
head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed."

These lines lead us to consider two points in the history of a garden snail. Its mode of progression and its hibernation.

Snails, and, indeed, all the molluscous tenants of univalve shells, are termed *gastropods*, from two Greek words, meaning creatures whose under surface performs the service of a foot. It is upon its under surface that the slimy snail crawls along. This portion, when the animal is fairly protruded, is flat, and on being examined will be found to consist of a tissue of delicate muscular fibers, regularly arranged, in different directions. It is by the action of these muscles that progression is effected, which, if slow, is steady and persevering; so that the snail, although carrying its house upon its back, gets over more ground than might at first seem possible. The action or working of these muscles bring to mind those of the little

but multitudinous limbs of a millepede, or of the ribs of a snake, and may be easily seen when the animal crawls over a clean pane of glass.

It once happened that a snail, thus traversing the window of a drawing-room, caused the glass so to vibrate as to give out a perceptible musical sound. A lady heard this, and listened; she fancied she had made a discovery; she attributed the music to the snail itself, forgetting that wet fingers can draw out tones from bell-shaped glasses, and actually sent a communication on the musical powers of the snail to one of the scientific journals. It was inserted, with the addition of a series of caustic remarks by the editor, who, instead of kindly pointing out the error of her deduction, and the true cause of the "music," showered upon her a torrent of undeserved sarcasm.

The snail belongs to hibernating creatures. In intertropical regions, the land snail, like the snake and other reptiles, retires and sleeps during the hot, dry season, to revive on the setting in of the rainy months. In our country it retreats, on the approach of winter, to its place of shelter, and there, contracted within its shell, becomes inanimate. Yet, even in our climate, during seasons of drought and heat, the snail seeks refuge, glues up the opening of its shell, and sinks into a torpidity from which the welcome showers restore it.

The mode in which the garden snail prepares for hibernation is very simple. It seeks a sheltered spot, amid stones, timber, or garden pots, in outhouses, under palings, &c. It then attaches its shell by the margin to the chosen surface, having previously moistened it with glue. This done, it spreads a thin drum of the same material over the whole of the opening, which causes a still more secure adhesion. As this hardens, it slightly draws itself back, and spreads over the latter another layer, then another and another, till the membrane is of the requisite thickness. It now draws itself back to the utmost, and remains quiescent till spring, when it moistens the edges of the closing membrane, disengages its previously fixed shell, protrudes itself, and slowly crawls away.

In the edible snail, (*Helix pomatia*), which buries itself in autumn under moss, grass, and dead leaves, making, by means

of its foot, a deep excavation in the ground for the reception of the shell, the process is different. Having completed the excavation, mixing, at the same time, a quantity of mucus (which flows abundantly from its foot) with the turned-up particles of earth, it changes its position so as to place the mouth of the shell uppermost. It then adds the dome or covering, by drawing together particles of earth, similarly tempered, so that the sides and roof of the cell are both smooth and compact. This is a work of time and labor. Continuing in the same position, the foot is now contracted within the shell; but the collar of the mantle is protruded, and secretes a film of thick cream-like mucus across the opening, like a drum. This film soon hardens, or sets like plaster of Paris. In a few hours the animal again contracts, expelling the air into the fore part of the shell. It now forms another layer of mucus, at a little distance beyond the first, and when this has set, it retires still further, and forms another partition, then a third, a fourth, and even a fifth, the intermediate places being filled with air. Thus the edible snail effectually blocks itself up, after a labor of two or three days. This takes place in October. In April the snail revives, and bursts its gates asunder. This is also a gradual process. After pressing open the last-formed barrier, it breathes the air of the chamber, and rests. It then forces the next barrier, and takes in still more air, and so on, till it arrives at the external gate, which is stronger and more calcareous than the others. Here it employs the whole strength of its foot, and the obstruction gives way at its most obtuse angle. It then insinuates the edge of its foot through the breach thus effected. The work is soon finished, and the prisoner is free.

We may here observe that the edible snail is rare in England, and to be found only in a few localities. We have taken it about the lime-pits at Dorking, and have heard that it is plentiful around Horsham in Kent. In our country, snails are not used as food, although they are sometimes taken by delicate or consumptive persons, in consideration of their nutritive qualities. That we should feel any repugnance toward these mollusks, seeing that oysters, whelks, and periwinkles are acceptable, is the more surprising, as on many parts of

the continent the edible species is a common article of diet.

Snails, indeed, formed a favorite dish among the ancient Romans; they were fattened in pens or *cochelarea*, upon meal boiled in new wine, and were thus sometimes brought to an enormous size. *Escargatoires*, or snaileries, for fattening these creatures, are still in use on the continent.

Setting man aside, snails have many natural enemies, by whose operation their numbers are greatly kept under. Their eggs, and even young snails themselves, are eaten by carnivorous insects, among which we may enumerate the larvæ of the glow-worm. Birds also contribute their share in the work; nor is it uninteresting to watch the thrush or blackbird on the lawn, intent upon the extrication of the snail from its shell, ingenuity being conjoined with perseverance. These birds often resort to chosen quiet spots under the shelter of bushes or hedges, to which they convey their captives, and where they leave the empty shells, which in a very short time accumulate into a considerable hoard.

Tranquil and noiseless is the tenor of the snail's existence. It roams abroad, and eats, and lays its eggs during the summer, and heeds not the grumblings of the gardener, nor anticipates the attacks of the birds. Its enjoyments are limited, its desires few and simple, and in the winter even these are suspended, for it is then inert, torpid, and dead to every sensation. If it displays some curious results of an instinctive principle, it is destitute of those qualities which render so many animals attractive. It may exhibit a degree of personal fear and shrink from the touch; but it knows neither anger nor resentment. It indulges in no freaks of playfulness—there is nothing of the kitten in its disposition; but if not playful, it is neither vain, nor proud, nor ambitious. It is a compound of negatives; and herein it is the representative of a class of beings of a very high order, whose life, like that of the snail, is passed in doing little, in thinking less, in forgetfulness of the past, and in carelessness as to the future, provided only that the sordid desires of the present may be gratified, and that without care or trouble. It is only when these are prostrated that they manifest sensitiveness.

BOOKS FOR THE BLIND.

THE invention of printing for the blind marks a new era in the history of literature. The whole credit of this invention, so simple yet so marvelous in its results, belongs to France. It was M. Valentine Haüy who, in 1784, at Paris, produced the first book printed with letters in relief, and soon after proved to the world that children might easily be taught to read with their fingers. It has been said by his biographer that he took his idea of embossed typography from seeing that Mademoiselle Parodis, a blind pianist of Vienna, who visited Paris that year, distinguished the keys of her instrument by the sense of touch, and also readily comprehended the maps in relief which a short time before had been invented by M. Weisembourg of Mannheim. After employing letters of different forms and sizes, and experimenting with the blind, as to the precise shape of the letter that could be the most readily distinguished by the touch, he at length fixed upon a character differing very slightly from the ordinary Roman letter, or perhaps a little approaching *italics*. There was the usual mixture of the upper and lower case, the capitals taking more of the *script* form than the small letters. He submitted his first efforts and experiments to the Academy of Sciences of Paris. A committee was appointed to examine them, and their favorable report on the 18th of February, 1785, rendered his success a triumph. Great *éclat* attended the public announcement of this invention. A new institution was established, called the "Institution Royale des Jeunes Aveugles," and M. Haüy was placed at the head of it. Among the books which he embossed were a grammar, a catechism, and small portions of the Church service, and also several pieces of music. The printing of the music was inferior. The abbreviations which he introduced into his grammar, it has been said, did not afford sufficient advantages to counterbalance their inconvenience. His principal work is entitled, "*Exposé de différends moyens vérifiés par l'expérience pour les mettre en état de lire à l'aide du tact, d'imprimer des livres dans lesquels ils puissent prendre des connaissances de langues, d'histoire, de géographie, de musique, &c.; d'exécuter différends travaux relatifs aux métiers.*" Imprimé par les Enfants Aeu-

gles. Paris, 1786, 4to." This celebrated essay was translated into English by Dr. Blacklock, the blind poet, and in 1793 was published in London with his poems in quarto. On the 26th of December, 1786, twenty-four of M. Haüy's pupils exhibited their attainments in reading, writing, arithmetic, music, and geography, before the king and the royal family at Versailles, who were delighted with the wonderful results. For a while all went on prosperously, but M. Haüy's friends soon began to give him credit for zeal rather than discretion in the management of his institution, and, consequently, as the novelty wore away, their admiration cooled, the funds fell off, and the institution languished, until it was put upon a government foundation. The blind really received but little advantage from an invention that at first promised so much. The fault, however, seems to have been not so much in the plan, as in the execution of it. The books were bulky and expensive, and the letters, though beautiful to the eye and clearly embossed, wanted that sharpness and permanence so essential to perfect tangibility; besides that, though the letters filled three spaces, they were too small to be well adapted to the sense of touch. Large editions of the few books printed were published, the idea having taken a strong hold of the public mind; so that, though the evil was soon perceived, it was not easy to abandon the defective alphabet and assume a better, for that step involved a sacrifice of all the previous labor. Hence this noble invention, except, perhaps, within the walls of the institution, soon sank into oblivion, and very little more was heard of it until 1814, when Haüy, having fallen into disrepute, was pensioned off on two thousand francs a year, and Dr. Guillié, an active and enterprising gentleman, was made "Directeur-Général" in his place. Dr. Guillié soon revived the printing, and having considerably modified the letters, commenced the publication of a series of elementary and other works. The mechanical execution of these volumes was exceedingly heavy. Most of them were ponderous folios, and very expensive; still they formed for many years almost the only literature of the blind, not alone in France, but in other countries.

"L'Institut des Jeunes Aveugles de Paris," since its foundation in 1784, has at times been in a deplorable condition, but

about the year 1840 it underwent a thorough re-organization, and is now, under the able management of M. Dufau, justly entitled to the front rank of institutions of this class in Europe, from its usefulness no less than its age. A radical reform in the printing department has been made: M. Dufau has devised a system of types consisting of capitals and lower case Roman letters, and has greatly improved the character of the embossing. The French books are now well embossed—sharp, clear, and durable. They have also been so much reduced in bulk that they are offered at a moderate price. M. Dufau has proposed to print a *standard library* for the blind, to consist of ten volumes, in quarto, for elementary instruction, and ten volumes for higher instruction. The first series is nearly completed. The second series of this library, not yet printed, it is to be hoped will soon follow.

At Vienna, an institution for the blind was established in 1804, but we are not aware of any printing having been executed in Austria before the year 1830 or 1831. About this date the intelligent publishers Treusinsky, of Vienna, embossed sheets with the Lord's Prayer in various languages, in Roman letters, and afterward printed works for elementary instruction. The subject has been recently taken up by the Imperial printing-office, and several volumes have been published.

In 1806, M. Haüy was invited to establish institutions for the blind at Berlin and St. Petersburg. His system of instruction was adopted in each of these institutions, and the books used were for a considerable time supplied from the press of Paris. Both of these institutions, in a pecuniary point of view, were unsuccessful to M. Haüy, and in 1808 he returned to Paris, and for a while resided in quiet with his brother, the celebrated Abbé Haüy.

It was in Great Britain and in the United States that the first improvements were made in embossed typography; and only within the last fifteen years that the blind generally have derived any considerable advantages from books. Before 1826, when Mr. James Gall, of Edinburgh, first began to turn his attention to the intellectual and moral education of the blind, it is believed that not a single blind person in any public institution of England or America could read by means of embossed characters. To Mr. Gall is due the credit

of reviving this art. With the most commendable zeal, patience, and perseverance, he canvassed the form of every letter, until at length he adopted his angular alphabet. He seems, from his own "Historical Sketch of the Origin and Progress of the Literature of the Blind. Edinburgh, 1834, 8vo, pp. 388," to have experimented long and patiently with a great variety of *arbitrary* and Roman alphabets, with the view of finding one sufficiently simple and tangible for finger-reading. On the 28th of September, 1827, he published "A First Book for teaching the Art of Reading to the Blind; with a short statement of the Principles of the Art of Printing as here applied to the Sense of Touch." This is believed to be the first book printed for the blind in the English language. It is a small oblong octavo volume, of nine pages, price sixpence, with four preliminary leaves, in which the author sets forth his "principles." The embossing is in high relief, and though it presents rather a rude appearance, from the fact of its having been printed from wooden types, yet it soon rendered the practicability of reading by the blind a matter of experience in Great Britain. Mr. Gall then issued sheets printed by metallic type, which were easily read by the pupils in the Asylum at Edinburgh. Encouraged by his success, in March, 1828, he issued his prospectus for the publication, by subscription, of the "Gospel by St. John;" but it was not until about the middle of 1829 that he perfected his alphabet to his own satisfaction. He tried three different fonts of type: first, the *double English* size; second, the *double pica*; and third, the *great primer*; and, after printing and canceling sheets in each of these three fonts, he at length, in January, 1832, finished the printing of his great work. The blind must ever feel indebted to Mr. Gall for the zeal and honest endeavor which he displayed in accomplishing what he thought would most benefit this unfortunate class. Notwithstanding the last sheet of his work was printed in January, 1832, yet it was not till October, 1834, that he was enabled to publish it. It is entitled, "The Gospel by St. John, for the Blind: with an Introduction, containing some Historical Notices regarding the Origin of a tangible Literature for their Use." The introduction, in common type, comprises eighteen pages. The text, in

embossed characters, consists of a hundred and forty-one pages, with twenty-seven lines on a page of seventy square inches. The leaves are not pasted together. The subscription price of the volume was one guinea, but it was subsequently sold for 6s. Gall was very sanguine of the entire success of his noble enterprise, and probably, had he chosen a less angular character, and one a little more resembling our common alphabet, as he has since done, he would soon have seen his books used in every institution in the country. His alphabet was the chief objection raised to his system. His printing was clear, sharp, and permanent, and his books in every respect were a great improvement on Haüy's and Guillié's. He published five or six other little elementary books in 1834, at the time he issued his chief work; but his system seems not to have come into extensive use. It is to Mr. Gall, perhaps, more than to any other man, that the interest in the education of the blind was awakened throughout Great Britain and America. Nor has he allowed his exertions to flag. In 1837 he published "The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Ephesians, printed for the Blind, on the largest type." The shape of the characters is similar to that upon which the "Gospel of St. John" was printed, but, instead of being smooth, the letters are fretted or serrated. It is a small octavo volume of seventy-two pages, seventeen lines to a page; two hundred and fifty copies were printed, at the price of 1s. 6d. It is printed in the lower case letters, without capitals. The "Epistle to the Philippians" was also printed, in octavo, price 1s. 6d. The following year he again modified and improved his alphabet by bringing it back to a still greater resemblance to the common alphabet; but, unfortunately, he yielded to the suggestion of the Society of Arts at Edinburgh, and introduced the use of capital letters at the beginning of sentences and proper names. His next book was "The Gospel according to St. Luke, printed on the common alphabet, for the use of the Blind, and capable of being read by any blind person. Printed for the British and Foreign Bible Society, London, 1838." This is a well-printed volume of one hundred and fifty-eight pages, twenty-eight lines on a page of seventy square inches, price 5s. The same year "The Acts of the Apostles" was printed, in the

same serrated letter, in one hundred and fifty pages, price 5s. Besides these books, Mr. Gall printed a series of tracts for the blind for the London Tract Society, in 1837, price 6d. each. It is a matter of surprise that these excellent and well-printed books of Mr. Gall are not more generally used. With the exception of the school at Abbey Hill, Edinburgh, it is believed that they are adopted by no public institution in Great Britain. It is still a question if the roughness of the serrated character possesses any advantage over the smooth, sharp embossing. Old and used books are frequently preferred by the blind to new and fresh ones.

While Mr. Gall was thus engaged at Edinburgh, the Rev. Mr. Taylor, of York, displayed an intelligent and active interest in the education of the blind. In 1828 he published the "Diagrams of Euclid's Elements of Geometry," in embossed or tangible form, in 8vo. This was done on Bristol board, but was found too expensive. His mode of embossing, we believe, was forcing the paper, by means of heavy pressure, into the deep cut lines of a copper plate. It was not successful. He published also a map of England and Wales. In 1836 he printed, in raised characters, "Selections of Psalm Tunes and Chants," in oblong 4to. Also a short history of "Elijah the Prophet," and of "Naaman the Syrian," and the "History of Joseph."

The efforts of Mr. Alexander Hay, in the cause of embossed typography, deserve mention, although a failure. He devised an alphabet of twenty-six arbitrary characters, which by certain combinations could represent the abbreviations and double letters; so that in all he had fifty-eight characters. He procured types and other printing apparatus, and in 1828 or 1829 issued a prospectus for publishing the "Gospel of St. Matthew," at 7s. 6d. The book was never published.

The public interest in the blind became so great, that in 1832 the Society of Arts of Edinburgh offered a gold medal of the value of £20, "for the best communication on a method of printing for the blind;" and the result was, that between the 9th of January, 1832, and the 25th of February, 1835, nineteen different alphabets were submitted, of which sixteen were in a purely arbitrary character. The grand problem was to produce an alphabet that would unite cheapness and legibility.

While the puzzling question of an alphabet best adapted both to the fingers of the blind and the eyes of their friends, was under warm discussion in Europe, Dr. Howe was developing his system. In 1833 the Perkins Institution for the Blind was established at Boston, and Dr. S. G. Howe, a gentleman distinguished through a long series of years for his philanthropic labors, was placed at its head. As Mr. Gall had done, Dr. Howe took Haüy's invention as the basis of his system, and soon made those improvements and modifications which have rendered the Boston press so famous. He adopted the common Roman letter of the lower case. His first aim was to compress the letter into a comparatively compact and cheap form. This he accomplished by cutting off all the flourishes and points about the letters, and reducing them to the minimum size and elevation which could be distinguished by the generality of the blind. He so managed the letters that they occupied but a little more than one space and a half instead of three. A few of the circular letters were modified into angular shapes, yet preserving the original forms sufficiently to be easily read by all. So great was this reduction, that the entire New Testament, which, according to Haüy's type, would have filled nine volumes, and cost \$100, could be printed in two volumes for \$5. Early in the summer of 1834 he published the "Acts of the Apostles." Indeed, such rapid progress did he make in his enterprise, that by the end of 1835 he printed in relief the whole of the New Testament for the first time in any language, in four handsome small quarto volumes, comprising six hundred and twenty-four pages, for four dollars. These were published altogether in 1836. The alphabet thus contrived by Dr. Howe in 1833, it appears, has never since been changed. It was immediately adopted, and subsequently became extensively and almost exclusively used by the seven principal public institutions throughout the country. It is now the only system taught or tolerated in the United States, and deserves only to be better known in Great Britain and elsewhere, to be appreciated. In this country, seventeen of the states have made provision for the education of their blind, and as universal education is the policy of the country, as well as its proudest boast, these books for the blind soon became in

great demand. Dr. Howe some time since proposed a library for the blind, and with a view of increasing the number of books as rapidly as possible, arrangements have been made between the several institutions and presses to exchange books with each other, and not to print any work already belonging to the library of the blind.

About the same time that the Perkins Institution was established at Boston, another was commenced in Philadelphia, under the direction of Mr. J. R. Friedlander. To this gentleman the blind owe much for the Philadelphia contributions to their literature. To the American Bible Society, also, at New-York, much praise is due for their commendable efforts in the circulation of the Holy Scriptures among the blind.

THE SEA-FLOOD—A LEGEND OF THE NORTH.

THERE is a spot on the northern coast of Great Britain, where the billows of the broad Moray Frith roll their whitened ridges on a long line of dreary sand. This tract extends for miles, as it would appear, and far inland, till the prospect is lost among the bare heathy swells that rise beyond, and close, with their unshapely heights, the distant horizon. I have been told that once the surges of the ocean ran to the very edge of this heath-clad expanse; and still may be seen, in their desolate solitude, the ruins of ancient cots that fishermen had inhabited, now far from the sounding beach, and standing out like specters of the past, but once, no doubt, having the ripple of the sunlit waves rushing to their very threshold. Here there has been dark and wild fluctuation. Tales are told of the great tides rolling, as if borne in from the utmost polar verge, and overwhelming great tracts of country in their mighty flood. Miles, thus wasted, became the bed of ocean; till, at another era, the turbulent surges would give back, and leave the tracts they had overwhelmed as suddenly, a dreary waste of sand. Thus it had been with the spot in question. It was now the home of desolation, and had its traditions of two periods of change—that when first the waves had broken loose, and raged in a vast sea over a hitherto

peopled district, and that in which the spoiling element had given up its prey, after having marked it for a howling, uninhabitable shore.

Of the former of these periods there is a tale of some interest related, in which it is asserted that a green and fertile coast extended out as far as the present sea-margin at least; and that, on the beach, there was a fishing hamlet, called Garvoch, consisting of about a dozen huts. This colony had been perched here from immemorial time; but, latterly, vague alarms had arisen that the great sea, which the amphibious hamleteers had so often taken by the mane, was moving awfully in his deep caverns, and was about to send out a swell that would flood the country to the base of the nearest hills. No one could tell whence this vague rumor had arisen: some supposed it was in the feigned prophecy of a weird native, who had passed nearly a century there in listening to the mysterious voices of the ocean; others conceived, with greater likelihood, that certain irruptions already made at a point to the eastward, and plain indications of encroachments nearer at hand, had given ground for the whisper of alarm. However that may be, it is certain Garvoch became gradually deserted; one after another of the old tribe of fishermen left the foredoomed place, and the cots, that had sheltered their hardy race for generations, began to fall into rapid and melancholy ruin. Tangled grass and weeds grew round them; moss stains fell upon the rocks where the nets had been hung to dry in the sun; and the echoes that had once been invoked by the fisherman's song or the chime of his busy toil, were now wakened only by the wailing of the sea-bird, as it sailed over the broad bosom of the frith.

One hut, amid all this ruin and solitude, continued to send up from its little wooden chimney the curling blue vapor, that told it still was tenanted. The occupant was the last of his race, as truly he might be called, by name Peter Erickson. He was descended from a long line of fishers, and was presumed, indeed, to have the blood of the old Scandinavian Erlkings in his veins. His life, like the lives of his forefathers, had been spent on the wild northern seas. At the period of which I write he was advanced in years, but still hale and ruddy in his

aspect, and every muscle, as it seemed, trained and vehement as whipcord. His hair was of silvery whiteness, and streamed in long locks round his broad, open features; his eyes, piercing blue, could yet range the horizon undimmed. Habited in his fishing integuments, he presented no mean idea of that daring old race, who made the northern main at its wildest but their pillow, and who eagerly coveted to sink into its bosom as their last bed of repose. That Peter should abandon his time-honored roof—that he should be terrified by the phantom that had scared all his neighbors from the place—that he should fear, in any shape, the green billows that had daily rocked him from infancy till now, was not for a moment to be supposed. When every other tumbling roof-tree was deserted, therefore, Peter clung obstinately to his, and avowed that, even if the sea-ripples should murmur above his grave, it would be the dirge that would soonest soothe his spirit; he coveted no other burial than beneath the waves.

He was left, then, to his weary solitude; but yet that solitude was shared by one other, his only child Katie. Her beauty has been heard of, in the traditions of these coasts, as something little less than marvelous. She was small in stature, but of proportions just and exquisite, as if she had come from the hand of that sculptor whose fame so ennobles elder Greece. The light on her fair countenance was like a gleam of golden sunshine. Her blue eyes, soft and deep, told of her descent from the old Norse race; and these were matched by the long, waving tresses of light sunny brown that fell about her throat. The sun and the sea-breeze had given a tint to her skin; but this only added a freshened glow to its loveliness. The whispering wavelet, as it kissed the sand, was not lighter than the spring of her airy step, and its clear music fell short in sweetness of the music that was heard from Katie's voice and laugh. Beyond Peter's old cabin, his coble, and his lug-sailed barge, she was his sole treasure on earth; and beyond the tending of his silver hairs, the industry required in their humble dwelling, and occasionally, it might be, the sale of a few fish at the little market town of P——, Katie had no other care or pleasure.

Katie was now seventeen, and beginning to bud into the charms of woman-

hood. It was a strange, wild life this ancient fisherman and his daughter led—perched upon the beach then, it might be, in the dark howling blasts that racked the winter nights, and sent sheets of spray hissing over their cabin; or, it might be, in the still, sunny days of summer, when the azure heavens were without a cloud, the calm, slumbering sea stretching away northward, till sky and waters met and mingled, and leftward, the blue masses of the far-off hills seen as if floating on the waves. But Katie never felt weary; even if her parent was for days absent on the deep seas, she never knew the hush of terror; her spirit was fearless as it was innocent and simple; and as she sat by the little lamp she kept burning like a star at the open window, as the beacon that should guide her father through the murky night, she cowered not for the hoarse music of the billows; but in every swell dreamed of hearing the voices of the stern Vikingr, whose spirits she could not help thinking were yet ranging on their ancient tracks. Her father, indeed, often, when the blast was at its highest, made the cabin ring with their rude sea-songs; and would startle the imagination of the awed and wondering girl with the tales of their daring, their stern, unbending virtues, and the mystic lore of their bards and heroes.

A few paces to the right of the ruined hamlet a small creek was formed by a mountain stream issuing there into the sea. Peter used to bring in his craft, and in this haven moor them in security, and without the need of much personal exertion. It was Katie's wont, when she had note of her father's return, to speed hither with all the vivacity and glee of her simple love; and it was a touching spectacle, when the great rugged fisherman leaped on the yellow sand, to see him clasp the gentle little girl within his arms, and kiss her sweet face a score of times, at least, in succession. This had occurred many times without further incident; but at last, after a year of their solitude had passed, Katie, on hastening one sunny afternoon to the creek, found, to her exceeding surprise, that, for the first time, there was a stranger with her father in the little boat. He was a young gentleman of so handsome an exterior, so pale and comely a face, so full, dark-flashing an eye, and hair so richly curling beneath

his cap, that Katie stopped, at first, in sheer admiration. Then, as her father leaped out, and the stranger followed, she hung back in deep bashfulness, and the blood rose richly to her forehead. She heard them talk; but she knew not clearly what was said. The youth was mentioned by her father as Mr. Arthur Trower; but this only increased poor Katie's confusion, for the only one of that name she had ever heard of was a nobleman, whose great castle was situated about four miles in the interior, and had been the awful object of her contemplation on more than one occasion. When the stranger spoke then, she could reply only at random, and hardly above a whispered tone; and when she raised her look timidly to his face, it fast sunk again, for he had fixed on her an ardent gaze.

He accompanied them to the little cot, and appeared to have acquired over old Peter the influence of an open, frank, joyous manner, a hearty laugh, quick wit, and the kindest humor. It made Katie marvel to listen to his rich musical voice—nay, to hear him sing, as the evening advanced, such songs as made the heart beat and the eyes overflow. His talk about far-off places, also, could not but charm her simple fancy; and not less did his deep lustrous glance gain a mysterious influence, the readiness with which he joined their simple board, and the mirth with which he inspired his old Triton host. Even, at length, Katie lost somewhat of her shyness, and was tempted to ask such questions as an untaught maiden might suggest. It was not the least of his triumph that his answers spoke to her heart as well as her ear. But at length, late in the night, he arose to depart.

"I am here only for the vacation, as we call it," said he. "I have to return to Oxford again in the end of the season; but, in the mean time, I shall have a couple of months, and I mean we shall be constant and almost daily friends. My father, Lord Trower, has a great many guests coming north, but I shall easily escape them." And with this remark, he took Katie's little hand, gently and gracefully carried it to his lips, wrung old Peter's horny fist, and was off, with a light step, to pursue his way over the dreary moor.

That evening, as Katie read the chap-

ter from the large Bible, (as was her pious wont,) while Peter drew on his furred nightcap, and smoked his ancient pipe by the low hearth, she could not, alas! command her thoughts from a guilty wandering on the track of the dark-haired stranger; and when she laid her head on what had hitherto been the pillow of calm and innocent thought, it was to dream of the pale, noble face, and the pressure of those lips of gentleness. She was restless and thoughtful again when day dawned, and often was she, half-unconsciously, at the gable of the cot, shading her eyes from the sun, as she gazed across the moor, and wished for the apparition of the slight, bounding figure of her father's guest. At length, in the evening, he did come, and nervously did she flutter as she heard his voice at the threshold, and deeply did she blush, as, whispering apart from her father, he first called her by her name, and expressed his happiness in returning to her side. He from that night became Peter's pupil in the construction of nets and other mysteries; and day after day was he at the little cabin, his ardor unabated, and his welcome happier than even at the first. It was a dangerous charm for poor Katie. Her old peace had utterly departed; she gazed often with an absent and deeply-clouded eye, her bosom heaved with many a long-drawn breath, and a changing color often stole across her cheek. Peter at length could not shut his eyes to these tokens. It occurred to him, after many hours of deep pondering, what might be his daughter's peril. His strong heart beat vehemently at the flashing thought, but it might not yet be too late: he would, without delay, rescue her from temptation.

Accordingly, frankness being the chief trait in his composition, next day, when Arthur Trower was half-way between his father's castle and Garvoch, Peter met him in the path, and, causing him to sit down upon a knoll, honestly opened to him his mind. Arthur was generous and noble in his nature; and the deep distress of that old father's eye, the tones of anguish in which his love for his child found utterance, the trouble and the beads of sweat upon his storm-beaten brow, all resistlessly appealed to a heart that gave instant response. He grasped Peter's hand with a warm pressure, gave him the sacred promise that he would not visit

Garvoch again, and, with heartfelt regrets, both parted to go back on their several ways. Peter's heart was much lightened. Nevertheless, he watched Katie with keenness for the next few days. He ceased to mention Arthur's name in her presence, after telling her he had suddenly departed for England. At this the poor girl's heart sank, and to her father's eye a shade of pallor began, day by day, to be seen marking the fair cheek, and the brilliant light of the large eye was downcast and dimmed. The vivacity of step, the lightness of the laugh, the mirth of the song, was likewise gone. Everything was silently done, and Katie's greeting was as warm and soft as ever; but, how it was he could not specially define, there seemed to be a ray of sunshine lost, a charm about the little cabin wholly gone. However, he trusted in the infallible cure of time; and in this confidence returned cheerily to his toils, for the winter was fast approaching.

A fortnight had nearly passed since Arthur Trower's last visit, and Katie, left alone, was cheerless and weary enough. Many a long sigh made her gentle bosom heave; and if she opened her lips to chant a song, it was the saddest melody that first arose, and was breathed from her tongue. She was no whit suspicious that any extraordinary cause had made Arthur's visits cease; she only loved to dwell upon the moment when his approaching step would ring on her ear, and to think that he was many long miles from their dreary home, and would never turn a thought on the lot of the cabin girl. It was a day of clear sunshine; and that she might see her father's boat afar on its return, she was seated on the stone bench at the cottage gable, weaving the tissues of a net, and her head sadly drooping, when, all at once, a shadow came between her and the sunshine; she heard a heavy footfall on the sod, and, looking up, beheld Arthur Trower, mounted on a steed of glossy black. He had in a moment leaped down, fastened the reins to the wall, and half inclosed her in a warm embrace. How poor Katie blushed and fluttered, and was half alarmed, and knew not how to find her tongue!

Arthur seated himself by her side, and took her little hand. He had a great deal to pour into her ear, as he sought to pierce the depths of her blue eyes with

his gaze. He told her of his sadness while absent for so long a time, the misery it caused him to withstand the temptation again to visit her, and how at last he had yielded to what could no longer be resisted. Twice had he come to the brow of the hill that overlooked the shore, and as often had his courage faltered, and he had gone back. But this time he had watched her father's receding sail, and seized the chance.

"And why not come when my father would be here to give you welcome?" inquired the maiden, manifesting some surprise.

"Because," replied Arthur, as a blush rose upon his face, "he would reproach me with acting falsely. He took from me a pledge that I would never more visit his roof, that I would never more see you or him. And why? you think, dearest Katie. Why, because he feared I might love you. I gave the promise, but I had not then learned that I loved you, indeed, and far too dearly to sacrifice you thus for a word. I did, indeed, strive earnestly against the thought, for I was bound to make an effort that my word be kept; but, Katie, who can tell the torment I have suffered, and who can wonder if at last I gave way, and risked everything again to see you thus? You know now why it is that, in your father's presence, I would not be a welcome guest."

Katie put one hand upon her brow, for she felt her thoughts somewhat confused. The impetuous youth at her side gave her, however, no time to think.

"I love Katie more dearly than my own existence," said he, drawing her close in his embrace; "but fearful am I that you heed not one who has known you so briefly. Is it so, sweet girl? I will make any sacrifice for your sake; you are to me richer in beauty and in graces than the fairest dames I have seen in my father's halls; and whisper but the word, and one day you shall be queen among them. Even thus do I love you, Katie. Tell me, darling, if you have thought of me in my absence, and if I may think to win your love."

And with such pleading wiles did he win from the simple maiden the story of her heart's misgivings, its vacant wanderings, and its longings for his presence. Her innocence had loved unconsciously

and deeply. As she yielded for the first time to breathe the name of Arthur in his ear, and confess that he was dear to every beating of her breast, he clasped her fervently, and pressed her lips with kisses. And this he did without unholy thought. His language was the utterance of sincerity, his love pure as the maiden's simple trust. Hour after hour flew on wings of light, while thus they sat, till at last the falling shadows reminded Arthur of the approach of evening, and the chance that Peter's sail might be near. He promised then a visit on an early day, and, springing lightly to his saddle, he waved a gallant adieu, and rode off at a gallop across the moor. Katie stood watching his handsome figure as it rapidly lessened in the distance, till she saw him doff his cap in a last farewell, and vanish round a heathy swell. With flushed cheek she then hurried to overtake her household duties. While in the midst of these, her father's call sounded from the shore; she dropped an earthenware platter into twenty pieces at her feet, and stood still, with a loudly-beating heart; for the first time she feared that voice and her father's step. Hastening away, nevertheless, she met him as he stepped ashore. She dared not meet his eye, and her fluttering confusion otherwise did not escape his notice. This was even the case, while his own aspect was pale and haggard, and, for the first time in a long life of health and hardship, he appeared laboring under illness. His heaviness of gait also appealed to the eye, but poor Katie observed it not. In silence they proceeded to the cabin. Peter dared not question his hitherto open and guileless girl, and dreadful was the pang with which he divined, as by instinct, the reason of her altered demeanor—the more dreadful that, fearing to inspire a lack of confidence between two souls hitherto open to each other as daylight, he dared not give his suspicion utterance. It was noticeable, however, that, as he hung up his net upon the gable of the cot, his eye caught the cuts of a horse's hoof in the turf, and where the animal had pawed the ground. As this confirmation flashed upon him, he groaned aloud. Katie heard, and, fearfully running out, threw her arms about his neck. He took her in his embrace, gazed sorrowfully and without speaking, in reply to her anxious

questions, till her eyes sank, abashed and affrighted; and then, putting her gently away from him, he entered his home in silence. Katie trembled at the shadow of she knew not what. Peter ate his meal in silence; by the side of the iron lamp he sat all the evening, moody and thoughtful, his eyes fixed on the peat embers, or glancing covertly at his humbled and tearful daughter; and when the hour of devotion came, he took the Bible out of Katie's hands, and, instead of hearing its sublime lessons from her simple lips, he undid the clasp with solemnity, and was himself the reader.

Having finished this task, he arose from his seat, and seemed as if about to address his daughter, when, all at once, a thrill made his frame shudder, and he fell to the floor, heavily as a stone. Katie shrieked in terror; but, finding resources in the very instinct of her love, she undid his neckcloth, rubbed and bathed his temples, and made use of what other simple remedies she could, in the awful moment. By dint of her own little strength, she was able partially to raise her parent; and as he seemed not totally insensible or devoid of power, he began gradually to afford some aid of himself, and thus did she succeed in laying him upon his couch. She was horrified to behold his ghastly countenance, the eyes closed as in death, on one side the muscles hideously drawn down, and his tongue muttering, without being able to syllable a completed word. She had heard of palsy, and its awful monitions; and when she could gather up her thoughts after the first shock, and sit down to tend her father's heavy slumbering, she began to think that she was gazing on the mysterious disease. Hour after hour passed, and still he lay breathing heavily, until, at length, the morning light broke in upon the wretched maiden, and, offering up a prayer to God, she assumed her plaid, and departed across the moor to the town of P—, where alone medical aid could be procured. As she wandered into the village in the early morning, pallid and worn, and the dew streaming down her disheveled hair, the few inhabitants she met gazed after her in pity, and shook their heads. But, at last, she found a sense of exquisite relief, when she had gained the surgeon's door, and he had heard her tale. Then it was her pent emotions found relief in a flood

of tears. He was a man of benevolence; and, having ordered a light-cart, he gave the poor girl a refreshing draught, and then, placing her by his side, drove away rapidly to Garvoch. Arrived there, his aspect was serious when first he beheld Peter's condition; but, cheerfully bidding Katie be of courage, he tasked all his remedies, and a few hours witnessed a manifest improvement in the patient's state.

Faithfully did Katie watch by her parent's couch, day after day, hardly even allowing her own wearied senses a few hours' slumber. As she became used to looking on the helpless aspect of his terrible disease, she acquired patient thought, and the resources as of one who had striven long with the world's troubles. Then, too, knitting by his couch, while he lay breathing heavily, and hardly otherwise evincing life, her thoughts could not but wander sometimes after Arthur Trower's image. She surmised many things regarding his absence, and yet she feared to think his shadow might again unexpectedly darken the threshold; for, in some mysterious way, she could not but connect her father's heavy calamity with her guilty act of disobedience, and she dreaded what, on another such act, an angry heaven might not send. She grew restless, notwithstanding, and longed wearily to hear but a single intimation of her noble lover. Could it be that he had heard aught of this heavy distress? If so, then, she felt assured, he would have been at the cabin without an hour's delay. He had either then gone far to the south, according to his purpose, or there were attractions in his father's halls that kept him from thinking of the poor, forlorn maiden by the sea-shore. If either supposition be correct, what hope was there for Katie's happiness? Day by day did she anxiously look and long for the apparition of the jet-black steed and the gallant youth; but he never came; and her heart at length died in despondency within her. More than ever devoted to her parent, however, there was nothing outwardly that indicated the ceaseless gnawing at her heart, but the pallid aspect, the unbidden tear brushed from her cheek, and the long, deep-fetched sigh. Peter had wakened into gradual consciousness; by signs he could converse with his daughter; he could follow her with obvious clearness,

as she read the page of inspiration; and by every token, although his faculties had much decayed, still had his faith and hope brightened, and the spirit within him was at rest. Many simple, fervent prayers did poor Katie breathe in the intervals of her troubled throng of emotions; and for a season would she rest, as it were, comforted by the eye of heaven and the tempter gone; but again would that tempter's whisper rise, and, hastening from her father's side, she would seek her own little chamber, and weep out the sorrows of her breaking heart.

Thus had several weeks passed away; and it was now early in January. She recollected that Arthur had promised a visit to Scotland at this season, during what he called the Christmas holidays; and, spite of all her watching, her heart beat often to think, that now, perhaps, he was within a few miles' distance, and haply every morning would bring the ringing step of his horse to the cottage-door. Day after day, however, passed, night fell, and still no step was heard; and again the hopes excited within Katie's breast sank and died. Never had Arthur's image risen more vividly, never had she so freshly remembered his embrace, the sweet smile of his lips, his gentle kiss, and his beaming glance! If now he should not come, she felt that she might never more look upon his face, and that all the world henceforth would be to her a wretched blank. On her sleepless pallet, night after night, did she thus endure a weary struggle, till at last, in her despair, the fearful suggestion pierced her maiden heart, that haply she might seek Arthur's home, if he had forgotten how he might find the path to hers. It was a wild fancy, and she hastened to destroy it; but it had entered once, and the more she strove to forget, and treat it with abhorrence, the more pertinaciously did it return and cleave to her. At last, what seemed a happy thought of compromise dawned upon her. She remembered once, in the little church of P—, having seen Lord Trower in his great rich pew, and now did she think that, if she ventured thither on the ensuing Sabbath day, Arthur might be there. When the hallowed morn came, then, she intimated to her father, though with face turned away, that she would leave him for a few hours, while she should be absent at the church, where for so many weeks her

foot had been a stranger. Eagerly, then, robing her beautiful form in its simple finery, she took the hill-path. She was early at church; and, entering the empty house, she sought the deep retreat of a place where, while concealed herself, she might command Lord Trower's richly-decked pew. The worshipers presently began to enter; every footstep on the gallery stair caused her bosom to throb, and the blood to rush to her face, and then flow violently back to her heart. But the service began, and still the great pew remained empty. By degrees her tortured thoughts were calming in dejection, when at length, however, the doors opened again, thronging steps mounted the stair, and Katie's eyes and head swam in giddiness, as she beheld, first, the tall, princely figure of the white-haired Lord Trower enter, then a succession of fair and noble dames—and, yes! there, last, came the handsome Arthur, bright in his youthful beauty, and his eye beaming with its own splendid luster. How poor Katie shrank away more deeply into shadow, and yet how she gazed on that unconscious face! Alas! what was she, compared with these girls of beauty and nobility who were ranged beside him! what was her madness, in thinking that she could for a moment dwell in his thoughts! As thus she mourned bitterly, the crowd of emotion within her was such, that she feared every instant her reeling senses might leave her. But the service closed; the doors were flung open, and the congregation rapidly dispersed. The rush of cold fresh air revived her, and, one of the last, she arose to depart also. But she feared to meet Arthur in the crowd, and, raising her eyes, she beheld the noble occupants within their pew still. She paused then another minute, that they might have time to depart. But shame and terror arose, when, looking round, she saw that all others were gone—among the empty pews below she was alone. How, then, could she longer stay? She was reduced to desperation; and, rising and creeping under the shadow, she won the open door; but here again she trembled in dismay, for she heard Lord Trower's voice, as he descended the stair, and the others followed. His carriage and several saddled horses were drawn up before the door. She paused in an agony of terror; then, wound up through despair, she rushed

through the open doorway. Ere she could make her way beyond the grooms and horses, however, the party behind were close on her steps, and as, unable to resist, she looked back, Arthur's eyes flashed on hers in the moment of his vaulting to his saddle. Next instant, to her terrified imagination, she heard his horse's foot-step close at her side; this winged her with a crowning alarm; and, darting through the gate, she passed the half dispersed and wondering crowd without, at a running pace; and turning instinctively down a hidden path, she halted not, till far away and in solitude she stopped to still the heavings of her breast, and weep over her shame.

All that night was one, indeed, of grievous self-torture. She shunned the glance of her poor father's eye, that she might sit away as much in solitude as possible, and there brood on what had happened. Many times did she beat her breast, as she thought how unlike was this to the simple innocence of former times; and much was she harassed with self-reproach, as she looked at her helpless parent, and asked if she had not verily sinned against him and against Heaven, that she should so have yielded to temptation? Pale and shivering, as if a cold wind shook her, she sat, with her head bowed upon her knees, and thus bitterly lamenting her departed peace. She sought to pray, but the words refused to come, and her heart was willfully rebellious. The imprint of Arthur's face, freshened and deepened, was there, and, in despite of every effort, did she dwell upon its fatal charm. It had not been expressive of aversion, or of cold disdain. She dreamed wildly that, in its surprise, there was the flash of eager, tender recollection. She was not then forgot! And was he forever to depart, without more than that transient glance exchanged between them? O, that she could but once more touch his hand or see his face! Shamed as she was, this wish of perverse love importuned her ceaselessly. All night, as she tossed upon her couch, it was whispering its temptation; when she slept for a few minutes, it suggested her dreams; and with the rising dawn, it conjured her to make haste while the opportunity was hers. Arthur might that very day take his departure southward, and her eyes might never see his face again. She wept copiously, and moaned aloud, that this temptation might

pass from her, or that her strength might overcome it; but, alas! it was unavailing that thus she struggled. From her pallet she arose, under the desperate influence, resolved once again to see Arthur, if haply her peace might not be forever parted and crushed.

As hour after hour passed away, she found her courage quailing. Nervous, and almost hysterical, it was a hard thing, she felt, to abandon her helpless father. But then a treacherous whisper came to her aid, suggesting that Trower Castle was not more than a few miles across the heath; a couple of hours would suffice for her absence. The day was wild, dark, and blustering; and as she looked out on the sea, it was one vast field of hoarse, foam-strewn waves. She spoke little that day to old Peter; but what she said was tenderly and softly spoken. This one time would she yield; but henceforth her devotion to her parent would be deep and unremitting. Alas! how little is it remembered that such a yielding to temptation often leads to deadly and irreparable woe! After the hour of noonday, then, did she finally venture on the step of peril. She dressed with neatness, smoothed her long golden tresses, and thus set off the sadly-worn and pallid face of beauty. Then, casting her plaid lightly round her head, she took one last look past the half-opened door at the venerable man, as helplessly he sat in a half-slumber near the hearth of peace, the open Bible spread upon his knees, and his hands clasped across his chest.

The heavens frowned in gloom and threatening storm upon her, as, leaving the threshold of the cabin, she took her way across the moor. Undefined terror oppressed and shook her, and would have driven her back, but a strong infatuation drew her on; and with eager steps did she advance. On the brow of the first swell, where she would lose sight of the little ruined hamlet on the shore, she paused, and looked lingeringly back. In the north, the heavens and sea appeared to be gathered in one vast, dense, inky mass, and bellowed in foam and thunder. The sea-birds flew wildly, and screamed ominously. Against such a background, the ruins of the old huts upon the sand stood out in spectral vividness. Katie's heart sadly misgave her; and, standing, uncertain what course to take, she wept aloud.

Would she even yet return to her father's side, and pray Heaven to aid her in tearing Arthur Trower forever from her recollection? It was a cruel necessity. One look, at least, upon his father's towers could not be wrong. Love thus once more conquered; and, setting her teeth steadfastly, she turned away from the sea and cottages, and, as she descended the height on the opposite side, they were lost to her view. One mile after another vanished under her footsteps, and, by certain landmarks, she could tell that the end of her journey approached. Another winding, and her eager eyes straining forward, she beheld the turrets of Trower Castle rising over a dark wood in the plain. At the sight her simple heart sank in dismay; for now it flashed full upon her, how she could ever dare approach this dread mansion—how she could ever sue at its door—and how, even arrived there, any hope could be given her that Arthur would be seen! She sat down upon a stone, and gazed in mute despair. The tears rolled fast down her cheeks, and the intense misery that filled her heart was almost too great to bear.

As thus she sat, two riders, unnoticed, approached her from behind, and not till they were within a few paces did the ring of their horse's feet alarm her, so that she hastily drew up the plaid that had fallen to her neck. Under the cover of its fold she then sat still, but glancing toward the riders with a thrill of terror. One who rode on the side next her was a young, handsome girl, of countenance beautiful as ever poet conjured up. Deeply flashed the jet eyes, and richly streamed the black silken tresses, as, with a noble gesture, she managed her proud steed, and bending toward her companion, gaily spoke and laughed aloud. *Him* Katie did not at first see, but her heart too truly divined it, for his voice had struck on her ear. It was Arthur, in all the pride of his distinguished aspect; and to the fair creature at his side he was answering with a smile and voice that repaid the love and ardor of her own. So to poor Katie did it seem, though she had *not* noted, that, ere she had covered up her head at first, Arthur's eye had recognized her, and he started. He passed her with a look askance, but stop or look behind he dared not. In that moment, however, his smile and voice became me-

chanical, and if he might, he would gladly have left his fair companion to pursue her way alone, and have leaped down at Katie's side. It was with a thick beating heart and chafing patience that he rode away.

But Katie, seeing and believing only that he was under the charm of far other beauty than she could ever boast, sat still in statue-like despair. She was alive only to the thought, that Arthur was lost to her evermore; and she longed to be by the side of her poor cottage hearth again, and there to bury her grief and her love in darkness and solitude. The riders had disappeared in the wood, and their voices had died upon the wind, and then, rising, and binding her plaid fast around her bosom, she turned her steps on her homeward path. She loathed herself that thus she had been degraded by her own heart; but this only inspired her to fly back with a swifter pace. She was tearless now: only a quick sobbing in her breast told the hopeless anguish that was crowded there. She sped onward at a running pace, insensible to every object and thought, but that of earnest desire to be again under the shelter of her father's cot.

Meanwhile the gloom of the heavens was palpably increasing, as the night approached. Howling voices were heard above and around, and many wailings, like human cries, floated past on the dreary heath, and were echoed from the hills. The wind, too, had risen, and was coming in wild gusts, and laden with sleet, right in the maiden's face, as she held on her way. Suddenly to these were added the sound of swift trampling behind her over the broken path, and her name was shouted on the gale; but she heeded not the summons; she was drawn onward as by an ominous charm, that warned her, by supernatural tokens, of unknown disaster; and, without ever turning her head, onward she rushed. A few paces more, and the roar of the distant sea was heard, audibly predominating. How once she had loved that long rolling sound! but now it conjured up every picture of terror. And too truly. As she reached the heathy crest, where first she could see its foam, there was the dark mass of sea and heavens, as if dispersed and driven by the arms of many giants, rushing and breaking far over the land, in hideous tumult! The lightning played in fitful streaks on the

pitchy background; and, to the voice of the awakened sea, the thunder added its majestic peals. There, at last, had the spirits of the deep, that had been moving so long in their ocean caves, arisen, and were flinging from them the billows of destruction. The sea had burst its barriers, and the menaced flood had come! The maiden stood aghast, and at that moment there was a pause in the hurricane. In the momentary lull, the thunder of a horse's tread, that had long been on her track, was brought more distinctly to her ear, and, by a spectral glare of fire, the jet animal was seen, foaming, and with distended nostril, bearing its unbonneted rider, hoarsely shouting Katie's name, and savagely exulting, as it seemed, that at length he had reached her side. But she was gone, almost as swift as the fire-flash. She thought but once of her helpless father; and the picture of his gray hairs, the salt waves lashing at his threshold, his gray hairs dragged in the brine, shot across her brain, and she beheld in all the hand of Heaven against her guilt and disobedience. She could not save him now, but she might find and lay hold of his gray hairs, even in the mysterious caverns where the troubled spirits of the deep were raging. If so, she would pillow his head even there upon her bosom, ere she died. Onward then, with a long, despairing cry, she sped. The plaid flew from her shoulders; her tresses streamed, dank and tangled, on the gale; the salt spray, showering far on the land, dashed on her face; but, blinded, sobbing, as never human breast had sobbed before, onward she sped! Many times she fell, and the stones cruelly cut her limbs and face; and the whirlwind, taking her like a child in its arms, lifted her up and threw her to the ground; but still, shrieking "My father!" onward she sped! Behind her the horseman, like an attendant spirit, madly rode, and ever and anon he mingled her name with the blast; but what cared she for the summons?

The sea-flood came rushing on. Long since it had swept over the ruined cabins. Next morning the black steed was seen riderless on the hills; and two forms, locked in each other's embrace, were washed ashore on the new sea-beach—the golden locks of the maiden wreathed with the dark ringlets of the youth she had loved too well!



SCENES FROM COWPER'S "TASK."

THE GARDEN.

As ONE who, long in thickets and in brakes
Entangled, winds now this way and now that
His devious course uncertain, seeking home;
Or, having long in miry ways been foil'd,
And sore discomfited, from slough to slough
Plunging, and half-despairing of escape;
If chance at length he finds a greensward
smooth

And faithful to the foot, his spirits rise,
He chirrups brisk his ear-erecting steed,
And winds his way with pleasure and with ease;
So I, designing other themes, and call'd
To adorn the sofa with eulogium due,
To tell its slumbers, and to paint its dreams,
Have rambled wide. In country, city, seat
Of academic fame, (howe'er deserved,) long held,
And scarcely disengaged at last.
But now with pleasant pace a cleaner road
I mean to tread. I feel myself at large,
Courageous, and refresh'd for future toil,
If toil awaits me, or if dangers new.

Since pulpits fail, and sounding-boards reflect
Most part an empty, ineffectual sound,
What chance that I, to fame so little known,
Nor conversant with men or manners much,
Should speak to purpose, or with better hope
Crack the satiric thong? 'Twere wiser far
For me, enamor'd of sequester'd scenes,
And charm'd with rural beauty, to repose,
Where chance may throw me, beneath elm or
vine,
My languid limbs, when summer sears the
plains;

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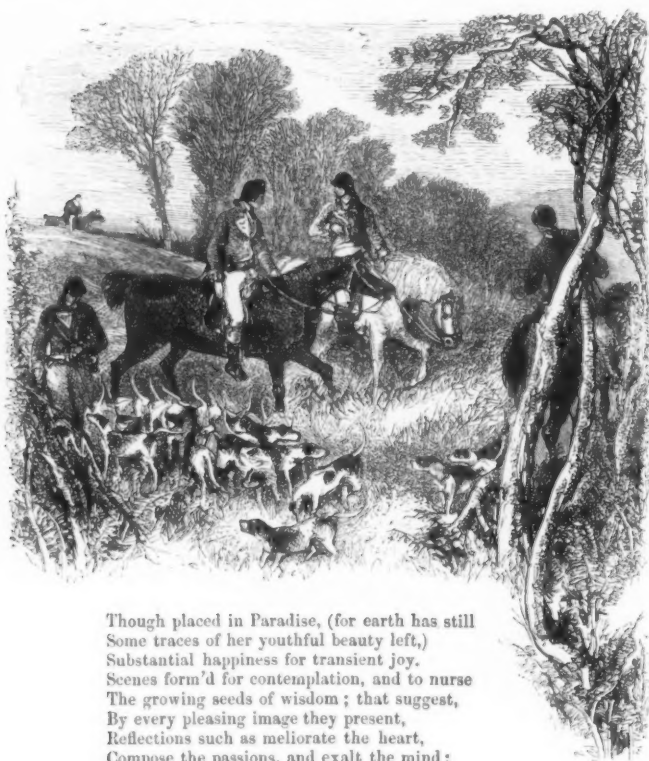
Or, when rough winter rages on the soft
And shelter'd sofa, while the nitrous air
Feeds a blue flame, and makes a cheerful
hearth;

There, undisturb'd by folly, and apprised
How great the danger of disturbing her,
To muse in silence, or at least confine
Remarks that gall so many to the few,
My partners in retreat. Disgust conceal'd
Is oftentimes proof of wisdom, when the fault
Is obstinate, and cure beyond our reach.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that hast survived the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
Or tasting, long enjoy thee! too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmix'd with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup;
Thou art the nurse of Virtue, in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.

THE CHASE.

O FRIENDLY to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life in rural pleasure pass'd!
Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets:
Though many boast thy favors, and affect
To understand and choose thee for their own.
But foolish man foregoes his proper bliss,
E'en as his first progenitor, and quits,



Though placed in Paradise, (for earth has still
 Some traces of her youthful beauty left,)
 Substantial happiness for transient joy.
 Scenes form'd for contemplation, and to nurse
 The growing seeds of wisdom ; that suggest,
 By every pleasing image they present,
 Reflections such as meliorate the heart,
 Compose the passions, and exalt the mind ;
 Scenes such as these 'tis supreme delight
 To fill with riot, and defile with blood.
 Should some contagion, kind to the poor brutes
 We persecute, annihilate the tribes
 That draw the sportsman over hill and dale,
 Fearless and rapt away from all his cares ;
 Should never game-fowl hatch her eggs again ;
 Nor baited hook deceive the fish's eye ;
 Could pageantry, and dance, and feast, and song,
 Be quell'd in all our summer-months' retreat ;
 How many self-deluded nymphs and swains,
 Who dream they have a taste for fields and
 groves,
 Would find them hideous nurseries of the spleen,
 And crowd the roads, impatient for the town !
 They love the country, and none else, who
 seek
 For their own sake its silence and its shade.
 Delights which who would leave, that has a
 heart





Susceptible of pity, or a mind
 Cultured and capable of sober thought,
 For all the savage din of the swift pack,
 And clamors of the field? Detested sport,
 That owes its pleasures to another's pain;
 That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks
 Of harmless nature, dumb, but yet endured
 With eloquence, that agonies inspire,
 Of silent tears, and heart-distending sighs?
 Vain tears, alas! and sighs that never find
 A corresponding tone in jovial souls!
 Well—one at least is safe. One shelter'd
 here
 Has never heard the sanguinary yell
 Of cruel man, exulting in her woes.
 Innocent partner of my peaceful home,
 Whom ten long years' experience of my care
 Has made at last familiar; she has lost
 Much of her vigilant instinctive dread,
 Not needful here, beneath a roof like mine.
 Yes—thou mayst eat thy bread, and lick the
 hand
 That feeds thee; thou mayst frolic on the
 floor
 At evening, at night retire secure
 To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarm'd;
 For I have gain'd thy confidence, have pledged
 All that is human in me to protect
 Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love.
 If I survive thee, I will dig thy grave;
 And, when I place thee in it, sighing say
 I knew at least one hare that had a friend.

THE CHURCH.

THE pulpit, therefore, (and I name it fill'd
 With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
 With what intent I touch that holy thing)—
 The pulpit (when the satirist has at last,
 Strutting and vaporing in an empty school,
 Spent all his force, and made no proselyte)—
 I say the pulpit (in the sober use
 Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)
 Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall
 stand,

The most important and effectual guard,
 Support, and ornament of virtue's cause.
 There stands the messenger of truth: there
 stands
 The legate of the skies! His theme divine,
 His office sacred, his credentials clear.
 By him the violated law speaks out
 Its thunders; and by him, in strains as
 sweet
 As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.
 He establishes the strong, restores the weak,
 Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken
 heart,
 And, arm'd himself in panoply complete
 Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
 Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule
 Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
 The sacramental host of God's elect!
 Are all such teachers? would to heaven all
 were!
 But hark—the doctor's voice! fast wedged
 between
 Two empiries he stands, and with swoln
 cheeks
 Inspires the news, his trumpet. Keener far
 Than all invective is his bold harangue,
 While through that public organ of report
 He hails the clergy; and, defying shame,
 Announces to the world his own and theirs!
 He teaches those to read, whom schools dis-
 miss'd,
 And colleges, untaught; sells accent, tone,
 And emphasis in score, and gives to prayer
 The *adagio* and *andante* it demands.
 He grinds divinity of other days
 Down into modern use; transforms old print
 To zigzag manuscript, and cheats the eyes
 Of gallery critics by a thousand arts.
 Are there who purchase of the doctor's
 ware?
 O, name it not in Gath! it cannot be,
 That grave and learned clerks should need
 such aid.
 He doubtless is in sport, and does but droll,
 Assuming thus a rank unknown before—
 Grand caterer and dry-nurse of the church!



AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD.

AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD is the descendant of French Protestant refugees. His family seems to have long been distinguished for mental talent and independence: some branches of it were among the earliest supporters of the persecuted Albigenses; but, notwithstanding their known leaning toward unorthodox religious opinions, they appear to have received both honors and profitable grants from the kings of France. But when the day of trial arrived, they had their share of miseries. In the slaughter of the Huguenots, two members of the family perished; but a third, more fortunate, succeeded in escaping to Holland, where the Layards commenced a new career.

Their first appearance in England was under William of Orange; and in the list of those who held command under that Protestant prince, when he fought the battle of the Boyne, will be found the name of the father of the English branch of the family.

Previous to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the name had been Raymond; but Layard was taken as a *sobriquet*, when its owner fled from France, and has

since been retained by the descendants of the religious exile. The mental characteristics that secured them distinction in Holland, prepare us to find that the family thrived in their adopted country; and the grandfather of the discoverer of Nineveh, the Rev. Dr. Layard, became Dean of Bristol. The dean had two sons; the second, Henry Peter John Layard, held an important civil post in Ceylon, where, between the years 1820 and 1830, he distinguished himself by his great activity in the dissemination of the Scriptures among the savage tribes of that part of the world. He is described as a man of much classical learning and of cultivated taste. Like all persons engaged in official occupations in the East, Mr. Layard required an occasional recourse to the more genial climate of Europe. During a visit to Paris in 1817, his wife gave birth, on the 5th of March, to Austen Henry Layard, the man whose name will henceforth be identified with Nineveh.

Mr. Layard's family having fixed their abode in Italy, the future traveler became acquainted, at a very early period of his life, both with the finest specimens of art,

and also with those facts and data which belong more particularly to the province of the antiquary. It would have been impossible to select a spot better calculated in every respect to train the young man for the work which he was, in the course of time, to accomplish with such signal success.

When of sufficient age to start upon the business of life, Austen Layard was intended for the law, and he began its study under the most favorable circumstances. But he had, as it seems, already contracted a passion for travels, which could not very well be satisfied by excursions from Lincoln's Inn to Westminster Hall. Blackstone was soon relinquished, briefs soon left to be filed by more ambitious legists, and in 1839, the votary of Themis set out with a friend on a course of travel, which led him to various points in the North of Europe. He wandered about Germany, marking the languages of the different states through which he passed; he spent some time in Dalmatia, and at last, directing his course to Montenegro, he came to Constantinople by way of Roumelia and Albania. It was quite natural that he should feel anxious to cross the Bosphorus, and to explore the vast field which unfolds itself before the steps of Oriental travelers. He accordingly set to work; learned the languages of Turkey and Arabia, familiarized himself with the manners and habits of the Eastern world, and started upon a new expedition. He is said to have been often mistaken for an Arab of the desert, such was the ease with which he had overcome every difficulty that stood in his way. He visited Persia, Mesopotamia, Khuzistan, and other districts, chiefly directing his attention to those spots which were of historic interest. He published, from time to time, some records of his wanderings, and the journals of the London Geographical Society contain particulars on that subject, full of useful information in more than one respect. In all his journeys, Mr. Layard contrived to live with the strictest economy, eating and drinking cheerfully what the country afforded, however rough it might be. When he first found himself at Mosul, near the mound of Nimroud, he felt an irresistible desire to make researches of some kind on the spot to which history and tradition point as "the birthplace of the wisdom of the West."

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These were the localities where Babylon and Nineveh were supposed to lie. Within a short distance Xenophon had, twenty centuries before, led the ten thousand Greeks through all the perils of an enemy's country, back to their native land. Mr. Layard had seen the monuments which are scattered over the *Romana campagna*; he had admired the noble *debris* of ancient Athens; but never had he felt coming upon him "the serious thought and earnest reflections," which seem to arise from the ruins of Assyrian grandeur.

In the summer of 1842 he made the acquaintance of M. Botta, who, located at Mosul as French consul, had commenced excavations in the great mound of Kouyunjik. This occurrence, and the success M. Botta met with, roused to its highest pitch the energy of the Englishman. He set out for Constantinople in order to secure, if possible, the means of carrying on a system of investigation which might produce results similar to those obtained by M. Botta. For a long time Mr. Layard's application received no encouragement. At last, in the autumn of 1845, through the munificence of Sir Stratford Canning, he was enabled to commence his long-desired labors. He accomplished in twelve days the voyage from Constantinople to Mosul.

The difficulties which Mr. Layard had to cope with at the outset of his endeavors were of a nature to have discouraged any one but the real enthusiast in the cause of science. Accompanied by Mr. Ross, a British merchant in Mosul, his own cawass, and a servant, he descended the Tigris to Nimroud in five hours, and at sunset reached the Arab village of Naifa-Awad. A sheikh of the Jehesh, in whose house he lodged, entered his service, and speedily engaged six Arabs to assist in the excavations. In the principal mound, only twenty minutes' walk from the village, about eighteen hundred feet long, nine hundred broad, and sixty-five high, supposed to be the pyramid of Xenophon, they found fragments with cuneiform inscriptions; and in the course of the morning *ten* large slabs, forming a square, were uncovered, being the top of a chamber, with an entrance at the northwest corner, where a slab was wanting. Cuneiform inscriptions filled the center of all the slabs, which were in the highest preservation. The amount of the discoveries thus

made, their importance, and the fact that they constituted evidently a very small portion only of treasures yet to be brought to light—all this was well calculated to repay Mr. Layard for his anxiety, his zeal, and his unremitting efforts. But the tyranny of Keritli Oglu, (the son of the Cretan,) pasha of Mosul, his duplicity, his greediness, had well-nigh proved an obstacle more serious than any of those which the traveler found in the whole course of his expedition. "The appearance of his excellency," says Mr. Layard, "was not prepossessing, but it matched his temper and conduct. Nature had placed hypocrisy beyond his reach. He had one eye and one ear; he was short and fat, deeply marked by the small-pox, uncouth in gestures, and harsh in voice. His fame had reached the seat of his government before him. On the road he had revived many good old customs and impositions, which the reforming spirit of the age had suffered to fall into decay. He particularly insisted on *dish-parassi*, or a compensation in money, levied upon all villages in which a man of such rank is entertained, for the wear and tear of his teeth in masticating the food he condescends to receive from the inhabitants."

The great object of this man was to procure money from the *Giaour* by all possible means. Various objections were made by him to the continuance of the excavations; the Europeans were profaning the graves of true believers, violating the Koran, &c., &c. Mr. Layard, at last, had to obtain, through Sir Stratford Canning's influence, a firman from the Porte, authorizing him to proceed with his labors, and it was only then that he could do so in safety. Very fortunately, Keritli Oglu incurred the displeasure of his government. He was dismissed; and the new official, Ishmael Pasha, adopted a system of policy which proved both honest in itself and favorable to the important work now actively carried on at Nimroud.

When the first gigantic figure brought to light out of the ruins made its appearance, the whole town of Mosul was thrown into commotion. The Arabs cried out that Nimroud himself had been found. "There is no God but God," cried they, "and Mohammed is his prophet!" The *cadi*, the *mufti*, and the *ulema* complained to the pasha, that these excavations were contrary to the Koran; the pasha re-

quested, therefore, their discontinuance till the sensation in the town had subsided. But this new incident had no unpleasant consequences. The poor Arabs, when they heard of Nimroud's sudden appearance, might well fear, for they consider "the mighty hunter" as one of the greatest and most abandoned among God's enemies. Disappointed in his design of making war with the Almighty, he turned his arms against Abraham, who, being a powerful prince, raised forces to defend himself; but God dividing Nimroud's subjects, and confounding their language, deprived him of the greater part of his people, and plagued those who adhered to him by swarms of gnats, which destroyed almost all of them. One of those gnats having entered into the nostril or ear of Nimroud, penetrated to one of the membranes of his brain, where, growing bigger every day, it gave him such intolerable pain that he was obliged to cause his head to be beaten with a mallet, in order to procure some ease; which torture he suffered four hundred years. And, at last, there he was, the great tyrant, the sworn enemy of everything good. "Certainly," exclaimed the terrified Arabs, "this is not the work of men's hands, but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet, peace be with him! has said that they were higher than the tallest date-tree; this is one of the idols which Noah, peace be with him! cursed before the flood."

While such were the ejaculations of Mr. Layard's workmen, he himself mused over the mutilated remains of the Assyrian monarchy. At length, as the hot season drew nigh, and his health began to fail, he felt the necessity of renouncing for a while his labors at Nimroud. After inspecting and covering up for future examination a number of sculptured slabs, he caused the remainder to be packed up and transported to Bombay, by way of Bagdad. On the 28th of August he started, with a party of friends, on a visit to the Chaldean and Nestorian Christians who inhabit the Tiyari mountains, intending to return in September for the purpose of continuing the excavations. After inspecting the French *diggings* at Khorsabad, on his way to the mountains, he passed through the town of Amadiyah, and reached the village of Asheetha, where he was most hospitably received by the Chaldeans. A Kurdish chief, the cruel Beder Khan Bey,

had at that time commenced putting into execution a plan for the entire destruction of those unfortunate Christians. Ten thousand of them were, by his orders, massacred in cold blood, and the inhabitants of one of the villages which Mr. Layard visited, Ikoma Gowaia, daily expected an invasion of the Kurds. The Governor of Mosul attempted to avert the calamity; yet a few days after the English traveler had reached Mosul, the deed of slaughter was perpetrated. The Porte, at last, saw the necessity of putting a stop to these atrocious crimes; an army marched against the rebellious Kurd, who, after sustaining several defeats, was taken prisoner, brought to Constantinople, and banished to the island of Candia.

The next locality in which we find Mr. Layard is the district of the Yezidis, or worshipers of the Devil; rather queer associates, one would fancy, for an orthodox Christian. However, those votaries of the Evil Spirit turned out to be far from fiendish in their dispositions, and they entertained their visitors with the greatest eagerness. This short season of relaxation produced the desired effect; Mr. Layard returned to Mosul both refreshed and eager to resume his labors. There he received letters from England, informing him that Sir Stratford Canning had presented to the nation the sculptures discovered in Assyria, and that a grant from government had been obtained toward the expenses arising from fresh investigations. The allowance could hardly suffice to defray the most essential outlay, and it was far inferior to the one made to M. Botta by the French cabinet, for the excavations at Khorsabad; yet Mr. Layard resolved to do his best, and by undertaking the multifarious occupations of draughtsman, sculpture-packer, cast-taker, and overseer, he succeeded. By the end of October new excavations were begun; and on the 24th of June following, after having covered up the sculptures which he could not remove, and transported to Busrah the valuable results of his labors, Mr. Layard left Mosul for Constantinople, on his way to England.

In reviewing the principal facts connected with this first expedition, we must acknowledge that the encouragement which the illustrious explorer received at the hands of his government, was such as to reflect the greatest disgrace upon those

who have the management of the public money. Not only did the grant voted amount to a very trifling sum, compared with the work to be accomplished, but it was with the utmost difficulty that advances could be obtained in cases of absolute necessity. The subject was earnestly taken up at the time, by the majority of the English journals, especially by the "*Athenæum*." "When we reflect," says this paper, "that the highly interesting and extensive collection of Assyrian marbles and ivories, now in the British Museum, were obtained by government at a merely nominal price, and that, if sold at Sotheby and Wilkinson's, they would probably have realized a very large sum—ten times, perhaps, what was given for them—we must confess to some surprise that government should have been so niggardly in its second advance. The fine spirit of research displayed by Mr. Layard, and his known unwillingness to profit in pocket by his discoveries, when the British nation is a purchaser, should have been met by a nobler return from the representatives of the British people."

But the results Mr. Layard had obtained, when once fully made known and rendered, as it were, palpable, were too characteristic, too important, to remain absolutely unacknowledged. He received from the University of Oxford a doctor's degree, and was appointed to the embassy at the Porte. On the retirement of Lord Palmerston from the foreign office, and the accession of Earl Granville, he was named Under-secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In 1852 he took his seat in Parliament, and in the following year was presented with the freedom of the city of London, in consideration of his discoveries among the ruins of Nineveh.

Let us now retrace our steps, and devote a paragraph to Mr. Layard's second expedition. "After a few months' residence in England, during the year 1848, to recruit a constitution worn by long exposure to the extremes of an Eastern climate, I received orders to proceed to my post as her majesty's embassy in Turkey. The trustees of the British Museum did not, at that time, contemplate further excavations on the site of ancient Nineveh. Ill health and limited time had prevented me from placing before the public, previous to my return to the East, the result of my first researches, with the

illustrations of the monuments and copies of the inscriptions recovered from the ruins of Assyria. They were not published till some time after my departure, and did not, consequently, receive that careful superintendence and revision necessary to works of this nature. It was at Constantinople that I first learned the general interest felt in England in the discoveries, and that they had been universally received as fresh illustrations of Scripture and prophecy, as well as of ancient history, sacred and profane."

It seems perfectly clear that the decided manifestations of public opinion *alone* roused the authorities of the British Museum to a sense of their duty. Mr. Layard was consequently requested to undertake the superintendence of a second expedition into Assyria. "Being asked to furnish a plan of operations, I stated what appeared to me to be the course best calculated to produce interesting and important results, and to enable us to obtain the most accurate information on the ancient history, language, and arts, not only of Assyria, but of its sister kingdom, Babylonia. Perhaps my plan was too vast and general to admit of performance or warrant adoption. I was merely directed to return to the site of Nineveh, and to continue the researches commenced among its ruins."

Ten persons, Mr. Layard included, composed the corps of *savants* who started upon this new journey; an experienced artist was appointed to secure designs of such monuments as could not be removed, either from injury or decay; a physician also gave to the party the benefit of his skill; and most of the workmen or attendants who had helped on a previous occasion to carry on the work were very willing to accept further employment under the direction of so intelligent, so generous, and so considerate a master as Mr. Layard. The caravan left the Bosphorus for Trebizond on August 28th, 1849, and in the space of less than two years discoveries were made which have rendered the collection of Assyrian antiquities in the British Museum the most complete in the world.

After a series of successful excavations at Nineveh, Mr. Layard commenced an examination of the ruins of Babylon. Vast heaps of earth and rubbish, which often could not be removed without danger, im-

peded his progress; but it was reserved for later explorers to trace the general plan of the city.

We have spoken of Mr. Layard as a scientific traveler; as a *writer*, it is hardly possible to overrate his merits. The facility with which he unites interesting narratives and travels with the details of his remarks is extraordinary; and this peculiarity of style being preëminently suited to general readers, will no doubt have the effect of widely disseminating the information his works contain.

The value of his researches in all their consequences cannot yet be estimated. Now that the track is open, explorers have hastened into it, and nearly every day brings us, on the subject of Assyrian history, new conclusions, or new materials for investigation. It is well known that an English society is now engaged in making systematic excavations in the localities already visited by Mr. Layard; and we are authorized to expect great things from the combined resources furnished by money, social influence, and scholarship. The interpretation of the cuneiform inscriptions promises still more important additions to history and chronology; and in the restoration of ancient palaces and monuments, art may profit by the comparison of its earlier and later stages.

To the illustration of Scripture and prophecy, we must, at least, allude, as associated with the labors of Dr. Layard. Less than half a century ago, one of the most learned Deists of France, a man of great energy and talent, earnestly sought for a theme, in the development of which he might, as he vainly hoped, destroy the authority of Scripture, and subvert the doctrine of the Gospel. Having selected his post, he carefully inspected venerable mounds, ruined architecture, and the remains of ancient cities. This labored effort failed; nor is it probable that it will ever be repeated. On the contrary, let the man who may have learned to doubt at the school of rationalistic theology, carry his Bible with him to the Assyrian room of the British Museum; let him there study, impartially and completely, the histories of Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, and Sennacherib; and the result must be his conviction, that on the field of ancient history, as on every other, the infidel has lost his boasted power.

The National Magazine.

JUNE, 1856.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

OUR PROSPECTS.—It is due to those who have interested themselves in the circulation of THE NATIONAL, to say that their efforts are appreciated, and that our subscription list is growing steadily. One gentleman, a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has obtained for us seven hundred new subscribers since the first of January last, and intends, he tells us, to add three hundred more to commence with the number for July, which will be the first of the ninth volume. Other agents are also doing well, and the prospect for the future is encouraging. It will be the aim of the publishers, and of those to whom the editorial supervision may be intrusted, to make THE NATIONAL still more attractive, being well satisfied that to deserve will be to secure success, and that circulation will be in direct proportion to desert.

TO PREVENT STEALING.—A little incident, which ought to have had a place in our "Recreations in Ornithology," is mentioned in a recent number of the *London Times*. We suggest to those of our readers who have been troubled in a similar way to try the experiment. The writer was annoyed by the depredations of the feathered tribes, and being rather fond of gardening, he did not like to see the young shoots of his pinks and other plants carefully picked out. He says:

"Upon examining the question dispassionately, (the writer had evidently been greatly incensed against the sparrows,) I came to the conclusion that this depredation, on the part of my pugnacious and querulous friends, was one of necessity, and that they were compelled to it by hunger. I accordingly did what was as efficacious as it was astonishing. It was simply this: every morning before breakfast I soaked a few hard crusts and stale pieces of bread, and threw them out on the walk in my back garden, and gave three distinct whistles. After the first week they understood the signal, and came regularly when called, and if I happened to be a little after my time, I found them quietly perched on the branches of the trees and shrubs nearest the window, waiting their daily meal. From that moment I have never had reason to complain of their conduct; not a shoot or a seed has been touched by them, and I have now continued the experiment for upward of five years. We must say this testimony does great credit to the sparrow fraternity. Impudent, thievish, and quarrelsome, most people are inclined to regard them as altogether a disreputable gang; but they have evidently the principle of honor in them, and when enabled to live honestly, are quite inclined to do so. Let all complainants give them a trial."

While on this ornithological theme, we may add that the lines to a Bob-o'-link, in our April number, were first published in *Putnam's Monthly*, one of the most vigorous and meritorious of our cotemporaries.

THE BANKER POET.—Here are a few more extracts from the "Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers," Speaking of Shakspeare's truth to nature he says:

"You remember the passage in *King Lear*, a passage which Mrs. Siddons said that she never could read without shedding tears,

'Do not laugh at me;
For as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.'

Something of the same kind happened in my own family. A gentleman, a near relation of mine, was on his death-bed, and his intellect much impaired, when his daughter, whom he had not seen for a considerable time, entered the room. He looked at her with the greatest earnestness, and then exclaimed, 'I think I should know *this lady*;' but his recognition went no further."

"*Topham Beauclerk* (Johnson's friend) was a strangely absent person. One day he had a party coming to dinner; and, just before their arrival, he went up stairs to change his dress. He forgot all about them; thought that it was bed-time, pulled off his clothes, and got into bed. A servant, who presently entered the room to tell him that his guests were waiting for him, found him fast asleep."

The Duellists.—"Humphrey Howarth, the surgeon, was called out, and made his appearance in the field stark naked, to the astonishment of the challenger, who asked him what he meant. 'I know,' said H., 'that if any part of the clothing is carried into the body by a gunshot wound, festering ensues; and therefore I have met you thus.' His antagonist declared that fighting with a man in *puris naturalibus* would be quite ridiculous; and, accordingly, they parted without further discussion."

"Lord Alvanley, on returning home after his duel with young O'Connell, gave a guinea to the hackney-coachman who had driven him out and brought him back. The man, surprised at the largeness of the sum, said, 'My lord, I only took you to —.' Alvanley interrupted him, 'My friend, the guinea is for bringing me back, not for taking me out.'"

His Early Poetry.—"The first poetry I published was 'The Ode to Superstition,' in 1786. I wrote it while I was in my teens, and afterward touched it up. I paid down to the publisher thirty pounds to insure him from being a loser by it. At the end of four years I found that he had sold about twenty copies. However, I was consoled by reading in a critique on the ode that I was 'an able writer,' or some such expression. The short copy of verses entitled 'Captivity' was also composed when I was a very young man. It was a favorite with Hookham Frere, who said that it resembled a Greek epigram."

"On the publication of 'The Pleasures of Memory,' I sent a copy to Mason, who never acknowledged it. I learned, however, from Gilpin, and to my great satisfaction, that Mason, in a letter to him, had spoken well of it; he pronounced it to be very different from the poetry of the day."

"I was engaged on 'The Pleasures of Memory' for nine years; on 'Human Life' for nearly the same space of time; and 'Italy' was not completed in less than sixteen years."

Gray was a chief favorite with Rogers when young, and from him he may have partly learned the value of care in composition:

"I was a mere lad when Mason's 'Gray' was published. I read it in my young days with delight, and have done so ever since: the Letters have for me an inexpressible charm; they are as witty as Walpole's, and have, what his want, true wisdom. I used to take a pocket edition of Gray's poems with me every morning during my walks to town to my father's banking-house, where I was a clerk, and read them by the way. I can repeat them all."

Evening Parties.—"A friend of mine in Portland Place has a wife who inflicts upon him every season two or three immense evening parties. At one of those parties he was standing, in a very forlorn condition, leaning against the chimney-piece, when a gentleman, coming up to him, said, 'Sir, as neither of us is acquainted with any of the people here, I think we had best go home.'"

Sheridan.—"During his last illness, the medical attendants, apprehending that they would be obliged to perform an operation on him, asked him 'if he had ever undergone one.' 'Never,' replied Sheridan, 'except when sitting for my picture, or having my hair cut.'"

The Iron Duke.—"Of the duke's perfect coolness on the most trying occasions, Colonel Gurwood gave me this instance. He was once in great danger of being drowned at sea. It was bed-time, when the captain of the vessel came to him, and said, 'It will soon be all over with us.' 'Very well,' answered the duke; 'then I shall not take off my boots.'"

"Some years ago, walking with the duke in Hyde

Park, I observed, 'What a powerful band Lord John Russell will have to contend with! there's Peel, Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham,' &c. The duke interrupted me by saying, 'Lord John Russell is a host in himself.' "

CROTON AQUEDUCT.—Taking into the account the magnitude and durability of the work, and the immense benefits resulting from it, we incline to the opinion that the Croton Aqueduct exceeds anything ever achieved on our globe by human ingenuity and labor. For the following summary and statistics of this great work, we are indebted to W. H. Dikeman, Esq., of the comptroller's office, in this city.

The Croton River rises in Putnam County, the springs at the head of which form three branches, known as the East, Middle, and West branches of the Croton; the first of which has its supply increased by the overflow of Crean's, Stone's, and Peach Ponds, the superficial areas of which are about five hundred acres; the middle branch is supplied almost solely by the spring at its source, while the western concentrates the surplus from White's, Barrel's, Brown's, Cole's, Lockland, Court House, Crosby, and Crane's Ponds, the united area of which is about eight hundred and seventy acres. These branches unite their supply a little south of Owentown, near the boundary line between Putnam and West Chester Counties, forming the Croton River, which, at Mechanicsville, receives, by Cross and Beaver Dam Rivers, the overflow supplies from Long Pond, four miles north of Bedford, and which has an area of eight hundred acres. About a mile below Mechanicsville the Croton is further augmented (by the Muscoot River) with the supplies of Lake Mahopac, Kirk, Berry, and Yorktown Ponds, the united areas of which are estimated at fifteen hundred acres. The supply is therefore from natural formed lakes, covering a surface of over three thousand six hundred acres, which, at a small outlay, may be converted into *natural reservoirs* for the accumulation of thousands of millions of gallons of water, to be used as the exigencies of coming centuries may require. The supplies to these lakes and branches are almost exclusively from the elevated land of West Chester and Putnam Counties, furnished by springs which are characteristic of granite formations. The water is soft and pure, the quantity of saline matter (according to the analysis of Dr. Chilton) not exceeding two and eight-tenths grains in the gallon.

The dam across the river is situated about six miles from its mouth, where it empties into the Hudson, and is built in the most substantial manner. It rises to the height of forty feet above the level of the river, which at this point is two hundred and eighty feet wide. The face of the dam, built of cut granite, is in two sections, the east of which is ninety feet, and the west one hundred and eighty feet long, having a fall of forty feet. Between these sections a pier is constructed, which forms the foundation for the gate-house and sluice-way.

The lake caused by the dam is four miles in length, and covers an area of four hundred acres. It contains an available supply of five hundred millions of gallons, which will allow the aqueduct to discharge thirty-five millions of gallons per day.

The elevation, at the point where the water passes from the dam into the aqueduct, is one hundred and fifty-three feet, and the top of the water line in the Distributing Reservoir is one hundred and fifteen feet above mean tide water.

The length of the aqueduct, from the dam to the Receiving Reservoir, (including the High Bridge and pipes at Manhattan Valley,) is thirty-eight miles.

The High Bridge, over the Harlem River, is a magnificent work, one thousand four hundred and fifty feet long, twenty-one feet wide, and of such a height as not to obstruct the navigation of the river.

The Receiving Reservoir covers an area of thirty-five acres, and will contain one hundred and fifty millions of gallons.

The Distributing Reservoir covers an area of four acres, and will contain twenty millions of gallons.

The pipes laid in the streets of the city of New-York, for the general distribution of the Croton Water, to December 31, 1855, exceed *two hundred and forty-nine miles* in length.

The "Croton Water Works" have been constructed at an expense of about *fourteen millions of dollars*, and constitute one of the most important and indispensable public improvements connected with the city, the advantages of which to our population cannot be estimated.

TENNYSON AND LONGFELLOW.—The leading article of *Blackwood*, for February, is an able critique on modern light literature, in which the poetic claims of the British laureate are weighed in an even balance and found wanting. He admits, indeed, that Tennyson is the first in his generation, but out of his generation he does not bear comparison with any person of note and fame equal to his own, and says:

"He is small in the presence of Wordsworth, a very inferior magician indeed by the side of Coleridge; his very music—parson us, all poets and all critics!—does not *flow*. It may be melodious, but it is not winged; one stanza will not float into another. It is a rosary of golden beads, some of them gemmed and radiant, fit to be set in a king's crown; but you must tell them one by one, and take leisure for your comment while they drop from your fingers. They are beautiful, but they leave you perfectly cool and self-possessed in the midst of your admiration. To linger over them is a necessity; it becomes them to be read with criticism; you go over the costly bead-roll, and choose your single favorites here and there, as you might do in a gallery of sculpture. And thus the poet chooses to make you master of his song; it does not seize upon you.

"We remember to have heard a very skillful painter of still life describe how the composition, the light and shade, and arrangement of one of his pictures, was taken from a great old picture of a Scriptural scene. Instead of men and women, the story and the action of the original, our friend had only things inanimate to group upon his canvas, but he kept the arrangement, the sunshine and the shadow, the same. One can suppose that some such artistic whim had seized upon Mr. Tennyson. In the wantonness of conscious power, he has been looking about him for some feat to do, when, lo! the crash of a travelling orchestra smote upon the ears of the poet. Are there German bands in the Isle of Wight? or was it the sublimer music of some provincial opera which woke the laureate's soul to this deed of high emprise? Yes, *Mend* is an overture done into words; beginning with a jar and thunder, all the breath of all the players drawn out in lengthened aspiration upon the noisy notes; then bits of humaner interlude—soft flute-voices—here and there a momentary silvery trumpet-note, or the tinkle of a harp, and then a concluding crash of all the instruments, a tumult of noises fast and

furious, an assault upon our ears and our patience, only endurable because we see the end. Such is this poem, which, indeed, it is sad to call a poem, especially in these hard days."

Of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, which, it seems, has sold well, and has professed admirers in England as well as here, the critic truthfully observes:

"*Hiawatha* contains a morsel of a love-story, and a glimpse of a grief; but these do not occupy more than a few pages, and are by no means important in the song. The consequence is, of course, that we listen to it entirely unmoved. It was not meant to move us. The poet intends only that we should admire him, and be attracted by the novelty of his subject; and so we do admire him; and so we are amused by the novel syllables, attracted by the chiming of the rhythm, and the quaint conventionalities of the savage life. But we cannot conceal from ourselves that it is conventional, though it is savage; and that, in reality, we see rather less of the actual human life and nature under the war-paint of the Indian than is to be beheld every day under the English broadcloth. The muse is absolute in her conditions; we cannot restrain her actual footsteps; from the highest ideal to the plainest matter of fact there is no forbidden ground to the wandering minstrel; but it is the very secret of her individuality, that wherever she goes she sounds upon the chords of her especial harp, the heart; vibrations of human feeling ring about her in her wayfaring; the appeal of the broken heart, and the shout of the glad one thrust in to the very pathway where her loftiest abstraction walks in profounder calm; and though it may please her to amuse herself among social vanities now and then, we are always reminded of her identity by a deeper touch, a sudden glance aside into the soul of things, a glimpse of that nature which makes the whole world kin. It is this perpetual returning, suddenly, involuntarily, and almost unawares, to the closest emotions of the human life, which distinguishes among his fellows the true poet. It is the charm of his art that he startles us in an instant, and when we least expected it, out of mere admiration into tears; but such an effect, unfortunately, can never be produced by customs, or improvements, or social reforms. The greatest powers of the external world are as inadequate to this as are the vanities of a village; and even a combination of both is a fruitless expedient. No, Mr. Longfellow has not shot his arrow this time into the heart of the oak; the dart has glanced aside, and fallen idly among the brushwood. His song is a quaint chant, a happy illustration of manners; but it lacks all the important elements which go to the making of a poem. We are interested, pleased, attracted, yet perfectly indifferent; the measure laments our ear, but not the matter; and we care no more for *Hiawatha*, and are still as little concerned for the land of the Ojibbeways, as if America's best minstrel had never made a song."

MISS MURRAY's silly book of travels is handled more roughly by the critics of England than by those of this country. The *Eclectic Review* says:

"Young ladies have an unquestionable right to travel to whatever part of the globe they see fit, and to seek to improve their minds by a more extended observation of human nature than is afforded by evening parties in Belgrave, Tyburnia, &c. As unquestionable, also, is the right of the said young ladies to commit their impressions to paper, and transmit them from distant climes for the entertainment of their brothers and sisters at home; but to publish their diaries, and thus to challenge the attention of the public, is a very different and a much more hazardous affair. To a family circle the tame adventures, and still tamer remarks and disquisitions of the Honorable Miss Murray would, doubtless, be tolerable enough; but, destitute as they are of all originality and of all intellectual force, they are to the public absolutely insupportable. What matters it to any intelligent reader, male or female, whether Miss Murray got her feet wet at New-Orleans; that Mr. G. met her unexpectedly at the railway station at Utica; that the children of Mrs. W. are pretty, and apparently well brought up; and that a trip on such and such a river was taken by Miss Murray alone, because her female companions were afraid of rheumatism? All this is silly enough; but there is worse behind. Among the many matters with which a Belgravian education has studded the surface of this

lady's mind, one important principle seems to have been omitted. She does not seem to have learned that a human being, whether male or female, does not hold the rights of parentage, marriage, education, or personal freedom on the tenure of the color either of skin or hair. Hence, she is, as far as a cursory recollection serves us, the only English lady, at least of modern times, who has advocated negro slavery; indeed, she appears to regard it as a most beneficent institution, appointed by Providence for the purpose of making good Christians of an indefinite number of men, women, and children. Indeed, Miss Murray has undertaken out and out the defense of slavery. 'The buying and selling operation,' she says, 'is certainly very unpleasant and revolting to our ideas, and the whites here dislike it; but it is curious how very little is thought of the matter by the blacks themselves.' Nay, Miss Murray informs us that the most intelligent free black whom she has met expressed his sorrow that he had not been born a slave. The sheer silliness of the authoress may be estimated by these citations."

HEINE.—At the poet Heine's funeral, in accordance with the expressed wishes of the deceased, no speeches were delivered. In a little poem, "Memento Mori," he expresses the wish somewhat thus:

"O! let no mass be sung,
No ritual read;
In silence lay me down
Among the dead.

"Enough, if, when returns
My burial day,
Mathilde, in mourning clad,
Shall come to pray.

"Enough, if, while her cheeks
The tear-drops lave,
With fresh immortals
She shall deck my grave."

The opening lines are not particularly original. Vide Horace, *Lib. II., Carmen xx.*

"Absint inani funere nenia,
Luctusque turpes et querimoniae;
Compescere clamorem, ac sepulcri
Mitte supervacuos honores."

JOAN OF ARC.—Some of the French clergy are taking steps to obtain the canonization of Joan of Arc. Assuredly the great heroine, in a natural and even a religious point of view, deserves the honor better than many of the saints of the Roman calendar; but, unfortunately, she was solemnly burned to death, by order of churchmen, for magic, sorcery, and heresy.

DARK CHURCHES.—There is a growing propensity to imitate, in our American churches, what is called "the dim religious light" of European cathedrals. Blinds and stained glass, dark-colored drapery, and somber-hued upholstery, are growing in favor. In the times of our fathers, says the *Christian Register*, they perched their meeting-houses on the tops of the hills, and made them like lanterns in a bold and generous scorn of any possible window-tax that might be imposed, being particularly careful to have a good wide window or two at the pulpit end of the church. All this is changed now. The light of heaven is shut out as if it were lurid beams from another source. Pulpit windows are pretty much obsolete as to the new churches, and in the old ones they are carefully closed by blinds, or some heavy exemplifications of our favorite "worship of God by upholstery." Our laity must be growing weak in the eyes. They now darken the windows in front of them, those within the pulpit half of the church, and keep open only those behind

them, near the door; so that the preacher suffers the double disadvantage of straining his eyes in darkness, and at the same time facing the light. No wonder they have to patronize the optician so generally. O that our affectionate hearers would favor us with a little light from above, a small skylight illuminating just the central dot of the sermon. It would not incommode them, and might avert blindness from us.

IRISH BALLADS.—A volume of Irish ballads has just been published in London. Mr. Hayes, the editor, has given about four hundred pieces, and the richness and variety of the collection will surprise many of our readers. Almost all the ballads are the productions of cotemporary or of recent writers, although many of them relate to old Celtic periods of the island's history, as in the translations of Mangan from early Irish minstrelsy. Excepting the abundant use of Celtic proper names, and the occasional occurrence of vernacular words and phrases, the ballads are in their language altogether modern and English. Some of the best of the ballads are anonymous; those with the signature of "Mary" are as remarkable for their literary merit as they are pleasing for their plaintive tenderness and warm feeling. Here is one of these, entitled

"WELCOME HOME TO YOU.

"A hundred thousand welcomes, and 'tis time for you to come
From the far land of the foreigner, to your country
and your home.
O! long as we are parted, ever since you went away,
I never pass'd a dreamless night or knew an easy day.

"Do you think I would reproach you with the sorrows
that I bore?
Sure the sorrow is all over, now I have you here once
more—
And there's nothing but the gladness and the love
within my heart.
And the hope, so sweet and certain, that again we'll
never part.

"Did the strangers come around you, with true heart
and loving hand?
Did they comfort and console you when you sicken'd
in their land?
Had they pleasant smiles to court you, and silver
words to bind?
Had they hearts more fond and loyal than the hearts
you left behind?

"There's a quiver on your proud lip, and a paleness
on your brow;
Maybe if they had so loved you, you would not be
near me now.
O! cruel was the coldness which my darling's heart
could pain!
O! blessed was whatever sent him back to me again!

"A hundred thousand welcomes!—how my heart is
gushing o'er
With the love, and joy, and wonder, thus to see your
face once more!
How did I live without you through these long, long
years of woe?
It seems as if 'twould kill me to be parted from you
now.

"You'll never part me, darling—there's a promise in
your eye
I may tend you while I'm living—you will watch me
when I die;
And if death but kindly lead me to the blessed home
on high,
What a hundred thousand welcomes shall await you
in the sky!"

A SYRIAN SALE.—An English traveler, Mr. Wortabet, who has been traveling for the past few years in the East, has written a very interesting work, entitled *Syria and the Syrians*, in which we find the following:

"A shopkeeper comes to buy a bale of goods from the merchant; he is accompanied by a broker. The merchant, understanding the object of their visit, invites them, with all the compliments of the East, to be seated, and dispatches his servant to fetch them pipes and coffee from a neighboring cafe, (these are found in every street.) See the broker now approach the merchant and whisper to him—they whisper—their faces serving as an index to what is going on between them. The broker now returns to the shopkeeper, and whispers to him, as he did to the merchant; he goes and comes between them till he has brought them near to each other's mark. All this time not an audible word is uttered, and looking upon the merchant and the shopkeeper, you would suppose they were bent upon out-smoking each other. Having come near to the point, the broker *drags* the shopkeeper to the merchant, and, *notens colens*, links their hands in each other's grasp; he, at the same time, holding their hands within his own, lest they should be separated, in which case the sale is supposed not to be legal. He now calls upon the merchant to make the sale, or, as in the Arabic, 'to make the sale a blessing to the purchaser, at twenty piasters the piece.' 'No!' grunts the merchant. He wants twenty-one piasters, and draws his hand back in token that he will not sell at that price. The ever-ready broker joins them again, whispers something to both, and finally screams aloud, 'Cut the difference, and let the price be twenty piasters and a half!' This being agreed to, the broker again calls upon the merchant to make the sale. This he does in this wise: while the hands of merchant and shopkeeper are grasped the broker utters the finale, '*Ala und*;' here he stops to breathe. '*ALA DUE*;' here he coughs. '*ALA TRE*;' here he stops, and the sale is made by a silent but hearty shake of the hand."

THE TRUE WOMAN.—The following pretty picture of the duties of the true woman, from the pen of Dickens, we commend to the careful consideration of fast young ladies, who sneer at religion, eschew the petticoat, hate little children, pant for legislative honors, and look on fond mothers and faithful wives with horror, as creatures unsuited for this progressive age:

"The true woman, for whose ambition a husband's love and her children's adoration are sufficient, who applies her military instincts to the discipline of her household, and whose legislative abilities exercise themselves in making laws for her house; whose intellect has field enough for her in communion with her husband, and whose heart asks no other honors than his love and admiration; a woman who does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilet, and who does not disdain to be beautiful; who believes in the virtue of glossy hair and well-fitting gowns, and who eschews rents and raveled edges, slipshod shoes, and audacious make-ups; a woman who speaks low, and does not speak much; who is patient and gentle, intellectual, and industrious; who loves more than she reasons, and yet does not love blindly; who never scolds and rarely argues, but adjusts with a smile; such a woman is the wife we have all dreamed of once in our lives, and is the mother we still worship in the backward distance of the past."

PLACE FOR OLD WOMEN.—Very few of the judges of the inferior courts in early colonial times were learned in the law, or in anything else, as to that matter, except politics, and hence did not always inspire respect. Mr. Rugles, generally known in Massachusetts as the "Brigadier," in consequence of his services at Crown Point and Lake George, was born in Rochester, Mass., and commenced practice in his native town about 1735. He was a very able lawyer, but somewhat rough and uncouth in his

manners. He was one day trying a case at Plymouth, and a very aged woman was on the stand as a witness. Being feeble, she asked Mr. Ruggles if she could not sit down. He told her "Yes," and seeing no other convenient place, motioned to her to take a seat on the bench with the judges. She accordingly went hobbling up to where the judges were, and they asked her who sent her there. She said Mr. Ruggles. The court then turned to Mr. Ruggles, and inquired what he meant by sending her there. "Why," said he, "I beg your honors' pardon, but really, I—I thought it was a place made for old women."

A BRICK WITHOUT STRAW.—Those who have been pestered with applications to "write in my *Album*," and are too jealous of their literary reputation to fob off the fair applicant with a mere signature, or a verse from the Bible, will appreciate the following, from the pen of Alfred A. Watts:

"I fear of the 'salt' they call 'Attie,'
I can claim such a limited vein,
If I tried something epigrammatic,
I should certainly have to explain;
If I pillaged a verse from a poet,
Or begg'd a few lines of a friend,
Some one would be certain to know it,
Though I put my own name at the end.

"Stay! I think, by the way, that but few go
In search of their reading to France,
So, from Dudevant, Balzac, or Hugo,
I might, after all, steal a romance.
But no, some objection seems fated
All my brightest suggestions to thwart;
They have all been so often translated,
That every one knows them by heart.

"Then why should I puzzle my head? I
Can't hit on a topic that's new;
I have prosed through five verses already.
Quite as much as you'll ever get through.
And yours is, I'm sure, not the heart of
Mold so stern as could ask any more
Of a bondman who's not learn'd the art of
Manufacturing Bricks without Straw."

THE WOMEN.—Heine, the German wit, thus satirizes the gentler sex:

"O the women! We must forgive them much, for they love much—and many. Their hate is probably only love turned inside out. Sometimes they attribute some delinquency to us, because they think they can in this way gratify another man. When they write, they have always one eye on the paper and the other on a man; and this is true of all authoresses, except the Countess Hahn-Hahn, who has only one eye."

FINE PREACHING.—The curse of the age is fine preaching; it is morbid and pestilential. The want of the age is plain, intelligent preaching—preaching suggestive and illustrative—preaching absorbing all that eloquence can offer, but eloquence adapting itself (without which it ceases to be eloquence) to the wants and states of the people, availing itself of the lights of history for illustration, or of science for confirmation, or of philology for elucidation, and holding all so aloft that they may reflect their rays upon the genius of Christianity, and develop its superior luster, adaptability, and power. To attempt to say fine things in the pulpit is a solemn sin; and fine sermons (like all other finery) are very evanescent in their influence. Let the fine-sermon system die out as soon as possible,

useless as it is to God and man. It devolves upon a few men to show to those not gifted with so much moral courage, that there is everything to gain, and nothing to lose, by the adoption of a more honest system of instruction. Intelligence will ever hie away to the man able to teach.

NEAT EPIGRAM.—On the marriage of Dr. Webb with Miss Gould a classical friend sent him the following:

"Tela fuit simplex statuens decus addere tela,
Fecit hymen geminam puroque intextit auro."

Which was thus Englished by the author himself:

"Single no more, a double Webb behold;
Hymen embroder'd it with virgin Gould."

TURNING THE TABLES.—A professional gentleman of our acquaintance has hanging in his room a fine, large, colored engraving of the head of a quadruped, vulgarly known as a jack-ass. Not long since a friend dropped in, and stopped before the picture, gazing intently upon it for a few moments, and then sung out abruptly, as he thought very wittily, "Halloo, doctor, is that your portrait?" "O, no," replied the doctor, coolly, "that's simply a looking glass."

O JERUSALEM!—The number of Jews in the great cities of the world is thus stated: New-York, 12,000; Philadelphia, 2,500; Baltimore, 1,800; Charleston, 1,500; London, 120,000; Amsterdam, 25,000; Hamburg, 9,000; Berlin, 5,000; Cracow, 20,000; Warsaw, 30,000; Rome, 6,000; Leghorn, 10,000; Constantinople, 80,000; Smyrna, 9,000; Jerusalem, 6,000; Hebron, 800.

MALOUN, physician to the Queen of France, was so fond of drugging, that it is told of him that once, having a most patient patient, who diligently and punctually swallowed all the stuffs he ordered, he was so delighted in seeing all the vials and pill-boxes cleaned out, that he shook him by the hand, exclaiming, "My dear sir, it really affords me pleasure to attend you, and you *deserve* to be ill."

DOG WHIPPERS.—A clerical correspondent of *Notes and Queries* says:

"The office of *dog-whipper* is not extinct, though the necessity for its exercise may no longer exist. 'Dog-whipping, 2s. 6d.' still forms a regular item in the annual accounts of the sexton of the Collegiate Church of Middleham, and is no less regularly paid.

A GERMAN MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.—A certain Wislicenus, a native of Halle, Germany, who emigrated to this country some time ago, and at present resides in New-Jersey, has written the following Jeremiade to his friends in Europe, which we translate from the *Trieste Zeitung*:

"I remain near the coast, having no desire to penetrate into the interior, but, on the contrary, cleave to the ocean that laves Europe's shores; for that is still our home, while this is the land of the stranger. I came here possessed of no illusions, and yet found it worse than I anticipated. Human progress is here in its infancy. I find nothing but a republican Russia—barbarism in every point of view—real humanity confined to a select few, who bear the cross."

Book Notices.

The Elements of Natural Philosophy, copiously Illustrated by familiar Experiments, and containing Descriptions of Instruments, with Directions for Using. Designed for the use of Schools and Academies. By A. W. Sprague, A. M. (Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.) In no department of literature is the hand of improvement more visible than in the preparation of elementary treatises for the use of students, and this volume, on the interesting subject of natural philosophy, is a decided advance upon all preceding publications with which we are acquainted. Mr. Sprague, proceeding upon the acknowledged fact that the principles of natural science are most readily comprehended by visible illustrations, has embellished his book with two hundred and eighty engravings, which greatly enhance its value, and will facilitate the labors of the student. The explanations are written in a clear and intelligible style, and the work is creditable to American scholarship.

Stevenson & Owen have published, at the book establishment of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, an edition of *Edgar's Variations of Popery*, in one octavo volume of six hundred pages. It is a work too well known and appreciated to need an introduction to that portion of our readers who have leisure for polemical theology. It is precisely what the author intended it to be, an unmitigated and unrelenting exposure of anti-Christian abominations. The present edition is carefully printed from the latest corrections of the author.

Lectures on the Life, Genius, and Insanity of Cowper. By George B. Cheever. *Carter & Brothers* publish these lectures in a duodecimo of about four hundred pages, with several appropriate wood engravings. As to the life of the poet, it is pretty well known from his published letters and his autobiography. Of his genius the public long since formed a correct estimate. It is upon his insanity more especially that our author dwells, aiming, very successfully, as we think, to remove the injustice done to the memory of the poet by the graceful pen of Southey, who treated Cowper pretty much as he did John Wesley. In fact, the laureate had very erroneous ideas of personal religion, and is aptly likened to Dante's guide, who was quite at home in purgatory, and could bravely lead the way through hell, but was totally unacquainted with the realms of the blessed and the path thitherward. Dr. Cheever's style is brightly and vigorous, and the preparation of these lectures, evidently a labor of love, evinces patient research and truth-seeking earnestness.

The Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague make up the second volume of "The Library of Standard Letters," edited by Mrs. S. J. Hale, and published by *Mason & Brothers*. The editor (editress is an uncouth barbarism) has prefixed to the volume an appreciative and gracefully-written memoir of this charming letter-writer, who justly ranks in the first class of learned women. Her letters have been frequently published and are here so classified and arranged as

to afford not only amusement in the perusal, but instruction relative to men and manners in that most interesting era, the first half of the eighteenth century. Independently of her literary merits, Lady Montague deserves to be gratefully remembered as having been the first, amid opposition, ridicule, and persecution, to introduce into England the practice of vaccination as a preventive of that terrible scourge, the small-pox. She died in 1762, in the seventy-third year of her age.

Hood's Poetical Works.—A second volume of the mirth-provoking rhymes of poor Tom Hood has been published by *Phillips, Sampson & Co.* It is the seventh in the series issued by these enterprising publishers—a series which is intended to cover the whole field of British poetry. The editorial supervision has been intrusted to *Epea Sargent, Esq.*, who has thus far performed his task with taste and good judgment. The series already embraces Campbell, Rogers, Coleridge, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith—the last three in one volume—and Hood. Brief, but reliable biographical sketches are prefixed to each author, and Mr. Sargent has succeeded in making these editions more perfect than any which have appeared in Great Britain. More than fifty of Campbell's shorter poems are now, for the first time, included in a volume bearing his name; and Goldsmith's poems are enriched by a new discovery of a translation from the Italian of Vida, entitled "The Game of Chess." We are not sure that the editor, in his zeal for completeness, has not given, in the volume before us, some poetry that is not Hood's; but there is so much gleaned from various sources, that no one else could have written, that we wonder how it could have been omitted from former collections. The thanks of the community are due to the publishers for this neat and exceedingly low-priced edition of the British poets. They are sold at one dollar a volume.

The Astrologer of Chaldea; or, the Life of Faith, is the title of an interesting volume, blending the charm of imagination with the facts of the Bible relative to the family of the patriarch Abraham. It is from the pen of *W. P. Strickland, D. D.*

Reginald Heber is a name suggestive of everything pure and of good report. A scholar and a poet, a Christian, a missionary, and a bishop, his life, brief as it was, is full of interest, and its record is a precious legacy to the universal Church of Christ. The memoirs published by his widow, soon after his death, contained a great deal of irrelevant matter, filling two large octavo volumes, which, we believe, are now out of print. An abridgment, prepared by a clergyman, who withholds his name, has been issued, in a style of peculiar neatness, from the press of *Jewett & Company*. It is a duodecimo, of three hundred and fifty pages, contains everything essential to the biography, and is enriched with several specimens of the bishop's poetry, which had no place in the original memoirs. A few verses, which we copy, evince the versa-

tility of a genius which, while able to grapple with subjects the most solemn and momentous, disported itself, occasionally, with graceful playfulness:

"SYMPATHY.

"A knight and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"O, never was knight such a sorrow that bore!"
"O, never was maid so deserted before!"
"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for company."

"They search'd for an eddy that suited the deed,
But here was a bramble and there was a weed.
'How tiresome it is!' said the fair with a sigh;
So they sat down to rest them in company.

"They gazed on each other, the maid and the knight;
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height.
'One mournful embrace,' sobbed the youth, 'ere we die!'

So, kissing and crying, they kept company.

"O, had I but loved such an angel as you!"
"O, had but my swain been a quarter as true!"
'To miss such perfection, how blinded was I!'—
Sure now they were excellent company.

"At length spake the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear:
'The weather is cold for a watery bier;
When summer returns we may easily die;
Till then let us sorrow in company.'"

Pioneers of the West. By W. P. Strickland. Full of romantic interest growing out of truthful narratives relative to the earlier settlement of the great West; we have seldom met with a more attractive volume. Hair-breadth escapes, disasters, sufferings, and successes, are depicted in a style vivid and picturesque. The publishers (*Messrs. Carlton & Phillips*) have done themselves credit by presenting this volume in a style worthy of the work. The embellishments are appropriate, and the typography faultless. We should like to quote largely, but our space allows but a short extract. It is from the chapter entitled "*The Squatter Family*," which consisted of himself, wife, and three children. They lived in a secluded hut on the banks of the Illinois River:

"One day there came to the squatter's cabin three Indians, professing to be friendly, who invited him to go out on a hunting excursion with them. As the family subsisted mostly upon game, he finally concluded to accompany them, taking with him his eldest son. They expected to be absent about a week, as they intended to take a somewhat extensive range. After three days had passed away, one of the Indians returned to the squatter's house, and deliberately lighting his pipe and taking his seat by the fire, he commenced smoking in silence. The wife was not startled at his appearance, as it was frequently the case that one, and sometimes more, of a party of Indian hunters, getting discouraged, would leave the rest and return. This was usually the case when they imagined they discovered some bad sign, and it would not only be useless, but disastrous, for them to hunt under such circumstances.

"The Indian sat for some time in sullen silence, and at length, removing his pipe from his mouth, he gave a significant grunt to awaken attention, and said, 'White man die.' The squatter's wife at this replied, 'What is the matter?' 'He sick, tree fall on him, he die. You go see him.'

"Her suspicions being somewhat aroused at the manner of the savage, she asked him a number of questions. The evasiveness and evident want of consistency in the answers, at length convinced her that something was wrong. She judged it best not to go herself, but sent her youngest son, the eldest, as we have seen, having gone on the hunt with his father. Night came, but it brought not the son or the Indian. All its

gloomy hours were spent in that lone cabin by the mother and daughter; but morning came without their return. The whole day passed in the same fruitless look-out for the boy; the mother felt grieved that she had sent her child on the errand, but it was now too late. Her suspicions were now confirmed that the Indians had decoyed away her husband and sons. She felt that they would not stop in their evil designs, and that, if they had slain the father and his boys, they would next attack the mother and her daughter.

"No time was to be lost; and she and her daughter, as night was approaching, went to work to barricade the door and windows of the cabin in the best manner they could. The rifle of the youngest boy was all the weapon in the house, as he did not take it when he went to seek his father. This was taken from its hangings, and carefully examined to see that it was well loaded and primed. To her daughter she gave the ax, and thus armed, they determined to watch all night, and, if attacked by the savages, to fight to the last.

"About midnight they made their appearance, expecting to find the mother and daughter asleep, but in this they were disappointed. They approached stealthily, and one of the number knocked loudly at the door, crying, 'Mother! mother!'

"The mother's ear was too acute to be deceived by the wily savage, and she replied, 'Where are the Indians, my son?'

"The answer, 'Um gone,' would have satisfied her, if she had not been before aware of the deceit.

"Come up, my son, and put your ear to the latch-hole. I want to tell you something before I open the door."

"The Indian applied his ear to the latch-hole. The crack of the rifle followed, and he fell dead.

"As soon as she fired, she stepped on one side of the door, and immediately two rifle balls passed through it, either of which would have killed her.

"Thank God," said the mother in a whisper to her daughter, "there are but two. They are the three that went to hunt with your father, and one of them is dead. If we can only kill or cripple another, we shall be safe. Take courage, my child; God will not forsake us in this trying hour. We must both be still after they fire again. Supposing they have killed us, they will break down the door. I may be able to shoot another one; for in the mean time she had re-loaded the rifle; 'but if I miss, you must use the ax with all your might.'

"The daughter, equally courageous with her mother, assured her that she would do her best.

"The conversation had scarcely ceased when two more rifle balls came crashing through the window. A death-like stillness ensued for the space of several minutes, when two more balls, in quick succession, came through the door, followed by tremendous strokes against it with a heavy stake. At length the door gave way, and an Indian, with a fiendish yell, was in the act of springing into the house; but a ball from the boy's rifle, in the mother's hand, pierced his heart, and he fell dead across the threshold. The surviving Indian, daring not to venture—and it was well for his skull that he did not—fired at random, and ran away.

"Now," said the mother to the daughter, "we must leave; and taking the rifle and the ax, they hastened to the river, jumped into the canoe, and without a morsel of provision, except a wild duck, and two blackbirds which the mother shot on the voyage, and which they ate raw, they paddled their canoe down the river until they reached the residence of the French settlers at St. Louis."

The Catholic. Letters addressed to a young Kinsman proposing to join the Church of Rome. By E. H. Derby. (Boston: Jewett & Co.) The writer is a lawyer, who has found time to turn his attention to the absurdities of the papal superstition, which in these letters he sets before his young friend, and exposes with logical acuteness. The volume is well calculated for the object for which it has been given to the public, and will produce the same result upon the mind of any candid reader, as it did upon the youth for whose special benefit the letters are said to have been originally written. We commend the volume to those who have not the time or the inclination to peruse more elaborate treatises upon the same subject.

Krummacher is known by his writings throughout Christendom. His books have had a wide circulation in his own country, and have been translated into the English, French, Swedish, and Danish languages. One of these, *Elisha the Tishbite*, has appeared also in Chinese. His latest contribution to Christian literature is a series of discourses on the suffering and death of Christ, which have been translated, with his sanction, and are published in a neat volume, entitled *The Suffering Saviour; or, Meditations on the last Days of Christ*. Mr. Samuel Jackson, the translator, has executed his task skillfully, omitting whatever appeared of an extraneous nature, and weaving the whole into a continuous narrative. (Boston: Gould & Lincoln.)

The Heroes of Methodism: containing Sketches of eminent Methodist Ministers, and characteristic Anecdotes of their Personal History. By the Rev. J. B. Wakeley. (New-York: Carlton & Phillips.) With laudible industry, Mr. Wakeley has gleaned, from a great variety of sources, anecdotes and illustrations of the life and character of men to whom not only the Church of which they were ministers, but the world at large, and more especially these United States, are largely indebted. They were the pioneers of Christianity, men of burning zeal and of undaunted perseverance; spending their lives for the welfare of their fellow-men—in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by their own countrymen, in perils in the city, and most especially in perils in the wilderness. With equal truth may it be said also of these heralds of salvation, that they were "In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." The perusal of this volume cannot fail to kindle anew the flagging zeal of the successors of these

truly great men. We have entered into their labors, and it is owing to the blessing of the great Head of the Church upon *their* toil that we have such a goodly heritage. Mr. Wakeley has executed his task with ability, and his beautifully-printed volume, illustrated with portraits of Asbury, Coke, and M'Kendree, will doubtless have, as it deserves, a wide circulation. By the way, the author is a little in error in his hymnological criticisms. Of course we do not object to his agreement with Jacob Gruber, who "did not like the hymn which commences,

"I love to steal a while away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer."

Tastes differ. The hymn is found in the standard collections of the Presbyterian, the Dutch Reformed, and the Baptist Churches. In the Methodist collection it is placed in the department entitled *The Closet*; and it appears to us, that to object to the entire hymn because somebody is said to have made a pause in the middle of the first line, is about as sensible as it would be to find fault with the Apostle Paul, and quote him thus: "Let him that stole steal—" Mr. Wakeley is grieved, too, by the omission of a favorite stanza in one of Charles Wesley's hymns. "Above all," he says, "I regret the omission of the stanza,

"This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet, immovable breast,
Is heaved by affliction no more."

Happy man, if he has no greater cause for regret, seeing that the omission exists only in his imagination. The stanza has not been omitted in any edition of the Methodist Hymn Book.

Literary Record.

The Indians.—In 1854, a Spanish manuscript was discovered at Guatemala, containing a complete history of the first Indian population of that part of the continent of America, and an account of their religion, laws, and manners. In a recent sitting of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at Vienna, Dr. Scherzer read a paper on this manuscript. The author of the manuscript is, it appears, a Dominican monk, named Francisco Ximenes, who was missionary to the Indians about a hundred and thirty years ago; but as he is known to have written on the Indians in the native Guichey language, it is probably only a translation. It is, however, not the less the most valuable account of that interesting race which exists, all previous records having been lost or destroyed. It was for many years found that all the writings of Ximenes, which were very voluminous, had been lost also; indeed, it was believed that the religious order to which he belonged had caused them to be burned, because he did not hesitate to blame in them the cruel means which the Dominicans employed to convert the Indians;

but the manuscript in question was preserved in some convent, and from it was transferred to the University of Guatemala, where it remained until brought to light some eighteen months ago. In the account of the Indian religions it mentions two curious facts: the first, that the Indian notion of the Creator was, that God created eight couples at the same time; the second, that the first of their race in America came from "the East, beyond the seas," (*de la otra parte de la mar, del Oriente.*)

A German translation has just been published of Longfellow's "*Hiawatha*," by Freiligrath, an intimate friend of the poet; the translation is said to be very well and carefully done.

The biography of *For*, by M. Villemain, in the "*Biographie Universelle*" of Michaud, is, as was to be expected, from the eminence of its author, exciting great interest in the literary and political circles of Paris. It is written with that sustained eloquence, and statesmanlike measure and sagacity, which M. Villemain has warranted the public in expecting in all that

falls from his pen. His conclusion respecting him is, that "his name remains great among his countrymen both in Europe and America;" and that, "in spite of his faults and his weaknesses, he was a noble example of the civic character in a free state, and a model of the most generous instincts, and most amiable qualities, in his family and in private life."

The first volume of a new life of *Mozart* has just appeared, and will be found a valuable addition to German biographical literature. Otto Jahn, the author, has been employed for years in collecting materials, among the most important of which are the *Mozart* letters, preserved in Salzburg, which, extending over the years from 1777 to 1784, embrace the most important part of his life.

M. de Lamartine has commenced, at Paris, the publication of a new periodical work, under the title "Entretiens." In the first number he makes confessions which will be read with pain by every one who in him admires the poet and respects the man. He exclaims:

"Alas! whoever envies me is greatly in the wrong. I succumb under my labor, and am dying from fatigue! . . . I have no reason to smile at the past, and still less at the future. . . . I should have died a thousand times the death of Cato if I were of the religion of Cato. I defy Cato himself to feel as much as I do disgust at the times. I count one by one the stones of my own dilapidation, but curse none of them. I do not accuse men—that would be unjust or silly—but I accuse Fate. I have found men good, but my lot has been a cruel one."

He complains that the very house in which he lives, and in which he was brought up, is not his own:

"I only sit at a borrowed hearth, which may be overthrown at any moment. And this is why," he adds, "I am condemned to labor beyond my strength. And yet I am often reproached with my constant labor, as if it were only caused by a vain thirst of noise and vanity. But why, O inconsistent men, do you not also reproach the stone-breaker for encumbering the highway? Because you know well that he works to take home at night the wages which maintain his wife, and child, and aged parents!"

In this sad account of the French poet's position, we are strongly reminded of Sir Walter Scott's affecting lamentations at having "sat for the last time in the halls he had built, and walked his last in the woods he had planted."

Since the above was written, we learn that a project has been set on foot here to relieve this illustrious writer from the embarrassments in which his pecuniary sacrifices in the cause of liberty in 1848, and his philanthropic efforts since then, have unfortunately involved him. The consequence has been, that all the profits which *M. Lamartine* has derived from his literary exertions have been swallowed up, and now, in his old age, the poet finds himself involved heavily in debt, and reduced to almost as great poverty as those for whom he has so generously sacrificed himself. His friends, feeling that this was an occasion on which the sympathy of the people of the United States might be tested in behalf of a man who has all his life disinterestedly devoted himself to the advocacy of the political principles on which their institutions are based, have urged him to consent to the republication in this country of an English version of the work. Having given his consent to it, *M. J. B. Desplace*, formerly one

of the editors of the *Courier de L'Europe*, in London, and a devoted personal friend of the poet, has come out here to make the necessary arrangements for that purpose, in conjunction with a committee of some of our leading literary men, such as *Mr. Bancroft*, *Mr. Washington Irving*, &c. *M. Desplace* bears letters of introduction from *Lamartine* to several of our most distinguished men, making known his circumstances. To *Mr. Bancroft* the poet writes:

"I introduce to you one of my best friends, *Mr. J. B. Desplace*, who, out of pure love for me, goes to America, exclusively for the purpose of forwarding my interests. His success is, with me, a matter of life or death."

Lamartine rises at four o'clock every morning, and continues to write till late in the day. A hard task for a man in his sixty-fifth year.

A Paris literary journal announces a discovery of considerable interest. It is known that *Molière* published at the head of one of the earliest editions of his famous comedy, *Tartuffe*, three petitions to *Louis XIV.*, praying for authorization to have the play represented in spite of the vehement opposition of the clergy. In one of these he tells the king that though his majesty himself had declared the piece innocent, "the curé of ——" had published a work in which he denounced him as a "demon clothed in flesh and dressed as a man," as a "libertine," as an "impious wretch," and as many other bad things, for having written it. Some years back, *M. Taschereau*, author of an esteemed life of *Molière*, found out, what since the time of the great comic poet had been a perfect mystery, that this "curé of ——" was one *Pierre Roullès*, or *Roullé*, a doctor of the Sorbonne, that he was priest of the parish of *St. Barthélemy*, in Paris, and that the opprobrious language in question figured in a work written by him, called "*Le Roy glorieux au Monde*." But it was not possible to obtain anywhere a copy of this book, and every trace of one was believed to have entirely perished. Quite recently, however, *M. Taschereau*, who has been charged to draw up a catalogue of the contents of the imperial library in the *Rue Richelieu* at Paris, found, to his delight, in that institution a copy of the identical work, apparently, from the red binding and the royal arms and lilies, the very one which was presented to the king by the author. The exact title of it is, "*Le Roy glorieux au Monde, ou Louis XIV. le plus glorieux de tous les Rois du Monde*." Not fewer than four pages of it are devoted to a denunciation of *Molière* and his *Tartuffe*, and in the course of it are the very words quoted by the poet; all the rest is in the same strain of savage ecclesiastical virulence.

A celebrated *Bowyer Bible* was sold last month at auction in London. It was folio, morocco, and illustrated with many thousands of engravings, contained in a richly-carved antique oak cabinet. In the year 1800, *Bowyer* determined to publish a copy of the Bible, which, for cost and magnificence, should stand unrivaled in the annals of literature. He produced two folio copies: one of these was in the British Museum, in seven volumes; the other he resolved to illustrate in a manner far surpassing anything of the kind ever attempted. He was

engaged on the work over twenty-four years, and nearly every chapter was illustrated. There were forty-five volumes, and they contained six thousand engravings, collected from the works of eminent artists from the year 1450 to the time of its completion. The book, therefore, was the work of a life. The cost of the engravings was £3,300; to which there was to be added the printing and binding, and £150 for the oak cabinet, making a total cost of 4,000 guineas. It was knocked down for £530.

A correspondent of one of our exchanges, writing from London, says :

"The penny press is becoming of vast importance, and is eagerly sought after by men who never before bought a paper. We have quite a number of them already, and I see announced that we are to have the *Morning Star*, and its evening sister. The *Morning Chronicle* proprietors intend to start the *Morning News*, for which a circulation of twenty thousand is expected; and the *Morning Post*, not to be outdone, announces the *London Morning Paper*. The *Evening Express* is a handling of the *Daily News*. It is sold for twopence, and is a paying concern. I hear of still further changes, to take place immediately; but enough for the present."

Herr Holland, a professor in the University of Tübingen, has just published a work, entitled "Crestien von Troies; or, Literary and Historical Researches," which will be interesting to all lovers of the poetic literature of the middle ages. Crestien de Troies was one of the early French writers whose works served as a model to the Germans of that period.

Official Gazette of Sweden.—One of the oldest newspapers in northern Europe is the *Official Gazette of Sweden*, the *Postoch Inrikes Tidning*. It was founded in 1644, during the reign of Queen Christina, the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus the Great; and the present year is, without interruption, its two hundred and eleventh anniversary.

Prof. Schlosser, of Heidelberg, the veteran historian, is on the eve of completing his "Weltgeschichte für das Deutsche Volk," a work which he began in 1844, at the advanced age of sixty-eight, and which he now brings to its close as an octogenarian. The hitherto published volumes have found a wide circulation, and there is no doubt but that the work, when finished, will become as popular as the author's other works, his "History of Antiquity," and his "History of the Nineteenth Century." Alexander von Humboldt, too, is busy with the completion of "Cosmos." What freshness of mind, and what noble activity for men who are past eighty! If we also mention Professor Arndt, of Bonn, and Baron Hammer-Purgstall, of Vienna, both of them likewise octogenarians, full of mental vigor and productiveness, we may well say that Germany has reason to be proud of its Nestors of Science.

A valuable collection of autographs, the property of the late *Herr von Falkenstein*, librarian to the King of Saxony, was brought to the hammer last month, at the house of Herr Weigel, in Leipzig. The first part of the catalogue contained upward of five thousand lots, including letters of poets, artists, and savants; German, English, French, Italian, Danish, Swedish, Swiss, and American statesmen, are all here represented, scarcely a name of note being missing. The

second part consisted of autographs of the great men of the Reformation, the Thirty Years' War, of Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony, the Seven Years' War, and the French Revolution, besides perfect collections of many of the lines of princes and statesmen of all times.

The complete works of *Galileo* have just been edited, for the first time, in fifteen volumes, by Professor Eugenio Alberti, under the title, "Opera de Galileo Gallilei, prima edizione completa, condotta sugli autentiche Manoscritte Palatini." The work was commenced in 1842, but a stop was put to its progress by the troubles of 1848; resumed again in 1851. We have now, in the first five volumes, the astronomical works of Galileo; in the next five, his extended correspondence; the four following contain the mathematico-physical treatises; and the concluding one, essays on general literature, including an essay on the "Divina Comedia" of Dante, and the memoir on the "Orlando Furioso," as well as on Tasso's "Gierusalemme Liberata," with a defense of its authenticity, which has been doubted, by the editor.

The papers of *Sir Robert Peel*, including part of an autobiography, will shortly appear. Lord Stanhope, one of the literary executors of the great statesman, has had the chief labor of preparing these valuable papers for the press; and the work could not have been in wiser hands. The first part will contain a vindication of the part taken by Sir Robert Peel in the passing of the Act for Catholic Emancipation.

One thousand copies of the *Life of Washington* are about to be published in the modern Greek, at Athens.

Biography of American Clergymen.—We learn that the Rev. Dr. Sprague has been for a long time engaged upon a "History of American Divines," and that he intends to complete it in about a year from this time.

M. Bussemaker, editor of the works of Aristotle in the "Bibliothèque des Auteurs Grecs," now in course of publication by Messrs Didot, of Paris, has lately made a minute examination of the rare collection of Greek manuscripts in the Royal Library at Madrid, and the result of it is, that he has found that, as stated by Iriarte, in his Catalogue of 1769, it contains a series of unpublished problems by Aristotle. This discovery led him to make researches in the Bibliothèque Impériale at Paris, and there he brought to light a manuscript older than that at Madrid, containing the greater part of the said problems and some new ones. The consequence is, that his next volume of Aristotle will contain a new series of two hundred and fourteen problems, taken from Madrid and Paris manuscripts, and forty-six unpublished problems taken from the Paris manuscripts. Nor is this all: accompanying these precious *trouvailles* were seven unpublished problems in manuscript, containing problems ascribed to Alexander of Aphrodisium; two other problems in Greek of Aristotle, which hitherto have only been known by a Latin translation; a long and interesting unpublished paper on Optics, by Cassius; an unpublished fragment of some comic poet, most likely Aristophanes; and others of Empedocles and Heraclitus.

Arts and Sciences.

Lithotyping is the name of a new invention which bids fair to supersede the ordinary process of stereotyping or electrotyping. It is the discovery of a poor man, a resident of the wilds of Indiana, and is said to be at once economical and elegant in its results. The memoir of Bishop Heber, noticed in our present number, has been *lithotyped*, and as a specimen of typography is fully equal to anything we have seen recently. All the materials used, we are told, are cheap and abundant, and the process is simple and easily learned.

Exhibition of American Manufactures.—The Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association will hold its eighth triennial exhibition of American manufactures and arts in Boston, next September, commencing on the 10th and closing on the 27th of the month. The exhibition will occupy Faneuil Hall, and extend the entire length of Quincy Hall, the two buildings being united by a bridge, thus furnishing peculiar advantages for the display of every variety of industrial art. A board of competent judges will be appointed for each class of manufactures, who will examine and report upon all articles submitted for competition. Medals of gold, silver, and bronze, and a new diploma designed by Billings, now in the hands of the engraver, will be given to those whose contributions merit such awards. The Association invites every mechanic, manufacturer, artist, and inventor, throughout the United States, to offer for competition and premium a specimen of their several works, of whatever nature or kind.

African Exploring Expedition.—The Geographical Society of this city have lately projected an expedition for the exploration of the western section of the broad belt of Central Africa lying to the east of Liberia. It is well known that Liberia is extremely unhealthy for emigrants newly arrived from the United States. All the travelers who have visited Central Africa, Barth, Livingston, Krapf, and others, agree, however, in the opinion that some forty miles east of Liberia commences a tract of country eminently healthy and productive, and admirably adapted for the purposes of settlement, and for the foundation of a most desirable commerce. To procure a survey of this country, and such reliable information of its resources as would justify the application of means to hasten its settlement, is the purpose of an appeal addressed to the public by a committee of the Geographical Society of this city. For more than a hundred years it has been asserted in high quarters that Central Africa is occupied by an intelligent and industrious race of people; whether that be true or not will doubtless be settled by this commission.

Cole's Voyage of Life.—The series of engravings by Smille, from Cole's "Voyage of Life," is now complete, the last of them, which bears the title "Old Age," having been published. This picture has been engraved very successfully, the effect depending rather on the lights

and shadows than upon color. The dark rocks of the shore, the glassy waves of the ocean upon which the boat bearing the aged voyager has just entered, the heavy shadows brooding over sea and land, and curtaining the horizon, are well rendered, and not less so is the glorious light, streaming from above, in which celestial forms are faintly seen. This engraving is, in our judgment, one of the most impressive of the series, which, taken altogether, are the most splendid effort of the art of engraving yet made in this country. The *London Art Journal* says of the series, or rather of the three first engravings which compose it:

"These compositions afford evidence of a most poetic mind, of one whose inspirations have been nursed on the banks of the mighty Ohio, and amid the giant forests of the artist's adopted country; the rocks, trees, plants, and flowers, belong to the New World, though many appear of primeval growth; all is essentially American in its vastness and in its grandeur."

After a description of the engravings, the *Art Journal* proceeds:

"The series of plates is, we should consider, the most important publication ever attempted in America; the character of the work, no less than the way in which it is produced, must do a great deal toward improving the tastes and elevating the minds of the people for whom it is more especially intended. We are truly glad to see American art in so advanced a state; and must congratulate the reverend gentleman whose name appears on the prints as publisher and proprietor, on the successful completion of his costly undertaking thus far. The pictures are in his possession, and he has caused them to be engraved, far less from any desire to derive pecuniary benefit from the work, than in the hope the engravings will conduce to the intellectual benefit of his fellow-countrymen."

Gustavus Heine, a newspaper editor in Vienna, and brother of Heine the poet, is about to expend ten thousand francs in erecting a monument to him in Paris.

The new cable of the *New-York and Newfoundland Telegraph Company* will be laid by Mr. Canning, engineer for Messrs. Kuper & Co., London, manufacturers. The first cable weighed five tons to the mile, and had three conducting wires, each about as thick as a knitting-needle, and a flaw in either of these was sufficient to stop the electric current from one end to the other. The new cable will have one conductor made of small-sized copper wires twisted together, is less than half the thickness of the three-wire cable, is more pliable, and can be laid with less difficulty. It will be twenty-four thousand miles long.

A gentleman in Philadelphia has invented a process of *embossing veneers* for any kind of ornamental wood work to represent elaborate carvings on wood, and dispensing with that comparatively slow and expensive process. The veneers are prepared by the inventor's peculiar process, then placed between dies moderately heated, and submitted to pressure. One of the faces of the wood receives the pattern in relief, and gives it the appearance of elaborated wood carving. The depressions caused by the dies on the opposite side of the veneer are filled up with a suitable plastic substance. This being dried, the embossed veneer is ready to be glued

or otherwise attached to furniture. The veneer will neither split nor collapse, and the figures impressed upon it are so solidified by the pressure that they may safely be rubbed and cleaned.

Mechanical Genius.—One of the scientific journals says:

"We have seen, lately, as a specimen of rare American mechanical genius, a machine, costing not over \$500, invented by a working man, which takes hold of a sheet of brass, copper, or iron, and turns off complete hinges at the rate of a gross in ten minutes—hinges, too, neater than are made by any other process; also, a machine that takes hold of an iron rod, and whips it into perfect bit-pointed screws with wonderful rapidity and by a single process. This latter is also the invention of a working man; and both of the machines are superior to anything of the kind in the world."

The Sources of the Nile.—The French count, Escayrac de Lauture, who has already gained a world-wide celebrity by his travels in Central Africa, has been intrusted by the Viceroy of Egypt with the command of an expedition for the discovery of the sources of the Nile.

A patent has been issued to Mr. H. H. Fultz, of Lexington, Mississippi, for an improvement in cotton gins, consisting in giving the cotton to be ginned a spiral motion in the feed box, over the saws, so that the cotton is made to pass from one end of the feed box to the other, to present a fresh surface of it to the action of the saws as it passes along; also to prevent the staples from being cut off by the saws.

The Chemical Journal states that the proper mode of obtaining a preparation of powdered iron, is to heat proto-oxalate of iron in a stream of hydrogen gas to a very low red heat. This salt, so distinct by its lemon color, is very easily procured by precipitating a concentrated solution of proto-sulphate of iron (green vitriol), by means of a hot, saturated solution of free oxalic acid. The dried salt is reduced, in a stream of hydrogen gas, to a metallic powder in a very short time, and at a heat so moderate that the operation may be accomplished immediately in a glass tube. The heating must, however, be carried up to apparent glowing, lest the iron powder should become pyrophoric. If, when poured out, it is yet warm, it is apt to ignite.

A French gentleman, named *Sauvageot*, having presented the Museum of the Louvre with a valuable collection of objects of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance, and especially of pottery by Bernard de Palissy, has had the dignity of Honorary Conservator of the Museum conferred upon him. M. Sauvageot was thirty years in making his collection, and some English speculators offered him not less than £20,000 for it on the very day preceding his donation of it to the Louvre.

We learn that the famous hemicycle of *Paul Delaroche*, in the Palace of the Beaux Arts, in Paris, which was damaged by fire some months back, is being restored under the direction of that eminent artist, with every prospect of completeness.

The Cincinnati Enquirer speaks of a noble work of sculptural art in that city, which is destined to add to the fame of the whole country, and especially to the city which has produced a Powers. It is by Frankenstein, and

represents an infant in a kneeling posture. So true to nature is it, and so beautifully executed, that many good judges pronounce it equal, if not superior, to the celebrated "Greek Slave." It is the work of many months, and Mr. Frankenstein has infused into his model a life-like expression that is truly wonderful.

Mozart.—A musical festival is to be given in Salzburg, in September next, in honor of Mozart, to which all the artists of Europe are to be invited. For the Mozart Festival in Berlin, in the hall of the "Sing-Academie," Professor Kiss modeled a colossal bust of the great artist, which, with its pedestal, was fourteen feet high: the time allotted to the work was so short that Kiss was obliged to work night and day at it. The bust, rising from a perfect grove of oleanders, laurels, and other shrubs, produced a beautiful effect. A committee has been formed in Vienna to set on foot a subscription for the purpose of purchasing the house Mozart inhabited on the Kahlenberg. It is almost in ruins, having been used for some time past as a garden-tool house.

A new process for extracting gold has been tried by the Colonial Gold Company, at their works in the east of London. They melt the quartz containing the gold in furnaces; the precious metal falls to the bottom, and is separated in a mass, and the molten rock, when cast in molds, is said to be useful for building purposes.

Railways.—A hydraulic railway has been tried near Turin. The rails are laid by the side of a swift canal, in which the paddle-wheel of the locomotive rotates, and so draws the train up an incline. The inventor thinks it would answer for the passage of Mont Cenis. The Sardinian government talk of piercing a tunnel through Mount St. Bernard, to establish a connection with the railways of Switzerland; and the Greeks are actually making a railway from Athens to the Piræus!

Fossils.—A fossilized jaw has been discovered in Indiana, which Agassiz describes as of a kind heretofore unknown, of peculiar structure, belonging to an extraordinary family of sharks, allied to the sword-fish. He regards the discovery "as of as great importance almost, in fossil ichthyology, as was that of the ichthyosaurus and plesiosaurus in fossil erpetology." A new species of fossil footmarks has been found in the Connecticut Valley, made by an animal not less extraordinary than the newly-discovered shark. Professor Hitchcock calls it the *Giganbipus caudatus*—the tailed giant biped. The length of the footmark is sixteen inches, and the distance between the steps thirty-nine or forty inches; and the furrow made by the tail is distinct and unbroken.

M. Le Verrier, director of the Paris Observatory, has, with the consent of the Academy of Sciences, given the name of *Lætitia* to the planet (39) discovered by M. Chacornac in that city, on the 8th of February last.

The Marseilles papers announce that, in digging foundations for a new cathedral in that city, the ruins of a temple of Diana have been discovered.

